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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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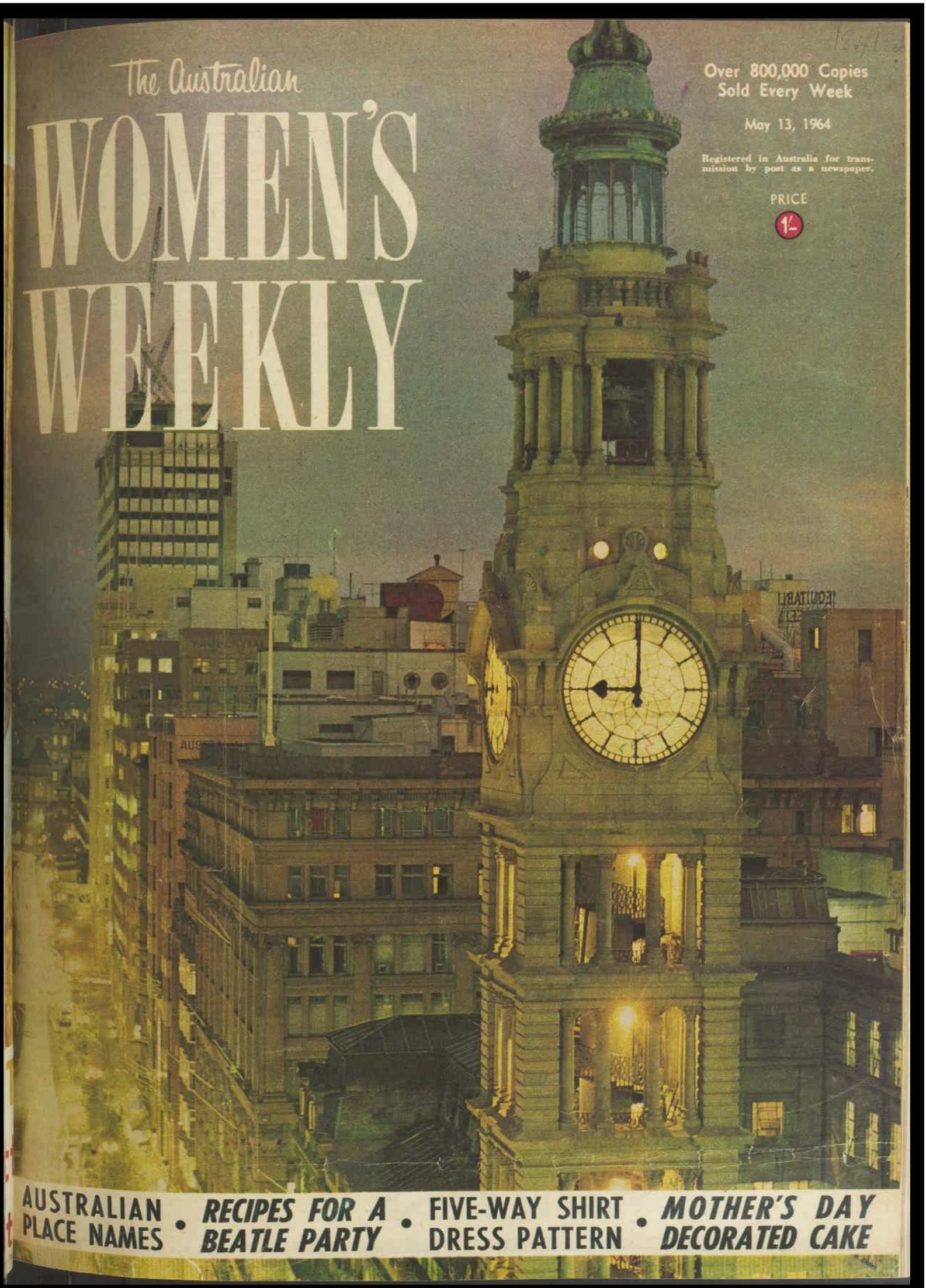

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● "Lofty and majestic," said an 1887 newspaper report describing the just-completed tower of the General Post Office, Sydney . . .

Since then, the tower has had its ups and downs.

The clock and bells went up in 1891; the whole works came down 21 years ago as a safety precaution during World War II; now they're up again.

At 6.15 a.m. on Anzac Day the clock officially began keeping time for Sydney—after ten months' restoration work and at a cost of £93,000.

Staff photographer Don Cameron took our cover picture before the clock was in operation, however, and thereby hangs a clock-watcher's tale!

The G.P.O. officials kindly agreed to set the clock hands for our picture, and to light the tower.

Poised on the roof of a nearby building, Don saw the hands suddenly come to life.

He couldn't see his own watch in the dark, so when he opened the camera shutter he decided to time the exposure by the G.P.O. clock—and "came to" about a minute later with a start, to put it mildly.

The hands weren't moving. And so: "I don't know WHAT exposure I had," he told us in rather an awed tone!

★ ★ ★

OUR fiction department is (modestly) congratulating itself on an ability to pick "prize" novels for our serials.

Our Cover

● Dismantled in 1942 as an air-raid precaution, the Sydney G.P.O. clock has been restored to dominate Martin Place once more. This picture was taken by staff photographer Don Cameron.

"Careful, He Might Hear You," by the Sydney writer Sumner Locke Elliott, was recently awarded the 1963 Miles Franklin Literary Award . . .

This, his first novel, was our serial in August-October last year, AND was followed by Barbara Jefferis' "Wild Grapes"—which was highly commended by the Award judges.

★ ★ ★

COOKERY editor Ellen Sinclair says she's found that thinking aloud can be profitable.

At home the other day she muttered thoughtfully—"Beatle party food . . . what can we call our Beatle party food?"

The next morning Ellen's 16-year-old son, John, greeted his mother with a triumphant beam. "Beethoven Roll-Overs!" he said

And that's the story behind the delicious little apple turnovers — oops, sorry, the delicious little *Beethoven Roll-Overs* — included in Teenagers' Weekly this week.

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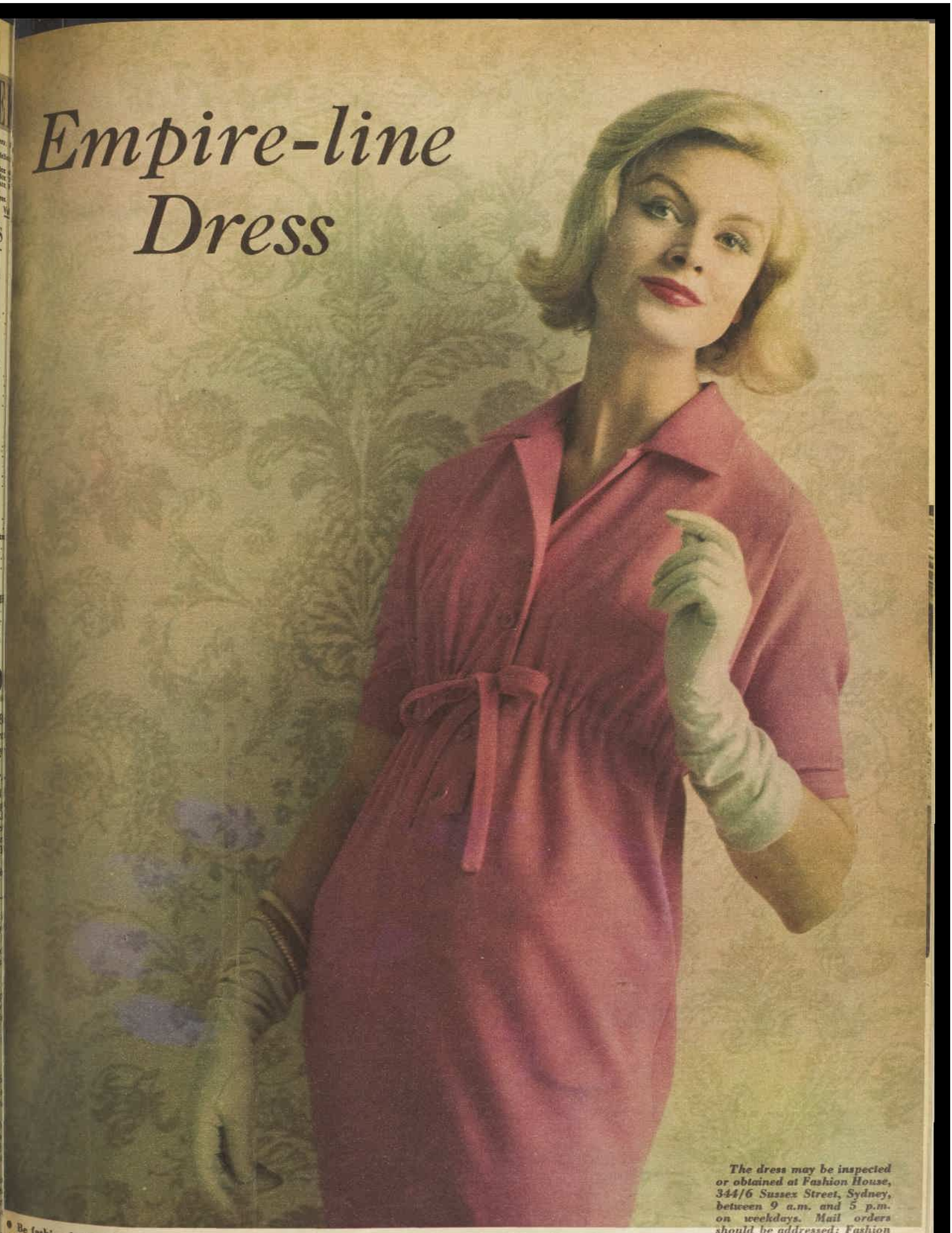
Empire-line Dress



● Be fashionable in this smart fully lined wool dress, featuring the latest Empire-line. We call it "DIONNE," and it's available in this season's newest colors of cranberry-pink (rose), amethyst, yellow-glow, black, or turquoise.

It may be bought ready to wear or cut out ready to sew with full making instructions.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/14/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/18/6. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/2/6. Registered postage on all garments is 6/- extra.

The dress may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. on weekdays. Mail orders should be addressed: Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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NEXT WEEK

★ *"There's new night-light brilliance for after-five," says fashion editor Betty Keep.*

In glowing color pictures, she shows the latest look in evening glamor from Paris — dresses that sparkle and glitter with lush "jewelled" beading and crystal embroidery.

And NOW, you can add —

PARIS DAZZLE

—to your favorite evening dress with the help of our four-page guide:

THE LUXURY LOOK OF BEADING

Look! This evening gown is dazzling — and you could have one just like it.

Our special four-page section is a complete guide to beading. You can trace the design you like best from our selection and bead it from the step - by - step instructions . . .

And voila! You'll HAVE Paris dazzle!

★ FILM STARS— (second generation)

Sons and daughters often follow in their parents' career footsteps. But it's more noticeable when the parents are famous film stars.

And movie stardom is becoming a family affair on both sides of the Atlantic these days.

How many famous parents and children can you name? You'll be surprised at how many there are — and by the uncanny likenesses shown in next week's three-page color feature.

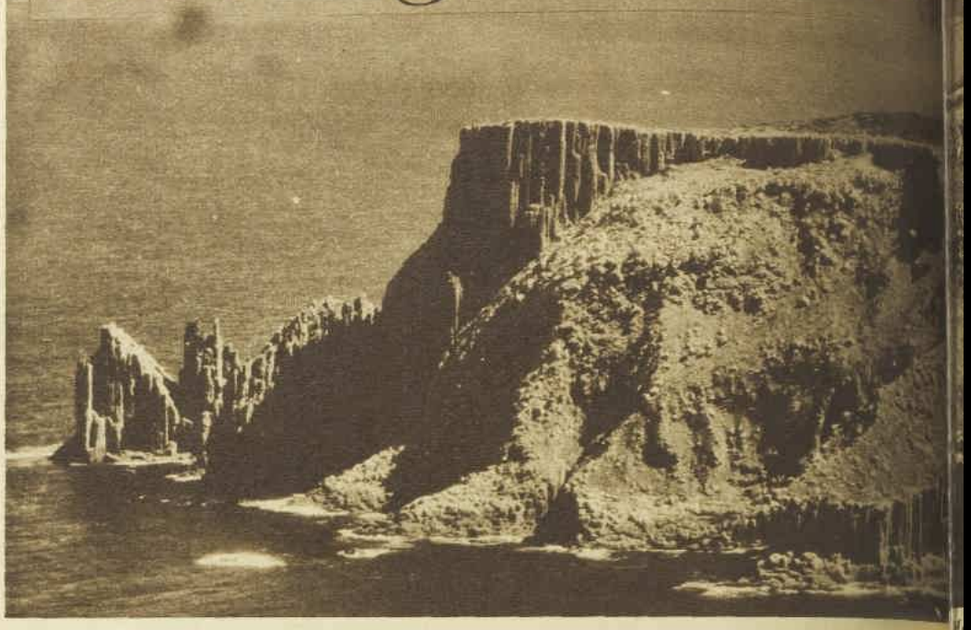
★ New geraniums . . .

Four more pages for your gardening book show some of the newest geranium varieties — and tell you how to strike cuttings successfully, too.

This is a Brandied Pear Pie

It's one of our 19 delicious autumn dessert recipes; they're all m-m-m-m-mouth-watering!

On a lighthouse..



By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

● "Some people go and live on a Greek island," said Mrs. Pamela Schepis. "Some go bush. My husband and I went to a lighthouse, because for years we wanted solitude — time to enjoy reading, music, and each other's company."

FOR more than three years English - born Pamela and her husband, Armand, who was born in Egypt of French and Italian parents, have lived on lighthouse islands.

"Everyone seems to think you'll need a psychiatrist after living such a remote life," Pamela said, and, laughing, added, "I need a psychiatrist like I need a hole in the head.

"Armand and I just adore our lighthouse life."

They spent two years on Maatsuyker—a drop in the ocean (2¼ miles by 1½ miles) off the extreme south coast of Tasmania—and 18 months on Tasman Island, regarded as Australia's worst lighthouse for weather conditions.

They are now living on a land station at Eddystone Point, eastern Tasmania.

The Schepis' visited Melbourne recently to tell people about their unusual life, which they did at the Commonwealth Lighthouse exhibit at the Royal Easter Show.

But after a few days both were longing to return to the peace and quiet of their lighthouse haven—especially Pamela Schepis, who hadn't yet seen her new home at Eddystone Point. She had been overseas for eight months visiting her home in Essex.

Her husband told her their new home is of granite and is small and attractive—just 70 yards from the 180ft. Eddystone lighthouse, built in 1889.

Mrs. Schepis said: "I don't know how many women came up to me at the exhibit and asked, 'Don't you get bored, dear?' or 'Aren't you lonely? . . . Don't you miss the bright lights?'

"I replied that I had too many interests to get bored and miss city life.

"In cities we found we couldn't do the things we wanted to, because of the pressures of life.

"When we arrived in Sydney from England eight years ago we tried to withdraw to our reading and music, but couldn't.

"And, when we did, friends would say, 'You two in your lighthouse again'— and that's what gave us the idea to go to the lighthouse.

"We've never regretted it."

(A Department of Shipping and Transport representative explained that every year the Department receives many requests from people — anyone from doctors to tram-drivers — who want to become lighthouse-keepers. However, few keepers resign and there is a long waiting-list of applicants.)

MRS. PAMELA SCHEPIS

Pamela Schepis explained: "We really aren't forgotten souls — we have television and the company of other lightkeepers and their families.

"Every fortnight the mail boat brings us books and records from the Hobart State Library and lots of mail from friends and relatives.

"Armand and I read at least eight books between us each week."

For company, Pamela has a 20-month-old pet lamb named Babaaaa and a dog, Tilly. They're now at Eddystone.

"Tilly is a terrific TV fan," said her mistress, "and Babaaaa comes to a whistle or a trumpet call. The trumpet came from a breakfast food packet — Babaaaa ate cereals before grass."

The lighthouse families run about 40 sheep to provide fresh meat and they also sell the fleeces.

"But I can't eat the meat," said Pamela. "I get too attached to the lambs."

Pamela Schepis, a tall woman in her mid-thirties, isn't a bit like the preconceived idea one gets of a lighthouse - keeper's wife. Instead of being quiet, shy and a plain dresser, she is almost as dazzling as the light her husband mans.

She is vivacious, and when I met her she was wearing a smart mint-colored sheath frock, with her shiny auburn hair piled high in a fashionable style, eye make-up, and glamorous earrings and a diamond clip.

"Perfect"

Her accent is very British and she has enough charm, wit, and knowledge for any two diplomats' wives.

She is obviously the perfect companion for a lighthouse-keeper.

She cooks well, knits, sews, bakes beautiful bread, rears chickens, makes hook rugs (she is making a wall-to-wall one in off-white wool) and often when her husband is on night duty she reads to him or paints him up to the lighthouse tower.

When they run out of stimulating conversation — and that's the thing they say they miss most in their remote life—they purposely

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..they found solitude

TASMAN ISLAND, 500 acres of bare rock off the south-east coast of Tasmania, where the Schepis' lived for 18 months. Only access is by flying-fox, with a truck for the last bit.

provoke each other on an impersonal subject, like philosophy.

They regularly converse with each other in French, and at the moment Pamela is teaching herself classical Greek. She also speaks Italian and German.

Her husband is helping her with her Greek studies—he speaks and writes fluently in French, Italian, Greek, Spanish, and Arabic.

And talking of her husband she said, "You can't imagine how hungry these men on shift work get. Do you know we have two three-course meals a day.

Land station

"The baking I do—I make bread every three days. Armand loves fancy bread and I bake croissants, twisted loaves, poppy seed rolls, and rye bread.

"I'd never baked bread in my life before I went to Maatsuyker. I learnt through trial and error.

"I also cook a lot of Greek-type food.

"Poor Armand lost two stone while I was abroad."

Life at Eddystone for the Schepis' will not be as remote as it was on the other stations. They are only 40 miles from Gladstone, the nearest township. Eddystone is a land station, so they plan to buy a car, and, more important, a piano so that Pamela can continue composing.

She is a dedicated pianist (she began learning at the age of five) and for the past seven years has been writing a piano concerto. She is hoping to complete it at Eddystone.

She has also written songs—adding her own lyrics—and sonatas, and about 15 of her compositions are under copyright in London.

On the lighthouse islands she composed without a piano, by checking, correcting, and re-writing from old scores.

At Eddystone she will have a transistor tape-recorder as well as a piano.

"It would have been impossible to have had a piano on Tasman Island—imagine hauling a piano on a flying-fox to get it on to the island, and, at any rate, the weather conditions would have ruined it.

"Fortunately, I can tune a piano to a fair standard."

For a career Pamela chose painting.

As a professional in London she specialised in portraits. She has done many portraits of her husband while working in the lighthouses, also some of the lighthouse children.

Of her lighthouse life Pamela Schepis says: "My day revolves around my husband's shifts. Often when he starts at 2 a.m. and goes through until dusk, I get up with him and start the housework.

"You would think there wouldn't be much work to do on an island with just the two of us, but both the homes we've lived in have been immense and very old. The one at Tasman had five bedrooms — to be used in case of shipwreck.

"We get a tremendous amount of dust, strangely enough. It comes down from the roofs, so we're always scrubbing, polishing, and painting. Our homes are painted throughout every nine months.

"Our life is very healthy. We seldom get colds unless we have sneezing visitors.

"If we do get colds our remedy is just go out into the fresh air and breathe deeply.

"In case of sudden illness we can quickly contact a doctor by wireless to get advice, and then, if the weather is favorable, a boat will come and pick up the patient.

"Fortunately, we've never had this worry, and we always have intense medical and dental check-ups during our annual month's leave."

Naturally, they aren't quite alone, for other families are also involved in keeping the lighthouses going.

At Maatsuyker island station, they shared the island with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Barrett and their two children and a series of three relieving lightkeepers, who between them had six children.

On Tasman Island, they also had Mr. and Mrs. Barrett and relieving lightkeepers.

At Eddystone Point, a land station which has only two permanent lightkeepers (unlike an island station, which has three permanent lightkeepers), they will share with Mr. and Mrs. George Gough, who have two children.

Mail orders

"Most of the women on lighthouse stations are meticulous about their dress," Pamela Schepis said. "We don't get around — just because no one sees us — in slacks and sloppy sweaters.

"In winter we wear tweed suits if we visit each other for afternoon tea, and skirts and jumpers at home.

"In summer we wear pretty cotton frocks.

"We order our clothes, shoes, and cosmetics by mail. A store in Hobart knows my taste and sends things on approval. I do all my Christmas shopping by mail.

"Christmas is something we really look forward to. We have a Christmas tree and take it in turns with other lightkeepers to have a Christmas party.

"Lighthouse-keepers' wives rely on each other when running short of supplies. We have a barter system.

"We also have a roster for using our washing-machines, so that too much electricity is not used in the one day.

"Wives have nothing to do with the running of the actual lighthouse.

"For us women it is taboo to touch the equipment. That's the men's job.

"Part of their job is also to send three-hourly weather bulletins and log all shipping that passes.

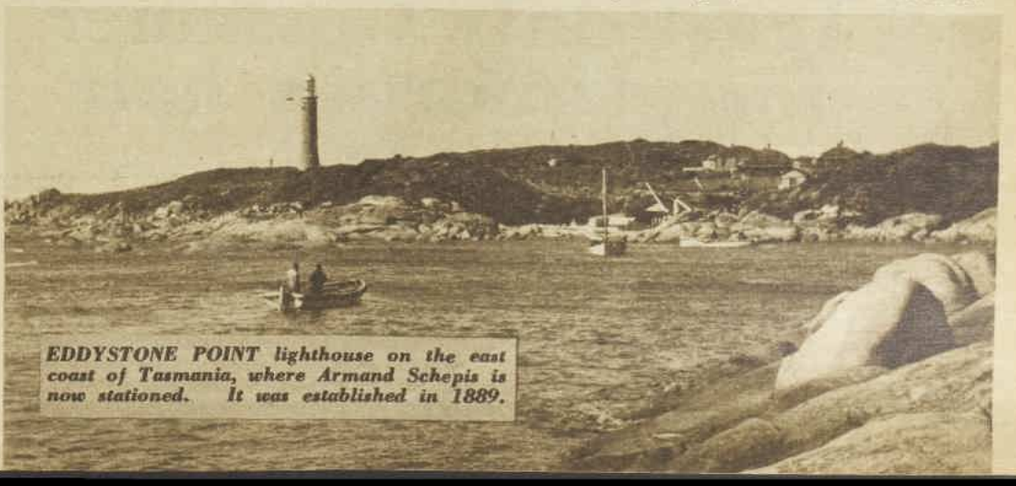
"Every four months we stock up with bulk supplies —about £140 worth. And we have luxuries. Ours are olives—black Greek olives which we buy in 8lb. tins.

"When living on an island, the worst things to run out of—if you're a smoker—are cigarettes.

"We've only done this once. Both Armand and I smoked our last two days before the mail boat was due. Then it was delayed.

"In desperation we asked a neighbor—naturally we thought he'd be in the same state—but fortunately he had decided to give up smoking, and let us have 500!"

LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER Armand Schepis and his wife, Pamela, near the original lens of the Eddystone light, exhibited in Melbourne.



EDDYSTONE POINT lighthouse on the east coast of Tasmania, where Armand Schepis is now stationed. It was established in 1889.

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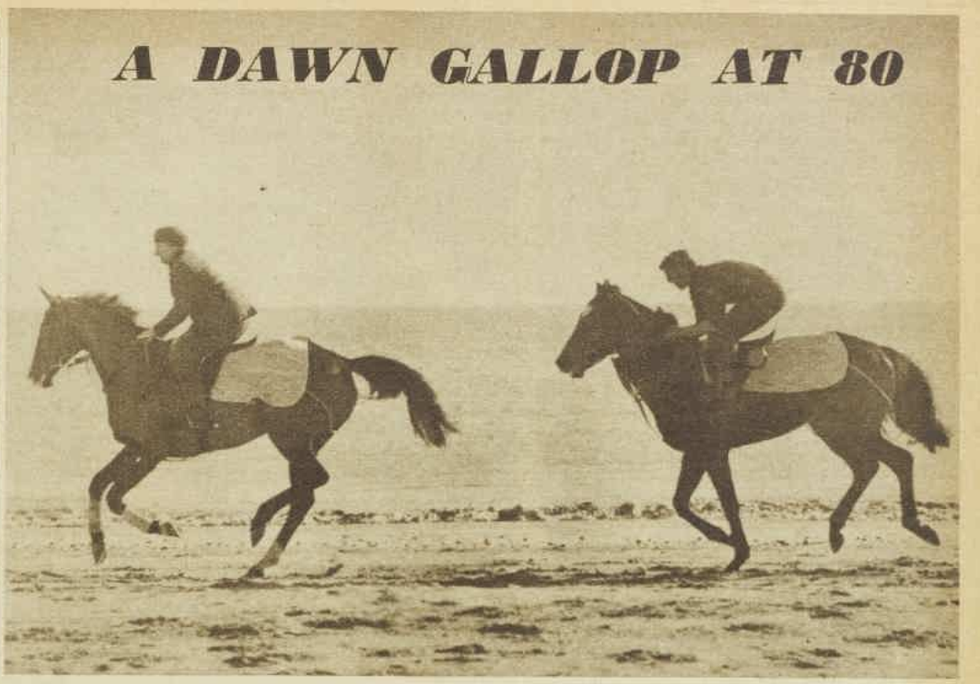
MRS. LOUIE DINGWALL, 80 this year, exchanges dawn greetings with King's Petition, the colt she is training to win the Derby at Epsom in June.

A DAWN GALLOP AT 80



DAY is just breaking as Mrs. Dingwall, on King's Petition, leads another of her string in a rousing working gallop along the beach at Bournemouth, where she has her training stables. She rides all her 12 horses in training, even drives the horse float.

Mrs. D. thinks she has a Derby winner

• How Nat Gould, writer of tales of the turf, would have relished a character like Mrs. Louie Dingwall.

From **MIKE GIBSON, in London**

TO the racing public in England she has become a legend.

This year Mrs. Dingwall, "first lady" of the south of England seaside town of Bournemouth, turns 80.

In the past five years Mrs. Dingwall has been the full-time trainer of 12 racehorses, managed a fleet of taxis and buses, run a guesthouse-cum-nightclub, and managed a service station.

Today she concentrates on her horses, and lets her other interests "look after themselves."

You see, she thinks she can win the Derby at Epsom on June 3 with the colt King's Petition.

Mrs. Dingwall has a man in to run her garage, situated opposite her stables, although she's still not too proud to do a grease job or pump a gallon or two.

She has sold her cabs and half her buses, but she's still ready to relieve a driver for a shift.

Eggs, stout

The nightclub, known as "Foott's Folly"—Mrs. Dingwall operates in business as "Miss Foott"—has been sold, too.

Mrs. Dingwall concentrates all her time and her hopes on her horses, almost as "old world" as herself.

Along with their oats, she feeds her string eggs, stout, and malt.

Shining light of the team and Derby fancy is her barrel-chested bay colt, King's Petition.

She has engaged Irish jockey Willie Robinson to ride King's Petition in the Derby, although she first tried to get South Australian jockey Billie Pyers, now riding in France, to take the mount.

Jockey Robinson will be attempting a most unusual double.

In March he won the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, Liverpool, on Team Spirit.

No jockey has ever ridden the two winners—the Grand National and the Derby—in one year.

Each morning Mrs. Dingwall saddles up King's Petition for track work along the beach at Bournemouth. She rides all of her horses in their work-outs.

King's Petition is the glamor horse of the string, but Mrs. Dingwall's favorite is 17-year-old Pink Stripes.

Pink Stripes, a "jumper" these days, has been banned from flat racing by the Jockey Club stewards.

He's too wayward for anyone to handle except a strong hurdle jockey or Mrs. Dingwall.

Mrs. Dingwall saddles him up herself in the float on race days, because he just "goes mad when we get him to the course."

Yet in the stables he's as quiet as a lamb, and even unlatches his own stall to go walkabout.

Mrs. Dingwall saddles up her own horses, and drives the horse float to the races. She rides her runners in a preparatory round the stables before they leave, "to make sure whether they're worth a bet or not."

Mrs. Dingwall began training horses in 1930.

She paid £16 sterling for her first horse, Old Gold.

After World War II she struck it lucky with a £30 mare called Miss America.

Blitzed horse

Mrs. Dingwall said, "I was at Newmarket sales one day and out came a broken-down old thing named Miss America—of all names.

"Miss America could hardly see.

"She'd been in the bombing blitz, and suffered from shell-shock."

Miss America went to the stud to produce five winners, including Pink Stripes, for her new owner.

Probably the best among them was a colt called Transatlantic, which won five races.

Wild old Pink Stripes, which Lester Piggott refused to ride on the flat before the stewards banned the horse, has also won five races.

Once, after Australian jockey Jack Purtell won a race on Transatlantic, Mrs. Dingwall was called before the stewards to explain her horse's improved form.

Mrs. Dingwall said, "Gentlemen, I just don't know—he goes well back on the beach with my 12.7 up. Today he carried only 9.7. I'm putting this down to Purtell's Australian style of riding."

The stewards accepted the explanation.

Until she got King's Petition, owned by businessman Mr. Frank Thrush, Mrs. Dingwall had never had a horse in her stable costing more than £200 sterling.

Thrush, who has tremendous faith in his trainer, gave her an open cheque to go to the sales and buy him a Derby winner.

Mrs. Dingwall paid £3500 for her fancy.

Thrush, like many other people, had noted Mrs. Dingwall's "magic touch" with horses.

Today she has a colt called Olympic Boy in her stables, which she thinks will race in six months.

A beautifully bred young horse, he was given to her when he contracted a "mystery" disease.

For three months he was unconscious.

When he eventually stood up in his stall, it was only to fall down again.

For another three months he was blind. Now he's a picture of health.

Mrs. Dingwall admires Australian jockeys.

She rates Sydney "Sunday Telegraph" turf columnist Edgar Britt as the best, along with Scobie Breasley.

She has built up a considerable "bank" with her business interests, but still asks reporters for payment to interview her.

She said, "It all goes to my new horse-box for King's Petition."

One of Mrs. Dingwall's best-known business coups was her sale of three of her bus routes to a public company three years ago.

Although the public firm operated modern streamlined diesels on the same routes, the "locals" travelled with Mrs. Dingwall.

She eventually sold out for "quite a considerable sum."

MRS. DINGWALL mounts Derby hope King's Petition at her Bournemouth stables before taking him to the beach for his morning work.

She made headlines when she sold her guesthouse, "Foott's Folly," as it was being turned into a nightclub called the "Windmill."

Mrs. Dingwall promised she'd get the buyers a licence for the premises.

She told the Licensing Court that "Foott's Folly," just down the street from her garage, was the driest place in town.

Three types

She said, "Men come to my service station sometimes just asking for a drink, they're so thirsty.

"And just like I know what sort of oil their car needs, I know what they need.

"I can divide them into three types—whisky types, gin types, and sherry types.

"How silly it seems when they have to come to a garage looking for a drink."

Yes, you guessed it—the "Windmill" today is a licensed nightclub.

Mrs. Dingwall doesn't wear make-up—"at my age, who am I trying to impress?"

She doesn't care much for Beatles, mods or H-bombs.

Her main task at the moment is to persuade the Jockey Club to grant training licences to women. All her horses, although prepared by her, are trained in the name of Neville.

She also wants more races put on for women jockeys.

You can guess why.

Racing today compared with racing yesterday?

Mrs. Dingwall, as you've probably realised, doesn't give much thought to yesterday.

She lives for tomorrow and June 3 . . . Derby Day at Epsom.

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THEY HEAR WITH THEIR EYES

By A LIP-READER

● There is nothing incongruous at all in a deaf person saying, "I can't hear you. Just let me put glasses on." Many deaf people do, quite literally, hear with their eyes. Let me tell you.

MRS. PATRICIA PENGILLEY (right), instructor in lip-reading, and Miss Margaret Tregonning at the Melbourne headquarters of the Australian Association for Better Hearing. Miss Tregonning is holding the medallion she won in a lip-reading tournament.

ONCE, a long time ago, I read a book called "The Rosary," written by Maud Diver.

If you follow literary fashions, that makes it a very long time ago indeed.

I was at that age when the very young have all those magnificent ideas for changing the frown on the grim face of the world to a beaming smile.

Ideas of emulating "Mincentering Children" — another book very popular on the Sunday school prize list at that time.

"The Rosary" — if I have the title right — affected me because of the selflessness of the heroine, who, the better to understand the difficulties of her blind husband, blindfolded herself and remained in the dark for a time.

My father was very deaf—a misfortune that ever troubled his gregarious nature and certainly troubled the family, who alternated between yelling loud enough to tell the world in an attempt to make him hear and gargling with bicarb to relieve their husky throats.

Cotton-wool in the ears

So, with the heroine of "The Rosary" in mind, I stuffed my ears with cotton-wool and prepared to be deaf for a week.

It is very difficult to so close the ears that *no* sound penetrates. Even so, by the end of the second day I had lost my voice completely with the strain of talking loud enough to hear *myself* speak.

Being a poor writer, if a prolific reader, I was left with no alternative but to shape my words silently and carefully with my lips if I wanted to make myself understood.

And lo, my dad could hear me!

He couldn't, of course, but never after did he have much difficulty in following my conversation so long as I remembered to "lip-talk," as he called it.

Something else I learnt that week. That is that the deaf are a confounded nuisance.

When, by the third try, a person has not succeeded in making the deaf understand a conversation, patience is usually exhausted, and the talker ends with an abrupt "Never mind; it's of no consequence."

The deaf are then left with a helpless feeling of inadequacy and the knowledge that — however unavoidable—they have let the other fellow down.

Fifteen years later I needed no cotton-wool in my ears to learn the difficulties my dad had to contend with.

The need for patience

Adapting to a hearing loss comes only with time and much patience. Understanding of a hearing loss, incredibly, sometimes never comes at all.

There are so many different types of deafness that it is hard for sufferers and non-sufferers alike to understand that it is not a simple matter of being fitted with an aid and gaining instant relief, much in the way that myopic or failing eyesight is relieved by the correct prescription for spectacles.

Over the years the constant question, "Why don't you wear an aid?" has been, I think, as aggravating a burden to me as the disability itself.

As to adapting to my loss, I doubt if I ever did. Imperceptibly, as the years passed, I found myself in the world, but no longer a vital part.

I was "included out" at any conversational get-together. Books—bless them — took the place of human companionship, but could scarcely compensate for the lost communication with the people around me.

Yet, despite the oft-repeated assurances of dozens of specialists that no aid or operation would appreciably help, I still stubbornly hoped for a miracle.

Two decades and 12,000 miles later the miracle did come along. Her name was Mrs. Patricia Pengilley.

A quaintly apt name for a miracle, with its mixture of Irish leprechaun and Cornish pixie.

Vaguely, I knew that somewhere there was an association to help the hard of hearing, but never was I able to winkle out any address, until I made the acquaintance of a fellow sufferer in a—looking backward—very amusing manner.

I had spent an unaccustomed day in Sydney. Shopping was a spree, after months of managing with our village store-cum-post office.

Laden with parcels, I boarded a tram in Pitt Street, to find standing room only.

Some expert juggling was necessary before I could free one hand to grasp the strap overhead—in fact, I believe that at one time I was holding a parcel by my teeth while I searched for my fare—but I no sooner did take a good grip on that strap when the tram skidded to a sudden stop, scattering me and parcels all along the aisle.

Muttering about insane drivers I collected everything, and, as the tram restarted, grabbed again at that loop of leather.

To no avail; the instant angry halt sent me this time into the expansive lap of the lady seated behind. Some heated words were now being exchanged by driver and conductor, but nothing I could hear, so, unconcernedly I reached up and took a really firm grip on my lifeline.

With a belligerent expression which obviously forewarned that I wasn't going to be sent sprawling a third time, I faced the conductor who came charging toward me and screamed, "Lady, take your hand off that bell!"

To add to my flushed face, and make it a petunia pink, were the stares of the other passengers, as if to say, "The fool shouldn't be out without a keeper."

She, too, was deaf

In the nearest seat sat one female actually laughing as though I had outdone the Marx Bros.

Icily I said, "I couldn't hear the bell, so couldn't know I was hanging on to the wrong cord. If you knew how it is to be deaf, you would not find it so amusing."

"Oh, but I do know," she replied. "I'm deaf, too."

It was not until we both left the tram at Central that the incongruity struck me, and I said, "How could you hear me, and I heard you?"

"I didn't hear you, I've learnt to lip-read and to lip-talk, too."

It was the first time since my father died that I had heard the expression "lip-talk." I was intrigued. Train departures and destinations were forgotten.

And so it was that I first heard of Mrs. Patricia Pengilley and her lip-reading by correspondence method — and of that friend of the hard of hearing, The Australian Association For Better Hearing.

Lip-reading can never, of course, take the place of natural hearing, nor will it eliminate the use of a good hearing aid.

Like going back to school

To people like myself whose hearing loss can be mitigated neither mechanically nor surgically, lip-reading opens a door which has long been closed, the door to lively companionship and stimulating conversation.

The ability to lip-read does not come overnight.

One goes back to school again, and sometimes a beginner may feel that no progress is being made, so gradually does the art of lip-reading creep up on him. But one glad day an acquaintance says, "You seem to hear so much better these days, have you bought a new aid?"

The patience and application are suddenly well rewarded.

Even so, mistakes will happen. Like the time I was told at a picnic to "Eat that pie" and most obligingly did so, only to learn that I had been asked to HEAT it.

Oh, those unseen Hs and Ps that will become confused with Bs!

And will someone please tell me why you Dinkum Aussies take the broad A as in paper and transform it to I, as in piper?

And why in Australia does a "boat" become a "bout," at least that is how I read you.

But, how wonderful to see my neighbor say clearly, "Could I borrow some sugar?"

Instead of, as before, "Sugar, you know sugar," and a motion as of stirring a spoon in a cup, whereupon I would beamingly assure her that I'd just love to accept her invitation to a "cuppa" with the inevitable result, myself feeling hotly embarrassed at having blundered in understanding yet again.

The deaf rarely ask for sympathy, which is just as well, for of all disabilities it is the one least tolerated.

Why this should be so is readily understood when one realises that the whole status quo of homo sapiens is based on his having had the ability to communicate.

Whether or not this has been a good thing is, currently, a much debated topic, but certainly there would have been no homo sapiens without this ability to send by speech and receive and comprehend by hearing.

It is not the lack of sympathy the deaf regret. It is the loss of communication.

With intelligent understanding on the one hand, the help of a modern aid and/or the ability to lip-read on the other, communication and empathy *can be re-established*.

WHERE TO LEARN LIP-READING

● The Australian Association for Better Hearing, a voluntary organisation to promote the study of lip-reading, has branches in all States.

THE association can be contacted at the following addresses in the capital cities:

VICTORIA: 52 Russell St., Melbourne. Hon. secretary, Mr. S. Donald.

N.S.W.: Griff House, 324 Pitt St., Sydney. Hon. sec., Miss M. Burgess.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: 22 Moonta St., Adelaide. Hon. sec., Mr. R. Pearce.

TASMANIA: Wesley Hall, 58 Melville St., Hobart. Hon. sec., Mrs. M. Horlock.

QUEENSLAND: Hon. sec., Mrs. C. Bryant, 24 Acacia Drive, Ashgrove.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Protestant Hall, 160A Beaufort St., Perth. Hon sec., Mr. Sargent.

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RUSSIAN WHALERS

● **The head of Sovietskaya Ukraina, factory ship of the United Soviet Whaling Fleet, which recently staged a friendly invasion of Victorian waters, is black-haired, massive Captain Alexei Solyanik, the director and captain of the whole fleet. But its heart is its official interpreter, brown-haired little Mrs. Marya Gikhareva.**

STAR-DECORATED PROW of the Sovietskaya Ukraina, of the United Soviet Whaling Fleet.

MARYA flits around cheerfully like a brisk sparrow, at everyone's beck and call when English is the local language spoken.

She is affectionately known by the rest of the ship's company of 542 as "Miss Mary."

Or sometimes just "Mary."

But whichever name was used in Melbourne, the speaker's eye invariably lit up and a smile came to the face.

Why the English Mary?

"Because I am the English teacher in our school for working youth, and as well as being the official interpreter I do all the secretarial work that has to be done in English, and so the crew give me the English of my Russian Marya," she explained.

Mary is the only woman teacher on the staff of five for this shipboard secondary school, which holds classes two days every week and has about 300 pupils.

"We say it is for 'youth,' but we have some students who are 50," said Mary, with her infectious grin.

She loves her life at sea and the Antarctic so much that this is her second tour of duty there.

And she'd like nothing more than another seven months in the ice and freezing cold, after three months' home leave and a reunion with her husband and five-year-old daughter, which she's looking forward to in June.

"What do we women wear in the Antarctic freeze? Why, just what we would at home: a big fur coat, fur boots, and a warm kerchief on our head.

"After all, this is our home, and like any other home it's snug indoors, and we don't have to go out in the cold unless we want to," she said firmly.

And, with her red-varnished fingernails twinkling in the sunshine as she lit a cigarette, she briskly switched the conversation to the many amenities of her floating home.

Mary spoke of the library, the picture theatre, the mail, papers, and new films brought each month in Antarctica by special tankers taking fuel and food supplies for the fleet, of the cables the crew may send on special occasions.

And of the food.

A typical menu for a midday meal is salad, macaroni

By FREDA IRVING

soup (or special bouillon chicken for anyone on a diet), stewed meat and rice, lots of brown bread and butter, and cherry or other fruit drink.

Sometimes, also, there's fresh fish caught by the crew, or whale liver, whale tongue or whale sausage — which, she affirmed, is "very tasty."

At home, Mary's daughter, Oksana, nicknamed "Little Mary" after her mother, is being cared for by her grandmother in a small town not far from Odessa.

Little Mary's father, a captain in the merchant navy, is, like her mother, somewhere on the high seas.

Mary is typical of the 36 other women crew members of Sovietskaya Ukraina — and also of the remaining 23 women in the total of 1891 crew members in the whole whaling fleet, which includes the smaller 28,000-ton factory ship Slava, and the 32 weatherbeaten little 1200-ton catchers.

Like her they enjoy equality with men in their jobs, and many of them are married and with children being looked after by grandparents at home (most of them in Odessa, the fleet's home port).

On board a woman may be working as a scientist, bookkeeper, typist, secretary, medical assistant, stewardess, or meteorologist.

And, like Miss Mary again, all are inordinately proud of their huge home, a home which goes one better than any landlubber's home, with a helicopter housed in the huge fake funnel aft of the ship.

"This is our sporting machine," said Mary. "It flies out over the ocean searching for the whales, and when its pilot sights some he signals the captain and he then directs the catchers where to go."

Some of the luckier married women are shipmates with their husbands.

Chief of these is the attractive and youthful wife of the captain Svetlana Solyanik, who can even make Russian almost understandable with her swift, charming smile and laughing eyes.

A science graduate, she has the job in the Antarctic of measuring radioactivity in whales.

She and her husband left three-year-old son Aleska at home in Odessa, and one of their first thoughts on their first day's shopping in Melbourne was to go seek a pair of flippers for him.

Smart suit

But Svetlana — called Sveta for short by her husband — followed her feminine fancies, too, with personal shopping for underwear, hosiery, some winter woollies, and a smart suit. Her husband, Alexei, was close by to interpret her shopping list to shop assistants.

She and the captain are one of six married couples in Sovietskaya Ukraina — a doctor's assistant is married to a bookkeeper, a mechanic to a stewardess, a seaman to a stewardess, a doctor to a stenographer, and the second mate, Vladimir Krisov, to yet another stewardess.

Captain Alexei Solyanik was more than slightly amazed by the tremendous reception given his fleet in Melbourne.

But he's a proud master of his ship. His pride seemed a tangible thing as he strode along the inches-thick wooden planks over the iron plating of the huge flensing deck, where the whales are cut up.

This season, he said, his Soviet whaling fleet captured 3410 whales.

Total whale oil production was 21,620 tons; whale meal (used as feed for animals) totalled 8300 tons; frozen whale meat, 7460 tons; frozen whale liver, 1120 tons; and ambergris 284 tons.

Then, in the next few minutes, the captain was carrying beautiful flowers for his wife along this very same spike-furrowed timber decking, and talking of those flippers he must buy for his young son.

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IN MELBOURNE

SECTION of the crowd, officially estimated as 50,000 strong, which jam-packed Station Pier at Port Melbourne for the chance of inspecting the ship Sovietskaya Ukraina.

DIRECTOR AND CAPTAIN of the United Soviet Whaling Fleet and Master of factory ship Sovietskaya Ukraina, hefty Captain Alexei Solyanik clasps a large bouquet given to him at Port Melbourne for his attractive wife, Svetlana.

Pictures by Les Gorrie

● Shore leave for the Russians in Melbourne meant shops, shopping, and steady walking.

MOST walked the two and a half miles to the city from Port Melbourne — refusing lifts to see everything they could—and then steadily tramped through the city's shops, many of which had interpreters to help them buy gifts for the families back home.

Most popular choices were knitted woollens, children's clothes, and hosiery, shoes, and filmy underwear for wives and girl-friends. And, of course, koalas. And boomerangs.

But a large percentage of the crew went back on board without buying anything.

READING in the ship's library are various crew members. The women are Galina Emelianova (left), Ecaterina Andrijanova.

INTERPRETER in Sovietskaya Ukraina is Mrs. Mary Gikhareva (left) — popularly called Mary. She teaches English aboard ship.

CREW-MEMBER Nicalai Pietrov receives change in a Melbourne store after buying filmy underwear for his wife in Russia.

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Ita Buttrose's SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

THE next few weeks will be exciting — and frantically busy — for Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Vicars, of Lindfield, whose daughter Susan and son John will be married within eight days of each other this month.

Susan will marry Graham White at St. David's Church, Lindfield, on May 15, and John will wed Gillian Grant Davies at the Berrima Church of England on May 23.

Susan will be attended by her sister, Mrs. Mark Single, of "Yalgatta," Nimmitabel, and Mrs. John Hall, of Ivanhoe (who will be flying to Sydney on May 10 to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Carson, of Wahroonga), and the reception for 200 guests will be held at Mr. and Mrs. Davies' lovely home.

The floral arrangements for the church and the reception have been "taken over" by Susan's aunts, Mrs. Walter Carter, Lady Windeyer, Mrs. W. R. Laurie, Mrs. Felix Lehane, Mrs. G. H. Geoffrey, and Mrs. Robert Taylor, who have planned a pink and white color scheme, and will use carnations, gladioli, and chrysanthemums for the main decor, with camellias and gardenias for the bridal table.

After attending John and Gillian's wedding, Susan and Graham will sail in Orsova on June 3 for England, where they will live for the next two years.

Gillian is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Grant Davies, who will entertain 250 guests to a reception at their home, "Cherry Tree Hill," Sutton Forest. She will have Susan Fuller, Angela Pelly, Penny McNicoll, and Virginia Statham as bridesmaids.

★ ★ ★

HIGHLIGHT of Mrs. Carl Wilson's recent holiday in Canberra was a luncheon celebrating the "Feast of Id" — an important Moslem feast day. Hosts were the High Commissioner for Pakistan, Mr. K. M. Kaiser, and Begum Kaiser, with whom Mrs. Wilson stayed during her visit. "There were curries of every description served with a variety of rice dishes," Mrs. Wilson said. She also attended a lunch given by the Thai Ambassador, Mr. Vadhana Isarabhakdi, and just prior to coming home—she returned specially to see Nureyev's final performance — Mrs. Wilson was a guest at a reception which the U.K. High Commissioner, Sir William Oliver, and Lady Oliver gave in honor of William Shakespeare. The Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, proposed the commemorative toast.

ABOVE: Mr. Colin Escott and his bride, formerly Miss Sandra Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Taylor, of Yass, who were married at St. John the Baptist Church, Canberra. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Escott, of Normanhurst. After honeymooning in Tasmania the couple will live in Gundagai.

ATTRACTIVE country girl Sue Bragg has chosen St. Philip's, Church Hill — where her grandmother was married — for her wedding to Anthony Morrison on June 1. Sue, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Bragg, of "Landgrove," Coonamundra, will offset her classical gown with a delicate coronet of orange blossom, which she has chosen for sentimental reasons, as it was worn by her mother and her grandmother, Mrs. E. L. Lawry, at their weddings. Two days after the wedding Sue and Anthony will leave for Western Australia, visiting Melbourne and Adelaide on their way to Perth, where they will live for the next two years.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that 150 young friends will help Christopher Blundell celebrate his 21st birthday at a cocktail party on May 9. Christopher's mother, Mrs. W. D. Scott Fell, and her husband will welcome guests to the party, which will be held at their Bellevue Hill home.

★ ★ ★

ON the same night—on the other side of the Harbor—Rick Wraight will be guest of honor at a coming-of-age party which his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wraight, will give at the home of their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Maud Simpson, of Humpy Hill. The guests will dance to the music of a band of guitarists in the drawing-room and on the wide verandah of the house, which is one of the oldest in the district. By the way, Mr. and Mrs. Wraight will be leaving by air on June 6 for a three-month holiday in England.

★ ★ ★

FASHION honors of the week, I thought, went to Mrs. Monica Read, who looked so elegant shopping in town in a black and white houndstooth sheath dress and matching short-sleeved cropped jacket. She teamed it with a striking black velvet sombrero swathed with black taffeta.

★ ★ ★

RACEGOERS who follow the fashions will be interested to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Bill Northcott will be returning home on May 30 after living in London for the past four years. Mrs. Northcott, the former Joan Morrison, of Lindfield, was well known for the wonderful hats she wore to Randwick races.

★ ★ ★

BON voyage parties are in full swing for Babette and Michael Morse, who will sail in Patris on May 29 for a year's working holiday in Europe. The trip has been planned for some time, but delayed while they were both studying for degrees. They've just graduated, within a week of each other — Babette in Arts, Michael in Commerce. When they return home they plan to live permanently in Bathurst.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Norman B. Rydge, jun., at the opening of the Freedom From Hunger John F. Kennedy Memorial Prize Art Competition at the Rural Bank, Martin Place. The Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, officially opened the show.

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FOURSOME (from left) Sir Bernard Heinze, Miss Diana Brereton, the visiting English composer Sir William Walton, and Miss Jill Edwards at the reception which the State Opera Company gave in honor of Sir William at the Metropole Hotel.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. David Mutton pictured at the reception held at the Pickwick Club after their marriage at Shore Chapel. The bride was Miss Judith Storey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. D. Storey, of Waitara, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Mutton, of Pymble. The bride wore a silk shantung gown trimmed at the hem with French roses.

ABOVE: Mr. Donald Hutchison, of Mosman, and his bride, formerly Miss Patricia Hall, daughter of Mrs. A. J. Hall, of Artarmon, and of the late Mr. Hall, leaving the Scots Kirk, Mosman, with youthful attendants David and Carolyn Proudman. They will make their home at Lindfield when they return from their honeymoon at Lindeman Island.

AT RIGHT: Miss Marie-Christine von Reibnitz and Mr. Geoffrey Stephens at the Skiers' Committee "Snow Show," which was held at the Australia Hotel to aid the Sydney Eye Health Campaign. The committee president, Mrs. Charles Walton, welcomed 200 guests to the party.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. J. R. Nimmo (left) and Mrs. H. O. Woodhouse, jun., at the Chrysanthemum Tea held at the Hunters Hill home of Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Woodhill to aid the Sydney University Settlement and Isobel Fidler Holiday Home at Thirroul. More than 150 guests attended the tea.

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S-16

LADY CAMILLA OSBORNE, 13-year-old millionairess, with her mother, Lady Lawrence, whose pet poodle is called Rudolph.

Family tug-of-war over millionairess, 13

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● A young heiress in casual teenage clothes and with her soft dark hair falling in a natural swing stood in a Paris gallery this week looking at a painting of a pretty and cherubic little girl. "Darling, you were far too kind to me," she said laughingly to the artist, adding, "but then you always have been."

IT was Lady Camilla Osborne, the 13-year-old daughter of the 11th Duke of Leeds, and now, under the family trust, a millionairess and heir to a valuable collection of paintings locked in the vaults of a convent.

She was talking to her stepmother, the Duchess of Leeds, at the opening of the Duchess' exhibition of paintings in Paris, which included one of Lady Camilla as a child.

Lady Camilla had gone from the home of her mother, Lady Lawrence, on the Thames, near London, to Paris to be with her stepmother.

She looked happy and untroubled by the conflict aroused by the vast fortune she will one day inherit.

For money has as yet become no problem to Lady Camilla.

She gets only the regulation pocket-money at her school in the West Country.

Lady Camilla, under the trust set up by her grandfather, is the sole heiress to the fortunes of the Dukes of Leeds.

The money comes to her because there was no male heir on the death of her uncle, the bachelor 12th Duke, who succeeded to the dukedom at 79.

On his death the schoolgirl became the only beneficiary. The Dukedom became extinct.

Then began the wrangle as to who should have custody of Lady Camilla in the years she is growing up. The fortune is not hers until she reaches 21.

To settle matters in the disagreement between Lady Camilla's mother, Lady Lawrence, now wife of Baronet Sir David Lawrence, and her stepmother, the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Camilla has been made a ward of the court.

"I discussed it first with my daughter and think it is the best thing to do in her own interests," Lady Lawrence said.

This does not mean that Lady Lawrence will not continue to press her claim for the care and custody of her own daughter.

"The judge will eventually decide on this, and whatever the outcome now it means that the judge will always have the last word about Camilla's future until she is 21," Lady Lawrence said.

Lady Camilla gets on well with both her mother and her stepmother.

"She is equally at home in the Duchess' studio, or with her circle of artist friends, as she is with her mother, washing the car, or riding, or helping her with her country house and garden," one of their set told me.

When the Duke of Leeds and his former Duchess, daughter of Brigadier Desmond Young, who wrote a best-seller on the life of the German military leader Rommel, divorced in 1954, the Duke was granted custody of Lady Camilla.

The following year, when he married Caroline Vatcher, the artist, she took over the care of Camilla as her maternal guardian.

Problem

Since then the child's life has been shared on a fifty-fifty basis.

But now that she is without a father, and heiress to all the family money, neither mother nor stepmother will give way on the custodianship.

The crux of the dispute on guardianship arises from Lady Lawrence's claim that under Jersey law (the Duke was domiciled on the island of Jersey) she, as Lady Camilla's mother, automatically becomes her guardian.

But the other disputant, the Duchess, says that under the terms of the late Duke's will she is guardian.

Art connoisseurs are just as interested in the young millionairess as the courts.

A sale three years ago of some of the family paintings realised £140,000 (sg.), and a sale by a previous holder of the Dukedom realised £500,000.

This was a very important sale in art circles, for among the paintings to come under the hammer was the famous Goya of the Duke of Wellington.

There is a romantic story behind the fortunes of the Dukes of Leeds.

Legend has it that the fortune was founded in the 16th century, when the infant daughter of the then Lord Mayor of London fell into the Thames.

She was rescued by an apprentice, Edward Osbourne (the same surname as Lady Camilla's today, with only a small spelling difference), and later, when she grew up, she fell in love with and married her rescuer, bringing to the marriage a substantial dowry.

DUCHESS OF LEEDS with her late husband, the 11th Duke, father of heiress Lady Camilla Osborne.

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A BABY SISTER FOR THE EARL OF ST. ANDREWS

● When the Duchess of Kent's daughter jumped the queue in the Royal baby race she upset the stakes and disappointed punters, but she made the Kents' family happiness complete.

BOTH the Duke and his wife, the former Katharine Worsley, had wanted a girl. Their first child, the Earl of St. Andrews, is nearly two years old.

"Kate and Eddie are deliriously happy," Princess Alexandra told her friends excitedly after her visit to her brother's house, "Coppins," where the baby was born. "They were longing for a girl, and she is adorable."

The new baby will be known as Lady (christian name) Windsor, and she is the first to use the Royal family name of Windsor as a surname since it was established back in 1917 by her great-grandfather, King George V.

She was due last of the four Royal babies — after Princess Alex's on February 29, the Queen's on March 10, and Princess Margaret's, expected at the end of April. But there was no flurry.

"Everything was prepared," said the Duchess' mother, Lady Worsley, when she and her husband, who is the Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, came down to see their granddaughter.

"I think Princess Marina had a hunch Kate's baby would arrive early," one of her household told me.

"Princess Marina had been spending much more time at home in London in spite of the fact that she was carrying out many extra public engagements — some of them on behalf of the four Royal mothers.

"Her diary was so full that she helicopted to Canterbury for the ceremony at the new University of Canterbury and was back in time for an evening function and a telephone call to 'Coppins.'

"Next morning she flew to Germany to attend the wedding of her nephew, Count Toerring.

"But though she was pressed to stay on with her late sister's family, she flew back to be with her daughter-in-law."

So Princess Marina was at "Coppins" when the baby girl surprised them all, arriving at 10.30 at night.

She telephoned her son, the Duke, in Germany, where his regiment is stationed, that the baby had arrived unexpectedly early and that it was a 7lb. 8oz. girl.

THE FAMILY when they came back from Hong Kong last Christmas — the Duchess of Kent, holding the 18-month-old Earl of St. Andrews, and the Duke of Kent, photographed at London Airport.

It was by then midnight. But, in spite of the late hour, she rang the Queen at Windsor and told her.

"I'm absolutely delighted and so happy for them," the Queen told Princess Marina.

Early next morning a sleepy batman was putting out the Duke of Kent's civilian clothes. As a serving officer he had to get special

By
Anne Matheson, of our London staff

leave to fly home to see his baby daughter.

He travelled tourist and brought no luggage, but after leaving the airport he stopped his car and bought flowers for his wife.

If the baby had arrived early in May, when expected, they would have been from a West End florist.

As things were, a startled flower-seller looked up from her street stand to find a smiling young man demanding practically her whole stock.

"I knew it must be the Duke, and he was in such a hurry to get away," she told me.

"I said, 'Bless you, luv, it's a dear little girl,' and he threw me a beautiful, grateful smile."

One of the Kents' friends said, "There never was any question of the Duke being with the Duchess for the birth of their baby. You know how Kate is. She won't have any fuss at all."

Princess Alex's husband has been the most fidgety of all the fathers-to-be and was fussing around Alexandra right up till their son, James, was born, remaining with her right through the birth.

The Duke of Kent did not ask for special leave to be at home for the birth.

When their first baby, the Earl of St. Andrews, was born, the Duke was at his desk in the War Office in Whitehall, and a telephone call told him he was a father, that both his wife and son were doing well.

In astonishment he put down his four o'clock cuppa and exclaimed, "Good heavens! I thought they always arrived at dawn!"

His baby daughter didn't disappoint him of drama. When his mother telephoned him he had to be wakened up in the officers' quarters where he is stationed.

His Duchess and their children will join him in Germany as soon as he finds suitable married quarters.

Demonstrations by Marguerite Patten

● The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with the Australian Gas Industry, will present famous British cook Marguerite Patten in nationwide cookery demonstrations.

HERE are details of her A.C.T. and New South Wales demonstrations:

Sydney: Two demonstrations daily, at 1.30 and 7.30 p.m., on

June 8: North Shore Gas Co., **Crows Nest.**

June 9: The Australian Gas Light Co., **Burwood.**

June 10: The Australian Gas Light Co., **Hurstville.**

June 11: The Australian Gas Light Co., **Parramatta.**

June 12: The Australian Gas Light Co., **Bondi Jnct.**

The demonstrations are free. Admission tickets will be available from May 8 at all the above addresses.

Newcastle: June 19, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., at Winn's Shortland Room, corner of King, Brown, and Hunter Streets. Admission tickets (free) available from May 11 at Home Service, The City of Newcastle Gas and Coke Co. Ltd., 619-623 Hunter Street.

Canberra: May 15, 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m., at the Rex Hotel. Admission tickets (free) available from May 15 at Porta Gas Pty. Ltd.

Mrs. Patten will also give a series of five one-hour TV demonstrations:

Sydney, TCN9: 12.30 p.m., June 15-19, inclusive.

Newcastle, NBN3: 3.30 p.m., June 22-26, inclusive.

Wollongong, WIN4: 12.30 p.m., June 15-June 19, inclusive.

Investment Guide

This week: "RIGHTS"

By MARY BROKER

● An attractive way of entering the share market which holds appeal for many tried and true investors is by way of "rights" and "new issues."

I HAVE explained before what these terms mean, but for those who missed that discussion I repeat the information.

Quite often a company finds itself in need of money for some purpose — buying new machines or taking over another business, for example.

Instead of having a debenture issue (borrowing from the public at a fixed rate of interest) or going to the bank or the money market, directors may decide to increase capital by having a "new issue."

All this means is that shareholders are given the right to apply for more shares in the company, usually in some ratio to shares already held.

To give an example:

Fred's Food Stores Limited needs some money to buy a chain of stores in Queensland. After discussing the pros and cons, the directors decide to give shareholders some benefit and to have a new issue of 5/- shares in the ratio of one new share for every two (or three or four) held.

If the new shares were to cost only 5/- to shareholders, this would be a "par issue."

However, directors may decide, instead, to sell the shares to shareholders at 8/- (the existing shares, let us say, are selling at 12/- on the market).

The new issue, then, would be at 3/- premium.

An instance

Now take the case of Mrs. Jones, who holds 100 shares in Fred's Food Stores. If this is a 1-2 issue, Mrs. Jones has the "right" to apply for 50 new issue shares at 8/- each.

If Mrs. Jones does not have the £20 with which to purchase her 50 new shares she may sell her 50 "rights" on the market between the date when the books close, to determine who shall have the shares, and the date when the shares are actually allotted.

In this case the rights would probably come on at about 2/8. To calculate this I have added two shares at 12/- plus one share at 8/- equals 32/-, which divided by three is 10/8. Subtract 8/- from this and you have 2/8.

This gives someone else an opportunity to buy into the company, possibly slightly more cheaply than by buying the original shares.

One advantage is that, since brokerage is on a sliding scale upwards, the brokerage on the rights would be less than the brokerage on the old shares.

There are several rights issues available on the market which should prove attractive. Here are two:

1. The National Bank of Australia Limited. Banking stocks came in for a good deal of attention during 1963. Earning rates went higher, and prices zoomed upwards. Now, in common with the market in general, this trend is weakening.

When prices are suffering from a general downturn the time is, of course, ripe to buy shares in good, solid companies. Anything more solid than a bank I cannot imagine, and I feel the current "rights" issue is a good way to buy into the industry.

The issue (1-4 10/- shares at 2/6 premium) was made "to provide funds for the continued expansion of the bank's business." Books closed on April 15, and applications close on May 29, when the full amount of 12/6 is payable. The new shares will rank for dividend from June 1.

The rights are currently priced at 12/3, so that 100, including brokerage of 3d., would cost you about £63/-/-. A further £63/-/- would be due on May 29, making £126/-/- in all.

The old shares at 25/9, plus 5d. brokerage, would cost about £131/-/-. Subtract from this the £3/-/- missed in dividends at the current 10 per cent. rate and you will see that buying through the rights would be about £2 cheaper. Not much, perhaps, but I for one find that every little bit helps.

2. Pye Industries Limited. This old-established company is well known through its television and radio sets. It also manufactures, among other things, carburettors for B.M.C. and General Motors-Holden, and distributes "Colston" automatic dishwashers.

Last year it became a great favorite in the stock market when profit doubled from £164,000 to £328,000 and earning rate went up from 21.2 to 43.9 per cent.

A 1-4 par issue was announced in March of 5/- shares, the books to close on April 22. The new funds, directors said, were required "to improve the liquid position and to permit further expansion."

The rights to the issue are now selling at around 15/-, so that 100 would cost about £77/-/-. You then have another 5/- per share to pay at a date yet to be announced, making the total cost just over £100/-/-.

Next week: More rights issues.

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Treat yourself to the luxury of Australia's best blankets!

This is the luxury of Laconia! The warmth and softness of Australia's finest "first clip" lambs' wool . . . the cosy, fleecy feel of Laconia's exclusive "denser pile" finish . . . the beauty and harmony of dozens of decorator patterns and glorious plain colours. For extra warmth without weight, for luxury that lasts a lifetime, make sure you choose Laconia blankets. In these and many more delightful patterns at all good stores.

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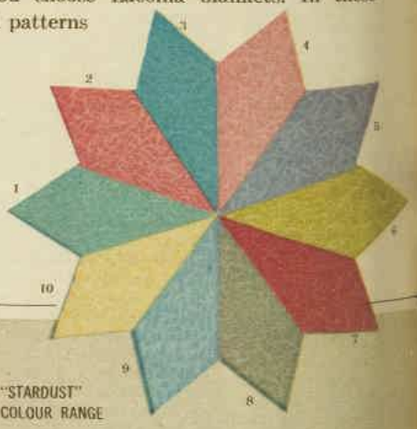

"Starlight". Appealing white-bordered windowpane check in blue, pink and lavender.

"Mexicana". Vivid 9" check in blue, yellow and red.

"STARDUST" COLOUR RANGE

1. Sage
2. Rose Pink
3. Turquoise
4. Camellia Pink
5. Wisteria
6. Gold
7. Flame
8. Sandy Beige
9. Capri Blue
10. Buttercup

Also Snow White

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On Mother's Day she'll bake 1600 scones

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

● On Mother's Day, Mrs. Esme Stringer, of Sunbury, Vic., doesn't sit up in bed with roses on her breakfast tray. Instead, this pretty 39-year-old mother of two gets up at 4 a.m. and starts baking scones.

THE scones are to serve to the people who come from miles around on Mother's Day to see the picturesque 436-acre farm, "Holly Green," where Mrs. Stringer lives.

"Holly Green," built in 1836, is the oldest farm in Victoria, and Mrs. Stringer has held "Open Mother's Day" there to aid the Royal Women's Hospital for the last 12 years.

"I owe my life to the hospital," she said, "and both of my children were born there—and so were my husband and I."

Thatched roof

The house, built by George Evans who was one of Pascoe Fawkner's exploration party, originally had a thatched roof.

"The thatching is still there under the iron," said Mrs. Stringer.

"And some of the walls of 'Holly Green' are 6ft. thick in parts."

On Mother's Day Mrs. Stringer shows visitors through the 13 rooms of the old silurian rock house. (The sandstone-like rock was quarried on the property.)

When they've seen the house with its antique furniture—including a double canopy-bed and 500-year-old hall seat—she takes them around the garden and farm land, where there is an aboriginal burial ground and trees from which natives hacked their canoes.

MRS. ESME STRINGER, of "Holly Green," Victoria's oldest farm, samples one of her scones.

Also on show is one of the first washing-machines made in Victoria. It was built in 1876, and is a steel torpedo-shaped capsule worked by hand in a rocking motion.

Visitors have morning and afternoon tea in a big old barn converted for the day into a tea pavilion.

Mrs. Stringer serves the visitors Devonshire tea—the jam comes from the larder, which she stocks annually with 1800 jars of home-made strawberry, apricot, and raspberry jam; the whipped cream comes fresh from the farm.

Two years ago when 1400 people turned up to see "Holly Green," Mrs. Stringer said there was pandemonium in the kitchen.

She had baked only 1000 scones, and had to bake more.

This year she will be well prepared and bake 1600 scones—just in case.

She donates all the ingredients herself.

Mrs. Stringer has two ovens—gas and wood—and cooks batches of 50 scones in each at a time.

She spends hours mixing and kneading the dough, and admits she's quite famous for her scones.

"In fact most of the people want to buy some to take home with them," said Mrs. Stringer, "but I never have any to spare."

Big kitchen

At "Holly Green" large-scale baking is no problem—there is an old-fashioned 18ft. square kitchen with plenty of space to store the scones.

During a year Mrs. Stringer holds many smaller open days for local and Melbourne charities.

On Mother's Day Mrs. Stringer's husband, her daughter, Vickie (Mrs. William Dwyer, of Balbethan Stud, Bulla), and her 17-year-old son, John, help her to show visitors around "Holly Green."

"That's their way of making Mother's Day happy for me," said Mrs. Stringer contentedly.

DRESSED BEST, BUT NOT BOLD ENOUGH

● It's carriage, with courage, that makes for best-dressed, he says.

CLOTHES man Harry Foletta, just back from abroad, says the Australian woman is "the best-dressed woman, by and large, in the world, though not the most highly fashionable."

Mr. Foletta is managing director of a Melbourne firm manufacturing men's and women's clothing and hosiery.

He recently returned from Italy, which he and five other Australians visited at the invitation of the Italian Government.

If anything, Mr. Foletta says, Australian women should be bolder. "They are better than they think they are at dressing. Some need to take more courage.

"They have a good eye for color. Perhaps it's the climate. I rate them better than American women at this. They are not so bitsy.

"And those tight dresses many American women wear are not really attractive — too obvious. Our women do not often dress like this."

Mr. Foletta says it is certain that the average Australian man's favorite color on women is light blue. "This only means that he is hindering our women's flair for color," he said.

"But if a man teases you about your appearance, that's good.

"The more a man teases a woman about her hat, the smarter it is. If he doesn't like it, he will spare her feelings and say nothing.

"By and large, the carriage of our girls could be improved," he said. "American girls, on the whole, may score better there. It's carriage, with courage, that makes our best-dressed girls. I can spot a mannequin (or a girl who could be one) in Martin Place or Collins Street without being told about her."

The all-round pleated skirt, that wonderful old stand-by of the female wardrobe, is not a winner with men, says Mr. Foletta—and his son, Mr. Greig Foletta, agrees with him.

It doesn't crush, they grant, but since it became all the rage with British female tourists in Europe it is "typed and just doesn't do anything for the female figure."

MR. HARRY FOLETTA

A MARTIAN

From his shining sphere,
Informed observers standing near,
"Nothing really makes one hoarser
Than piloting a flying saucer.
These were my doctor's strict directions:
'Beware of earthborne cold infections.
Protect yourself when you're down there,
With Woods' on hand you won't have a care'."

Woods'
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Silicone base
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4 FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

1. Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
2. Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
3. Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
4. If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

A29

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Bing's a father in his TV series

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The current TV sensation of Hollywood is the announcement that old crooner Bing Crosby is to make a domestic-comedy situation TV series starring himself not as a singer but as a father.

Television

BING'S fame as a singer and businessman has always exceeded his fame as a father, but he has an impressive record to back up his claim to a father role — six sons and a daughter.

He had four sons by his first wife, actress Dixie Lee, who died of cancer 14 years ago, and has two sons and a daughter by his second wife, former actress Kathryn Grant, who is 30 years his junior.

Bing's series, as yet unnamed, uncast, unwritten, has been sold already to a sponsor on the strength of the Crosby name.

It will be a domestic comedy, with Bing playing a married man with two daughters (age unknown).

Choosing family

Bing is busy at the moment interviewing aspirants for the roles of his wife and daughters.

"If you think that's an easy job," Bing said the other day, "try it yourself some time.

"The success of a domestic-comedy series depends as much on proper casting as on a good script. I don't think Robert Young's 'Father Knows Best' could have been so successful were it not for the care with which the Anderson family was assembled.

"I'm actually borrowing a leaf out of Bob Young's book. This is how he did it: He spent weeks casting his show."

The Crosby series is due to go before cameras early in July and will remain before cameras throughout the American summer so that there will be enough filmed episodes in stock before the series is premiered on American TV in their autumn.

"Curious"

The big question asked of Crosby, now 64, who is a dollar millionaire 20 times, is why he is trying to steal Robert Young's thunder.

"I got curious," Bing said. "So many guys have made a success of TV."

Bing intends to shoot episodes back to back, appearing in the tailend of one and the beginning of the next, thus allowing himself a week or more of leisure in between.

He will shuttle between his new home in Hillsborough, an exclusive San Francisco suburb to which he moved last Christmas, and Hollywood by his own private plane.

"I can do the trip in 55 minutes," Bing said, "and it took me longer to drive to the studio from my former home in Beverly Hills."

His unmade series has already had a lot of publicity.

Bing started it when, "for moral reasons," he turned down a lucrative offer from a cigarette firm to make their cigarette commercials.

The tobacco firm wanted to be a co-sponsor of the new Crosby show, but Crosby was adamant — no cigarette commercial from him.

● Bing Crosby, seen with his son Harry, one of the three children of his second marriage, will play the role of a father in his TV domestic-comedy series. He'll be as careful in choosing his supporting players as was Robert Young in his successful series, "Father Knows Best" (at left).

"BARLEY CHARLIE," the new Australian comedy series showing on TCN9 and made by Melbourne's GTV9, intrigues me. It is not funny so far; it has that grey look English series specialise in, which I have always put down to their climate; its main characters are played by English people using an assumed Australian accent; and I don't understand the name.

No one I know could enlighten me, and eventually I was told by a stiff-lipped TCN9 man that it means "fair go" and is an expression used universally in Melbourne.

If this is its true meaning I wish that GTV9 would give us a Barley Charlie and do something about the series. It needs it.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "THE FUGITIVE"

● Every Monday night in Sydney more than half a million viewers sit on the edge of their seats as they watch TCN9's top-rated show "The Fugitive," with David Janssen as Dr. Richard Kimble.

JANSSEN portrays the runaway physician of "The Fugitive," who is forced to assume a new identity and occupation each week as he tries to elude the police.

[Kimble is an escaped convicted murderer who is trying to elude his ruthless pursuer, Police Lieutenant Philip Gerard (Barry Morse), and find the one-armed man who can prove his innocence of the vile charge of murdering his wife.]

In the series viewers have so far had only a glimpse of the one-armed man.

"The Fugitive" has gripped the imagination of viewers to such an extent that rumor whips through the city, week after week, and Tuesdays at TCN9 are dedicated to setting the minds of worried viewers at rest.

Last Tuesday a number of women, all from widely separated suburbs, rang to know whether it was true that Dr. Kimble "got the electric chair" in the next episode.

In each case the caller said she knew someone who had been to Melbourne and had seen Dr. Kimble go to the chair in the next episode.

The punchline of this rumor is that not a single episode of "The Fugitive" has yet been shown in Melbourne.

TCN9 tells me the two current stories—both false—about the mystery of the murder of Dr. Kimble's wife are:

● Police Lieut. Gerard himself is the murderer. He must capture Kimble and get him to the electric chair to save his own skin.

● Mrs. Kimble was murdered by the one-armed man, who is in reality Lieut. Gerard's brother, whom he is protecting by pursuing Kimble to the electric chair.

The source of both these stories is someone who knows someone who is the manager of one of the network channels showing "The Fugitive." This character has the last episode stored for release and has had a private screening.

David Janssen

You really want to know the true story? The last episode has not yet been made, nor is likely to be for some time, and we can all look forward to many more episodes before the final disaster.—N.M.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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Bethal Tablets have been tried and proven by thousands of thankful people. They've found over the years that Bethal Tablets do give quick, blessed relief from Asthma attacks. Your breathing passages are cleared . . . you breathe freely again and stay that way for hours.

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Nervy?

Tired? Can't eat?

Undernourished nerves cause depression, headache, loss of appetite. Heed nature's warning! Replenish your blood stream with iron and vitamins. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS are a scientific compound of iron, manganese and copper with Vitamin B_1. A proven tonic for iron-starved nerve sufferers. Get rid of that listless, fagged-out feeling with DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS. At all chemists and stores.

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William Holden

Did you know?

Television

Mitzi Gaynor

● Six 90-minute programmes, with the top names of Hollywood telling the story of United Nations work throughout the world, are to be made in the United States—at a cost of four million dollars.

THE dramatisations, based on fact, will be televised once a month, beginning next January.

At least a dozen Hollywood stars have promised their services and the guilds and unions involved have agreed to work for minimum pay scales.

The world's top film directors and producers are involved — Sam Spiegel, Peter Glenville, Joe Mankiewicz, Stanley Kubrick, Otto Preminger, Robert Rossen, and Fred Zinneman. They are to have a free hand, with one ground rule: the avoidance of political differences.

★ ★ ★

ELIZABETH TAYLOR *went to the A.B.C. studios in New York with her husband, Richard Burton, for a private screening of Burton's filmed interview on Shakespeare. "Burton said it was the first time he'd seen himself on the screen in ten years," said a network official. "He wanted to leave. But Miss Taylor persuaded him to stay in case there was anything in the film he wanted to have deleted. He didn't ask for a single change, however."*

★ ★ ★

MITZI GAYNOR *is reportedly being sought by the American CBS TV network as a regular performer on their big-budget series "The Entertainers," headed by Carol Burnett.*

★ ★ ★

AN American network is working up a safari special with screen actor William Holden, who happens to own the Mount Kenya Safari Club in Africa. So far, plans for the special call for Holden to be accompanied by Robert Stack (who will leave his "Untouchables" machine-gun in the studio prop warehouse).

★ ★ ★

COMEDIAN *Alan King is switching from "THE GARRY MOORE SHOW," which will not be seen next season, to "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW." In a new departure for the Sullivan variety series, King has contracted to perform in 10 shows, instead of the usual one-shot. Sullivan has also lined up dancer Juliet Prowse and singer Leslie Uggams for six appearances apiece, and Paul Anka for two shows.*

★ ★ ★

AUSTRALIAN *dancers Robin Haig, of Perth, and Gale Law, of Sydney, star in a TV version of the modern ballet "Mods and Rockers" in Britain. The ballet, which took London by storm, was choreographed to music by The Beatles — "Please Please Me," "Me to You," and "She Loves You."*

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said . . . "Isn't it strange how, since time began, love has ruled the world? The best-selling books are always on love, the motion pictures that make the most money are always love stories, nations have been destroyed on account of love, and there are all kinds of love — brotherly love, the love of a mother for her children, the love of beautiful things like paintings and statues, the love of animals, and how about the love of one drunk for another? Yes, love is a wonderful, wonderful thing . . ."

Momma's Moral . . . Love is such a beautiful thing, isn't it a shame people have to get married and spoil it?

Air-O-Zone is the modern air freshener and room deodorizer that destroys all unpleasant odours, leaves a wonderful freshness all through your home. The glycol in Air-O-Zone helps kill airborne bacteria. Spray Air-O-Zone in the bathroom and sickroom or wherever there is a risk of infection.

Next time you notice unpleasant household smells, banish them with Air-O-Zone and enjoy the lingering aroma of Air-O-Zone's fresh fragrance.

NOW ONLY 8/3

Air-O-Zone Pine—fresh as a dewy pine forest. Air-O-Zone Spice—fragrant as a sunny tropic isle.

Freshen up your home with Air-O-Zone

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CHARACTER studies are Dawn's big line. Above: As she really is, with her famous country cousin. (Viewers will not let this cousin, a favorite character, disappear.) Above right: Dawn as a clippie.

HERE'S DAWN

"HERE'S DAWN" as she is above may be seen in Sydney on TCN9 at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesdays; in Melbourne on GTV9 at 7.30 p.m. Mondays; in Adelaide on NWS9, and Brisbane on QTQ9, soon.

1. FLICKCARDS show Dawn as a baby.
2. .. .. as a pert schoolgirl.
3. .. .. as a perter teenager.
4. .. .. as a worldly bus conductress.
5. .. .. as an experienced barmaid.
6. as a 'relevation' to her country cousin.
7. .. .. as an older Mrs. Next-door.
8. .. .. as an old-fashioned granny.

● **Australian television has been slow unearthing personalities, but it was rewarded with a rich and durable one in Dawn Lake. Dawn is the other half of that well-known husband - and - wife team Bobby Limb and Dawn Lake, who have had successful TV shows together for years. Dawn is the star of her own show now, but an unseen influence is Bobby Limb, who has gone behind the camera for the first time to produce his wife's new show, "Here's Dawn."**

SCENE from a sketch (left), when Dawn takes flight, or tries to. Right: "You tell 'em, love," and Dawn is well away with the country cousin. Speckled cardigan is one of her most valuable props.

Television

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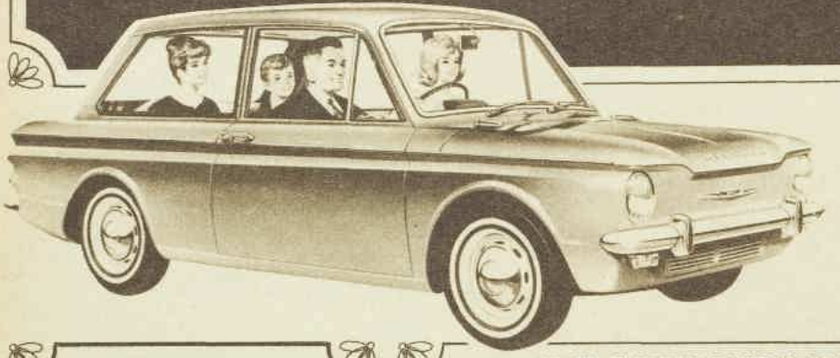
WIN A NEW HILLMAN IMP
ENTER CADBURY'S 'POPULAR CAKE' CONTEST



You can win a car of your very own in Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa 'Popular Cake' Contest. Below are seven chocolate cake recipes prepared by noted home economist Marjorie Miller. Try every one of them! Then, on the entry form, number the cakes in what you consider their order of popularity, complete one simple statement and you may win a smart new Hillman Imp — the car that makes motoring history.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no entry fee. Send in as many entries as you like, but accompany each entry with a Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa packet top. (Except in states where this infringes local laws.)
2. Six Hillman Imp cars must be won. Each car will be registered for 12 months and will be covered by normal new car free service and Third Party Insurance.
3. All entries will be considered but your name and address must appear thereon in BLOCK LETTERS.
4. Popularity figures from all the entries will be fed into an electronic computer to decide prize-winning order of preference. This result will be final. No correspondence will be entered into.
5. If more than one correct 'Most Popular' entry is received in each state the prize will be awarded to that which contains the best completed sentence.
6. The following are not eligible to compete: members of families of the staff of Cadbury-Fry-Pascall Pty. Ltd., members of the advertising agency or their families.
7. Entries close July 31st, 1964. Results will be announced in the daily press of August 14th, 1964.
8. Mail completed entries together with your name and address to: 'POPULAR CAKE' CONTEST, Cadbury-Fry-Pascall Pty. Ltd., Claremont, Tasmania.

ENTRY FORM

Below are listed the names of the seven cakes. In the square opposite each name put a number indicating your order of popularity. No. 1 opposite the cake you like best; No. 2 opposite your second choice; and so on until all seven squares are numbered.

- Zebra Cake ☐
- Chocolate Ginger Cake ☐
- Mocha Layer Sponge ☐
- Chocolate Fruit Cake ☐
- Chocolate Cinnamon Ring Cake ☐
- Chocolate Orange Cake ☐
- Devil's Food Cake ☐

Now complete the following sentence in not more than twenty words:

"I cook with Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa because _____ "

My name _____

My address _____

_____ State _____

OFFICE USE ☐☐☐☐

SEVEN EXCITING RECIPES TO TRY . . . SIX NEW HILLMAN IMP CARS TO BE WON!

ZEBRA CAKE:

4 ozs. shortening; 4 ozs. sugar; 2 eggs; 8 ozs. s.r. flour; approx. ¼ pint milk; vanilla essence.

Method: Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs one at a time. Add flour and milk alternately. Flavour and place in a loaf tin. Bake in mod. oven 325° or Reg. 4 Gas — 375° Electric for 30-40 mins. Remove from tin. Cool and leave till next day. Cut off a lengthwise vertical slice about ¾" thick from cake and place crust side down on board. Spread ¼ of the chocolate filling over cut side of cake slice. Cut off another lengthwise vertical slice and lay carefully on chocolate filling. Spread with more chocolate filling and repeat cutting, spreading and stacking until all cake is used and you have 5 slices in all. Leave in position (lying on its side) until chocolate filling is set about 3 hours. Turn right side up on to serving dish. Make up a butter icing and frost sides then top of cake. Melt 2 ozs. Cadbury's Cooking Chocolate over hot water then from tip of teaspoon trickle melted chocolate across top of the cake in a zebra pattern.

Chocolate Filling: ¼ pint cream; ½ cup icing sugar; ¼ cup Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa; 1 oz. melted Cadbury's Cooking Chocolate. Beat all ingredients together until filling is thick and creamy.

Butter Icing: 4 ozs. shortening; 1 lb. icing sugar; vanilla essence; hot water. Cream the shortening, a little hot water and icing sugar together until white and fluffy. Add vanilla essence to taste

CHOCOLATE GINGERCAKE:

4 ozs. shortening; 6 ozs. sugar; 8 ozs. s.r. flour; 2½ tabs. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa; 2/3 cup sour milk; ½ teas. instant coffee; ¼ cup warm water, 3 tabs. chopped preserved ginger; ½ teas. vanilla essence; 2 eggs.

Method: Cream shortening, sugar and vanilla. Add eggs, then coffee mixed with the warm water. Add ginger, then sifted flour and cocoa alternately with the sour milk. Divide into two well-greased 7" sandwich tins which have been lined on the bottom with paper. Bake in mod. oven 325° or Reg. 4 Gas — 375° Electric for 30-35 mins. When cold, split each layer in half and fill with cream. Ice with chocolate icing or top with cream and decorate with chopped ginger.

N.B. Chopped raisins may be used instead of ginger

MOCHA LAYER SPONGE:

3 eggs; 4 oz. castor sugar; 4 ozs. s.r. flour less 2 tabs.; 2 tabs. boiling water; chocolate icing; whipped cream; 1 dess. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa; 1 teas. instant coffee.

Method: Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat until stiff. Beat in the sugar gradually. Beat in the egg yolks. Fold in the flour, cocoa and coffee that have been sifted together 3 times. Fold in the water. Divide into two greased and floured 7" sandwich tins and bake in mod. oven 350° or Reg. 5 Gas — 400° Electric for 15-20 mins. When cold fill with whipped cream sweetened and flavoured with instant coffee. Ice with chocolate icing. The sponges may be split through the centre and sandwiched with the cream making a four layer cake if desired.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT CAKE:

¼ lb. shortening; ½ lb. sugar; ¼ lb. currants; ¾ lb. sultanas; ½ lb. raisins; 1 cup cold water; 1 teas. nutmeg; 1 teas. mixed spice; 1 tabs. lemon juice.

Boil the above ingredients together for 3 mins. 2 eggs; 4 ozs. s.r. flour; 6 ozs. plain flour; ½ teas. bicarbonate of soda; 1 tabs. boiling water; 1 dess. golden syrup or treacle; 2 tabs. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa.

Method: While the ingredients are cooling, beat the eggs until frothy and add to cold mixture. Add the sifted flours and cocoa, then the treacle. Lastly add the soda dissolved in the boiling water. Place mixture in a greased and lined 8" tin and bake in a mod. oven 325° or Reg. 4 Gas — 375° Electric for approx. 2 hours. This cake keeps well and improves with age. A little mixed peel and nuts may be added if liked. Blanched almonds sprinkled on the top of the cake before baking are most attractive.

CHOCOLATE CINNAMON RING CAKE:

3 ozs. shortening; 3 ozs. sugar; 2 eggs; 6 ozs. s.r. flour; 1 dess. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa; milk to mix; vanilla essence; 2 ozs. chopped dates; 2 tabs. chopped walnuts. 1 dess. cinnamon

Method: Cream shortening, sugar and essence. Add beaten eggs a little at a time and beat well. Fold in sifted flour, cocoa and cinnamon. Add sufficient milk to mix to a dropping consistency. Fold in the dates and walnuts. Place in a greased and lined ring tin and bake in a mod. oven 325° or Reg. 4 Gas — 375° Electric for 25-30 mins. Completely cover with butter icing and decorate with halved walnuts. For butter icing, cream 2 ozs. shortening with 8 ozs. sifted icing sugar. Flavour with vanilla essence. Add a few drops of pink colouring and a little boiling water if necessary to make spreading consistency.

CHOCOLATE ORANGE CAKE:

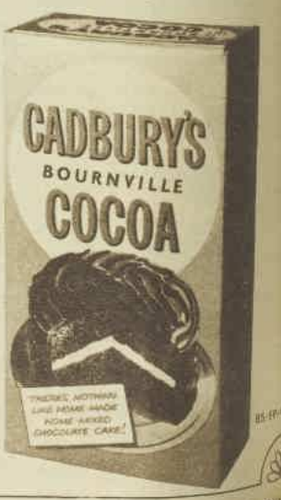
12 ozs. s.r. flour; ½ teas. salt; 6 ozs. shortening; 6 ozs. sugar; 3 eggs; ¾ cup milk; rind and juice of 1 orange; 1 tabs. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa blended with boiling water to a paste.

Method: Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in the whisked eggs. Lightly, but thoroughly, stir in the sifted flour and salt and the milk alternately. Divide into two. Stir the cocoa into one portion and the orange into the second. Place alternate spoonfuls in an 8" tin which has been greased and lined on the bottom with paper. Bake in a mod. oven 325° or Reg. 4 Gas — 375° Electric for 1-1½ hours. Completely cover with orange frosting and decorate with glace cherries and angelica. To make frosting, cream 1 oz. shortening with 4 ozs. icing sugar. Add a little yellow colouring and sufficient orange juice to make a spreading consistency.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE:

4 ozs. cream cheese; 2 ozs. shortening; 6 ozs. castor sugar; ¼ teas. cochineal; 1-2 ozs. Cadbury's Cooking Chocolate broken into pieces; 2 heaped tabs. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa; 8 ozs. plain flour; 1 teas. bicarbonate of soda; 2 eggs; 1 teas. vanilla essence; ½ to 1 cup water; pinch salt.

Method: Cream the cheese, shortening, sugar, cochineal and vanilla together. Melt the chocolate over hot water, cool slightly and beat into the creamed mixture blending well. Add the eggs one at a time. Sift the flour, cocoa, soda and salt together and fold in alternately with the water. Grease and line one 8" sponge tin and one 7" sponge tin. Divide the mixture into these tins and bake in a mod. oven 350° or Reg. 5 Gas — 400° Electric for 35-40 mins. When cold completely cover the 8" cake with your favourite frosting, top with the smaller cake and cover with frosting, too. Decorate the ridge around the base of the small cake with chopped cherries, crushed toffee, small sugar flowers, etc.



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MARTHA ERIC and GEORGE

Second instalment of our enchanting serial

By MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

RETURNING home from his office at an English bank in Paris, ERIC TAYLOR is shocked to receive from the concierge of his apartment a carry-cot containing a two-week-old infant. From a note attached to the baby's blanket Eric recognises the handwriting as that of MARTHA, a young art student with whom he had had a love affair some months previously and who had rejected his offer of marriage. MRS. TAYLOR, his devoted widowed mother, with whom he has lived in the apartment for the past three years, takes the abandoned baby to her heart even though Eric has confessed that the child is his illegitimate son.

Mrs. Taylor, British to the core, is distressed when she learns that according to the intricacies of British law her grandson is a French national and that she cannot adopt him, as the mother's claim is paramount. She then decides that Martha must be found so that the baby's citizenship can be endorsed. Accordingly, Eric visits the head of the famous art school where Martha had studied. But on Eric's request for her present address he peremptorily dismisses him, denying any knowledge of it.

Mrs. Taylor recalls Martha mentioning Birmingham as her home town, but advertisements in all Birmingham papers fail to bring any results. In the meantime, the baby has been christened GEORGE and is tenderly cared for by his doting grandmother. NOW READ ON:

THE months passed, the years passed. In the rue d'Antibes an infant grew to be a toddler, a toddler to a little boy. He was still a subject of the Republic, but his grandmother did her best to protect him (even while treacherously accepting the violets of M. Jacob) from the dangers of becoming bilingual. If George picked up a sort of boot-legged French it was just as he picked up a sort of boot-legged Catholicism.

Mrs. Taylor introduced him to the Anglican service as soon as he was old enough to stay until the sermon, Mme Leclerc slipped him a medal of Our Lady. There was also a certain tension between Father Christmas and Pere Noel: the former put your presents in a stocking, the latter left them on the hearth — where, of course, there was more room. "But it's Father Christmas who comes to little English boys!" explained Mrs. Taylor. "Never forget, my darling, that you're really English!"

She did everything possible to make him so, to keep him so, uncontaminated by Gallic influences. From his tenderest years she attempted to interest him in cricket, so that he early knew where Australia was. Geography in general was a subject Mrs. Taylor rather shied away from; there seemed to be less and less of the map colored red. But in history George received a solid grounding from Alfred and the cakes to the Battle of Waterloo. Mrs. Taylor also dwelt at length on such incontestably top British achievements as the Rolls-Royce engine, Savile Row suits, and the works of William Shakespeare . . .

The little boy grew to a little schoolboy. He attended a private school for other little English boys, where, instead of the uniform black French blouse, they wore blazers with a crest on the pocket. (Nor was his hair ever cropped to the equally uniform round French bullet-head; it fell in an appealing fringe a la Christopher Robin.)

In due course he won several prizes for arithmetic, but to Mrs. Taylor's extreme relief was never one for drawing. Faced with a pencil and a piece of paper, young George drew just what most little English boys draw—a motor-car.

Ever more secure in his possession, and watching her efforts thus bear fruit, a happy life led Mrs. Taylor in the rue d'Antibes; so happy that she came to dislike any variation.

To page 56

Martha, stolid and silent, circulated among the visitors who had come to her art show.

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WORTH REPORTING

WE'VE had a ballet based on the Melbourne Cup, a musical from C. J. Dennis' "Sentimental Bloke" verses. Now Canberra housewife Joyce Goodes has gone one step further in putting Australiana on the stage.

She has converted an Australian novel into a one-woman stage show.

The novel is "The Pea Pickers," by Eve Langley. The "one-woman" is Joyce Goodes herself.

Mrs. Goodes, a small, dark, decisive woman, called to tell us about the one-week season of her show, which opens in Sydney on May 8.

She has already given about 16 performances in Canberra and is to tour for the Arts Council next year.

"I play 20 characters from the book," she said. "The main ones are Steve and Blue, two girls who dress as boys and go picking peas, apples, hops, and maize on farms in the Gippsland area and the Australian Alps.

"The others are the colorful people they meet."

Dressed in moleskin pants and bright shirts, Mrs. Goodes plays male and female characters — including an Indian and an aboriginal.

"They're all real people," she said. "The author has woven a story line (which I've retained), but the book is based on her own experiences. She has been pea-picking several times.

"Her book is an educated Australian's look at other Australians."

Formerly a teacher, Mrs. Goodes has been "mixed up with theatre" since her student days in Perth. She worked for The Little Theatre in Melbourne before moving to Canberra in 1942.

"I acted and produced for the Canberra Repertory Society until I formed the Theatre Players, Canberra, in 1960," she said.

"I've presented 23 shows, and have designed and made most of the costumes.

"It's what I do instead of going to cocktail parties."

JOYCE GOODES in "The Pea Pickers."

Valencay Contessa (above) was one of the prizes won by black miniature poodle champion Rekcal Jiky when she outclassed 3100 other dogs and was named "Best In Show" at the R.A.S. Royal Easter Show.

The R.A.S. hasn't taken to giving out puppies as prizes—"Tessa" was the special "prize" given to Jiky's owner, Mrs. Harry Courtney, by her husband for the "Best In Show" win.

The fluffy white miniature is the third poodle in the Courtneys' Balmoral Beach (Sydney) home; the others are Champion Summercourt Samba, a black toy, and R.A.S. champion Jiky. Only two poodles have ever been judged "Best" in the Easter Show: Jiky and her grandfather, Champion Ceba of Kontiki, who took the laurels in 1957.

COMMENT on a school term report: "Your son's handwriting is so bad we cannot tell whether he can spell or not."

Treating their own nerves

"IT'S not the kind of book we normally expect to bring a rush of sales," the Sydney publishers told us. "But three weeks after it came out in November, 1962, the first edition—5000 copies—had completely sold out.

"We're now in the third edition." The book we were discussing is "Self Help for Your Nerves," by an Australian woman doctor.

"Self Help for Your Nerves" has not only had remarkable success in Australia. It is attracting worldwide attention.

It has been translated into Norwegian, Danish, and French, has been published in the United States, has been featured in radio broadcasts in Ireland and Canada, and is currently being serialised in a prominent French magazine.

For months after "Self Help for Your Nerves" was featured in a story in The Australian Women's Weekly (December 26, 1962), people wrote expressing their gratitude for being introduced to the book.

Its author, a small, vital woman of 60, is daily receiving letters from readers in different parts of the world.

"We had one—in broken English—from the West Indies for her recently," the publishers said.

"Several letters from America have expressed surprise that such an outstanding book should have been written by an Australian woman. It has given them a new impression of Australia.

"They all emphasise the wonderful help they've received from the book."

What is this self-treatment which has cured so many sufferers from nervous breakdown?

The doctor summarises the treatment in four steps.

- Facing the symptoms of nervous tension—the churning stomach, trembling, sweating hands, erratic heartbeats—and recognising the big part fear plays in their origin.
- Accepting these sensations and not fighting them.
- Learning to float past them.
- Being prepared to let time pass, not trying to watch progress day by day.

She explains in simple, everyday language what causes these sensations, and how to cope with them.

A London reviewer has described her book as "a remarkable adventure in human understanding."

★ ★ ★

A SMALL girl was sharing a bag of sweets with her younger brother. "You can have the licorice," we heard her tell him, "and I'll have the sorts."

Work — and a holiday, too

A MEDICAL conference in the West Indies resort of Puerto Rico mixed business with pleasure for Melbourne's Dr. Charlotte Anderson.

Dr. Anderson is director of the Gastro-Enterological Unit of the Melbourne Royal Children's Hospital research section.

About 40 attended the conference, which was called by the U.S. Army. Three were women, but Dr. Anderson was the only pediatrician.

"All the joys of a top-fashion tourist resort were in Puerto Rico," Dr. Anderson said.

"We sampled the famous West Indian rum, very light, pale, and delicate compared with ours, and learned recipes for planter's punch and frozen daquiris."

After the conference, Dr. Anderson, a lone Australian, cruised with 119 Americans round 16 islands of the Caribbean for a fortnight.

"We had a swim at Princess Margaret's honeymoon beach, which, believe it or not, now has a sign up calling it 'Princess Margaret's Beach'," she said.

Dr. Anderson's invitation to the conference at Puerto Rico was a triple honor — first, for the quality of her own work; second, for women in the medical profession; and, third, for the research unit of the Royal Children's Hospital.

DR. C. ANDERSON . . . travelling medico.

Most people think immediately of epidemics and diarrhea, of lack of hygiene, and "germs" when they hear of gastro-enterology.

But Dr. Anderson's work is, for the most part, with genetic diseases, which impair the digestion and which have very often resulted in death in childhood.

The outlook for these diseases is improving through modern chemistry.

Problem cases have come to the Children's Hospital in Melbourne from all over Australia, and, for many parents, the work of Dr. Anderson and her colleagues has meant the difference between life and death for their babies.

Dr. Anderson's work and writings in medical journals took her abroad about two years ago to conferences in Munich and Madrid.

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The Invaluable Miss Felton

She was the guardian of so many secrets ... a dramatic story

By MARY DRAKE

She felt a sickening blow and knew the case had been snatched from her.

THE phone rang shrilly in the small flat, disturbing the Sunday morning quiet. Lois Felton lay curled up on the couch, her head buried under a towel, from which emanated the pungent aroma of eucalyptus. Her mother reached the phone first, but when Lois heard her say, "No, Sir John—not at all well, I'm afraid," she was off the couch in a bound, and had taken the receiver from her. It must be something important for her boss to be ringing her on a Sunday.

Sir John Blandford's voice sounded worried. "I'd hoped you'd be feeling better today, Miss Felton. Something rather urgent has cropped up. I'm at the office now, and have just been speaking to Canberra. It's vital that we send that report by tomorrow morning's plane, and I've just been making some amendments. Would you feel up to coming in and getting it typed for me?"

Lois looked out of the window at the grey wintry day. Only Sir John and she (and Canberra, of course) knew the secret contents and urgency of this report. Already she had delayed matters by being away from the office for two days with this beastly cold. She seldom caught one, but when she did it invariably seemed to stay, and this one had been no exception.

"I'm feeling much better, Sir John," she told him, trying to disguise the thickness of her voice. "I was coming in tomorrow, anyway."

"That's fine," he said, sounding relieved. "Come just as you are. I'll wait and go through the amendments with you."

Lois took him at his word. She put on a short coat over her thick sweater and slacks and tied a scarf about her head. Mrs. Felton, who had been standing by the phone, looked at her in consternation. She was justly proud of her daughter's responsible position and knew it would be useless to try to dissuade her from going.

"Don't be later than you can help, dear. I'll be worried about you," was all she said.

Lois opened the door and the cold blast of air almost took her breath away as she stepped into Bayswater Road. Drawing her collar high about her neck she hailed a taxi and was in the city in a few minutes.

When she stopped at the modest entrance to her office, just off the bottom of Macquarie Street, she reached for her latch-key, but Sir John had forestalled her and was holding the door open.

For a moment he showed surprise at her appearance, so different from the trim figure that greeted him each morning. But then he said, "Very sensible, my dear. Awful weather to bring you out with your cold, but no need to tell you how top secret this is, and I couldn't ask anyone else to do it." Then, with a second glance, "You're sure you feel up to it? You really do look off color."

"Quite, quite sure, Sir John. I probably look and sound a lot worse than I feel."

It was a relief to step into the office, warmed by the radiator — the curtains drawn against the grey sky. The desk was littered with papers. It was obvious that Sir John had been missing his efficient secretary.

For over an hour he went through the corrections and amendments with her.

Lois tried to hide her dismay at the amount of work it was going to involve.

When he finally stood up to leave he said, "Now you're sure you understand what I want, Miss Felton? The sentences I have written in red ink are to be added, the ones in green ink omitted altogether; and I want a list of the words I have underlined in pencil on a separate sheet of paper."

Lois nodded her understanding. And this was what he called a few amendments and corrections!

"It shouldn't take you more than a couple of hours. If you're much longer your mother will be scolding me. I'll be getting into hot water myself if I'm not careful. The new grandson is being baptised this afternoon and I mustn't be late for that."

As he reached the door he paused for a moment, looking worried. "Don't think I'm being over cautious, Miss Felton, but I want you to take extra care with this report. As you know, there have been several leakages lately, so when you've finished be sure to lock it in the safe. I'll be in early tomorrow to check it and will take it up to the airways office myself."

After he had gone, Louis proceeded to create order out of chaos. She felt the parting advice had been hardly necessary. Not once since she had come to work for the department nine years ago had she given cause for her discretion and efficiency to be questioned, and she rather prided herself on her record. Ah, well, no doubt her cold was inclined to make her more touchy than usual.

But if Sir John thought she would be finished in two hours he greatly overrated her capabilities. His writing was difficult to decipher at the best of times, but with this maze of red and green ink over his fine scrawl, not to mention the heavy underscoring in pencil, it would be doubly so today.

She uncovered her typewriter, rubbing her hands briskly together to warm them before inserting the paper.

Realising she would be missing her lunch, she decided to brew herself a pot of tea. She kept a jar of biscuits on the shelf, and these, with a couple of aspirins to clear her head, should enable her to carry on with the work without further interruption.

Her telephone rang. No one but her mother, and, of course, Sir John knew her own private number, and as though in answer to her thoughts her mother's voice asked, "What about your lunch, dear? Will you be able to go out and get something?"

"I'm just about to have something now, Mother. There's a staggering amount of work here, and the sooner I get on with it the sooner I'll be home."

She was about to hang up when her mother said. "Oh, someone rang you up, dear—a man—but he wouldn't give his name. I told him you were working today."

"Oh, Mother, what did you do that for?"

"Well, I didn't see any reason not to. He sounded very nice and he didn't ask where — just said he'd ring you some other time. No, of course I didn't give him your number. You've got me better trained than that."

For a while after she had hung up she puzzled as to whom the caller could have been, then put it from her mind. Taking the electric kettle along to the cold wash-room she shivered there while waiting for it to boil. When she had made the tea she put the pot down on the floor in front of the radiator together with the biscuit jar. Then, having swallowed the aspirins, she prepared to enjoy the short break.

Before commencing her work she parted the curtains to see what the weather was like. There was a thick fog or mist creeping up, there would not be many hours of daylight that afternoon, and her mother would have cause to scold her if she didn't get busy.

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The season of falling leaves brought memories of a past she could not forgive... a short story

AUTUMN JOURNEY

By VALERIE WATKINSON

IT was five o'clock in the afternoon of an early autumn day when the telephone call came. For a week frost had been threatening but had not yet become a reality. There was still a golden haze on the air, as if summer were loath to acknowledge defeat by relinquishing its grip on the season.

The liquidambar outside the sitting-room window was a column of ochre which would soon deepen to gold as the tree enjoyed its one period of vivid display before it went to its winter rest.

After she had replaced the telephone she stood looking out at the liquidambar, wondering why anything so beautiful could make such a mess. But Hugh didn't mind the carpet of fallen leaves; he and the boys raked willingly, making a series of neat piles along the drive. And when these were eventually lighted thin smoke would rise, blue like a mountain mist, and the house smelled acrid and autumnal for a week later.

Autumn. It was a word which had always fascinated her. She could remember herself as a child climbing on to the leather armchair in her father's study and turning the pages of the fat dictionary. But when she had found the word she sought she had been no wiser as to its real meaning.

"Pa," she had said, "what is a season of—" she had stumbled over the big word but had finally got it out and felt pleased with herself, "—of incipient decay?"

Her father had lifted her from the chair, not roughly but with a certain stillness of expression, so that she knew she had unwittingly done or said something wrong.

Determinedly he had closed the dictionary, and the many pages had come together with a thud which had about it the finality of death.

"Autumn is autumn," her father had said. "It is a time when growing things are past the prime of their lives. Run along now. Your tea should be ready."

She knew her father's displeasure had something to do with her and much to do with her mother, who had gone away and was never coming back.

She had run from the study, not crying, because even then she was not easily moved to tears, but with a weeping inside herself which is a terrible thing in an adult but more terrible in a child. And ever afterwards she had hated autumn, the season of incipient decay, when all living things are past their prime.

She looked away from the liquidambar as her husband came into the room. "Was that the hospital?" he asked.

"Yes. She's dying."

"I'm sorry. Shall I drive you in?"

His assumption that she would hurry to the hospital to make her final farewell to the woman who twenty-five years before had loved too well and at the same time loved not enough flicked her with anger and not a little impatience.

"I suppose I shall have to go," she said at last.

A look of mixed compassion and pain crossed his face. "Sheila, couldn't you be a little forgiving—now?"

"Forgiveness is inside oneself," she replied. "I can pretend, but that's all."

He is a very pure man, my husband, she thought. It was a thought she had never put into words, because purity had become an old-fashioned virtue, especially in a man.

"I'll drive you," Hugh said. "I don't think that it would be wise for you to take the car in your present mood."

"My mood has nothing to do with my control of the car."

She was an excellent driver, with a most unwomanly trait of making up her mind to pass and promptly pulling out and passing.

"Thank heavens," Hugh had once said, "you are not a ditherer."

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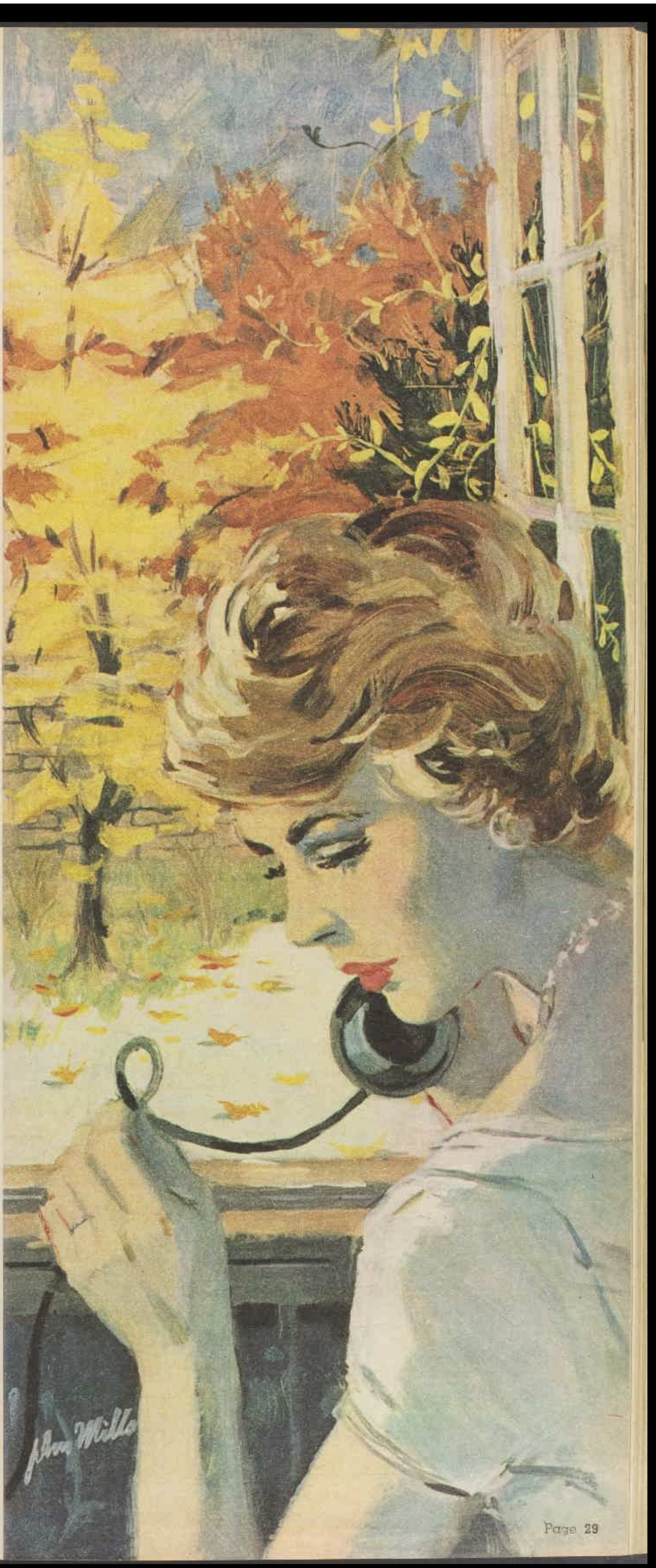

The voice on the telephone gave her the news she had dreaded.

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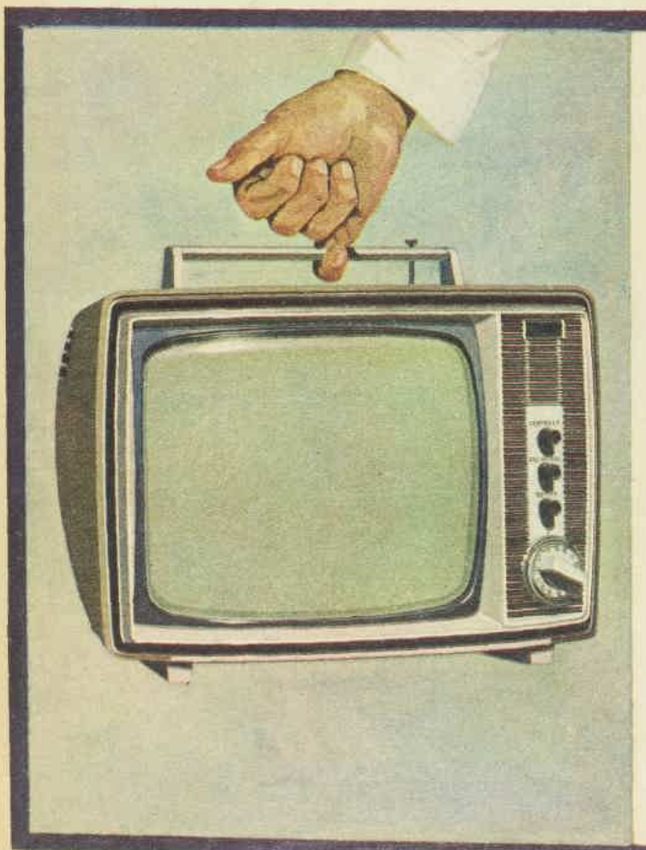

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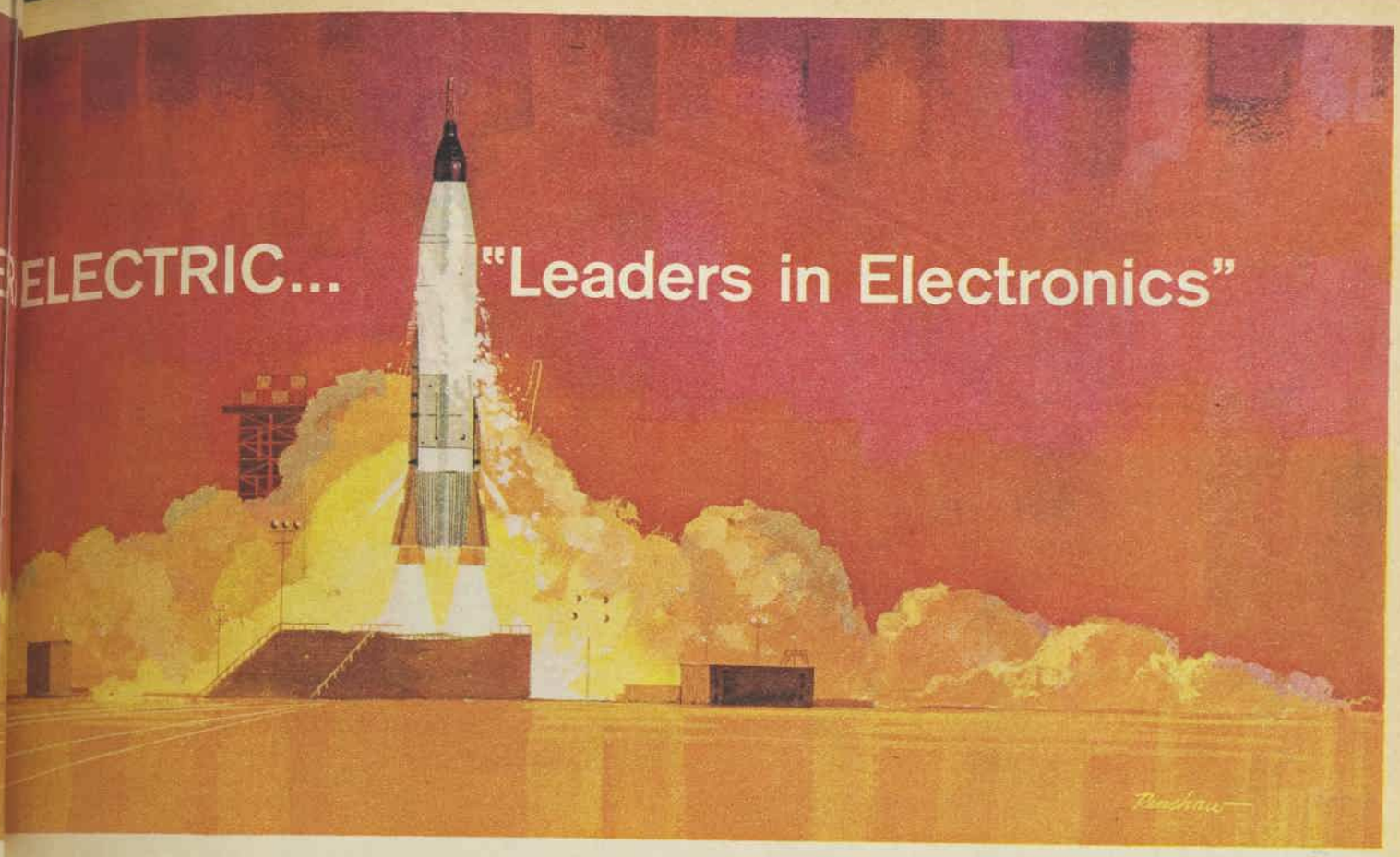

CONSOLETTE **MODEL TB4**
This "new look" set comes in glamour cabinet finishes of Walnut, Maple or Rosewood. Shelbond 23" picture tube to give clearer picture free from parallel effects. New simplicity of controls, new simplicity of styling, with world-famous General Electric built-in reliability. A superb receiver at **195 gns.**

LOWBOY **MODEL TA5**
New, trim lowboy has 23" Shelbond picture tube, new anodised picture tube mask to give rich, enhanced appearance. Lowboy's convenient size and clean, uncomplicated design make this the set for **any** home. Superbly finished in Walnut, Maple. General Electric Lowboy is low-priced, too, at only **139 gns.**

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New General Electric 23" console has the new Shelbond picture tube that gives a clearer picture without distortion—no matter where you sit you see straight to the picture. There's new control simplicity—you just press ON and select the channel. Clean, simple design in glamorous Walnut, Maple or Rosewood finishes. **199 gns.**

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CONSOLETTE

LOWBOY

CONSOLE

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SAY "HELLO" TO SALLY

By NINA ROSS

THE one window in Sally's small hotel room looked out on a bleak square. The bathroom was down the hall. The room was as impersonal as Sally had found the big city, furnished with a bed, a dressing-table, a stiff boudoir chair, and a night-table. There was a telephone on the night-table, but in the three months she'd been here no one had ever telephoned her.

Now at last Sally was waiting for the telephone to ring, but her feelings were mixed. It would be wonderful to go out with a nice young man, but why did he have to be connected with someone from home?

She couldn't bear to have her friends at home find out how desperately homesick she had been—not after the farewell party they had given her. The girls had been frankly envious of all the excitement she would find in the big city—the plays, the glamorous night-clubs, all the new men she would meet.

Alida's letter had made Sally weep with homesickness. It was a long, newsy letter. Alida told all about the games their bowling team had won, the shower tea they'd given Grace, the dance at the country club—all the smalltown good times Sally had left for a more exciting life in the big city.

In a postscript Alida had written:

"I'm asking my cousin, Ned Downs, to look you up — just in case you ever do get homesick."

Did Alida suspect the truth? In her letters Sally had made life sound thrilling. She described her sightseeing trips, visits to art galleries and museums. She never confessed how dismal such trips could be if you went all alone.

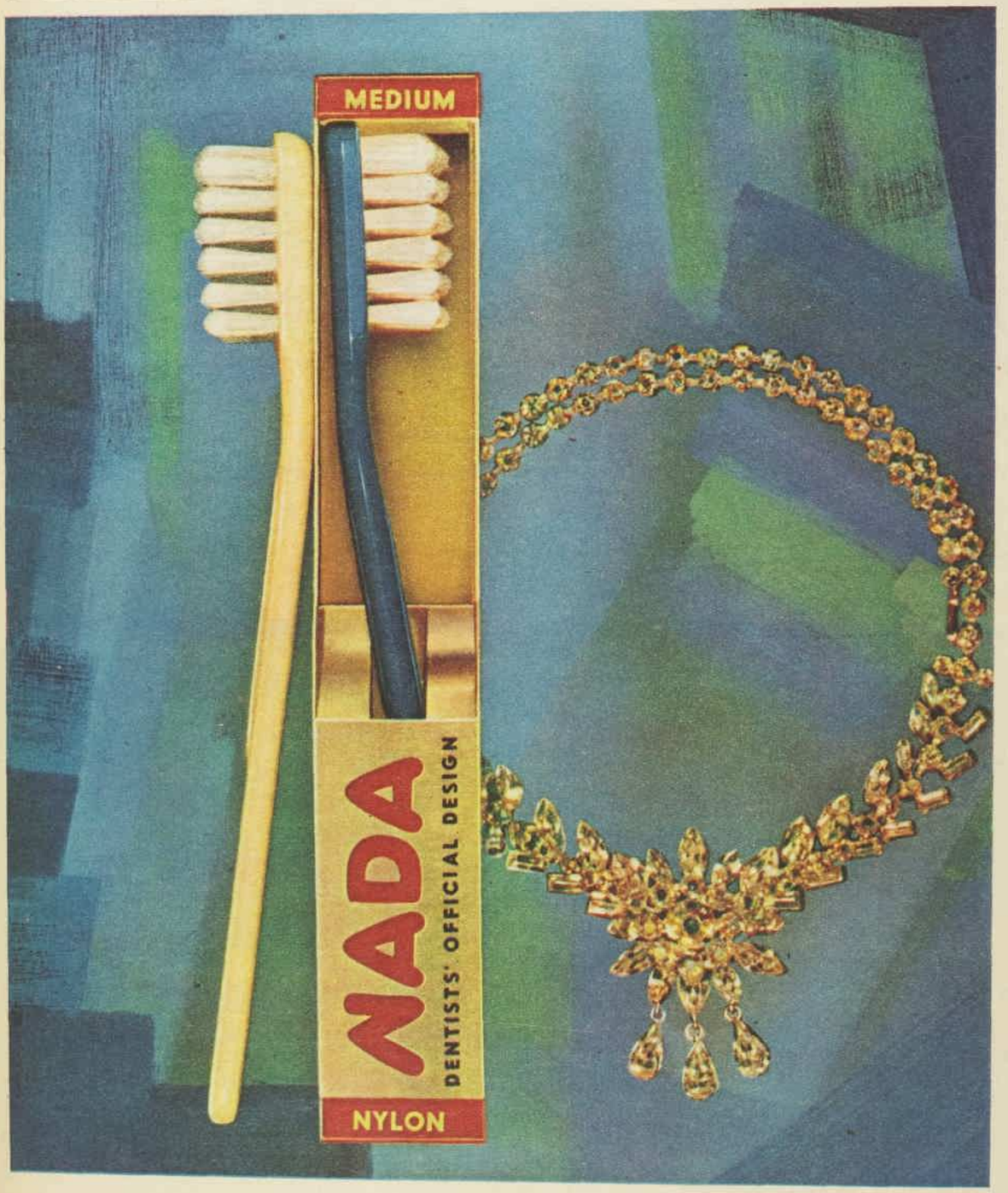
Casually she mentioned there were lots of men at the evening art class she attended twice a week. She never admitted that after the lectures her fellow students went their own ways and she had to go back to her hotel room by herself.

In her letters she enthused about her job. She was getting more money than she ever could have earned locally. She didn't say the office was staffed with older people—and not a single unattached young man. Nor had she confided that after she'd paid for her hotel room and meals in restaurants, she had very little money left.

As for the wonderful clothes in the shop windows . . . well, that's where they stayed as far as Sally was concerned. Her money didn't stretch to buying any glamor-rags. So far she had only made a few modest purchases and those in the bargain basement.

The telephone rang at last. Nervously she reached for it. Alida's cousin introduced himself — and his voice did sound nice. She warned herself not to let him know she hadn't a single boy-friend—or even a girl-friend—in town.

She could just imagine what Alida would think if her cousin



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She had expected to have so much fun and excitment, but all she found was loneliness . . . a short short story

was to tell her how lonely her big-city life was.

"If you're not doing anything Saturday night," he suggested, "would you have dinner with me and maybe take in a film?"

More than anything in the world she wanted to accept. It would be marvellous to have a Saturday night date again, but she didn't want him to think that on a Saturday night—of all nights—she had no plans.

"Oh, I'd love to," she said, "but I already have a date."

"Have a date!" she said wistfully to herself, thinking of the one seat in the back stalls she had booked that morning at the picture theatre.

"Sunday night?" he asked.

"I've promised to go to a party," she lied, and then for fear he wouldn't make it another night, she added quickly, "But Tuesday or Wednesday night, I'm free."

"Tuesday night, then?" he said. "Around 6.30?"

"Why, yes," said Sally, "that would be fine. It will be so good to have some first-hand news of Alida, "not, of course," she added hastily, "that I miss her so terribly. I've made such a lot of friends here."

The young man waiting for her in the lobby Tuesday night was tall, sandy haired, not exactly handsome, but he had a modest, engaging smile. He was much like the boys she had known at home, but that made her feel good.

At dinner, Sally was all vivacity. It was wonderful to have someone to talk to, after all the evenings she had spent alone. She told him about her evening class. She chattered gaily about the plays she had seen, her sightseeing trips. She even shaded the truth a little and said, "We had so much fun" — including the total strangers who had attended the events with her.

Sitting beside Ned at the film, she felt as if she were home again. With a boy-friend like Ned, she told herself, the city could be pretty wonderful.

Parting in the hotel lobby, she thanked him warmly. He thanked her, too—but he didn't say a word about seeing her again. As she went up to her room she told herself he had taken it for granted. They'd had a good time, and certainly he would call her again.

He didn't, even though she skipped her evening classes all week to make sure she wouldn't miss his call. She liked him, liked him more than any man she had ever met, but maybe it wasn't mutual.

Had she bored him by chattering too much? Had he taken her out from a sense of duty, just because Alida asked him to, and now no longer cared whether he ever saw her again? Somehow, after that one happy night, the city was lonelier than ever.

It was absurd to think so much about a man she had met only once. On Sunday, she went to church, determined to enlarge her social life. But city churches were pretty impersonal. A pleasant woman exchanged a few words with her, but after Sally joined the long line and shook hands with the minister she faced an empty Sunday afternoon alone.

On Monday night she went to her evening class, but no one rushed up to take the vacant seat beside her. Never in her life had she felt so forlorn. For a moment she thought she would burst into tears and to prevent herself from doing so opened her art book and forced herself to concentrate on the work.

"Is this seat taken?" a familiar voice asked and she looked up and saw—Ned Downs.

"I hope you don't think I'm pushing, joining the same class," he said as he sat down beside her. "With the gay life you lead, I didn't have nerve enough to call you up again. But the city can be pretty darned awful when you don't know a single soul."

"But I don't know anybody either," she burst out with the truth. "The places I went to would have been exciting, but it was pretty grim going to them by myself."

"You mean you were lonely, too?" he asked, amazed.

"Dreadfully," she confessed. "But I was ashamed — too proud — to let you and the people at home know. I was just putting up a front."

She didn't dare meet his eyes until she heard him chuckle.

"The city — maybe it will be pretty wonderful," he said, "now that you and I have met."

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ANN FELTON (NEW YORK) JEAN NEWINGTON (NEW YORK) JENNIFER HOCKING (LONDON) MAGGIE EKHARDT (PARIS) COLLEEN FITZPATRICK (LONDON)

Famous Australian models say: A RONSON ESCORT is a girl's best friend!

These five frantically busy, world-travelling, successful models do not rave over any little old hairdryer — it has to be something pretty special. The Ronson ESCORT is America's newest, most stunning beauty appliance. It's the *only* dryer with *all* the features you want most. It's the *fastest-drying* hairdryer you can buy. It's also the quietest — you can phone, converse, watch TV while you dry your hair. It's the world's *lightest portable* hairdryer, weighs only 40 ounces. You can use it in or out of its glamorous case. Wear it like a handbag with its adjustable shoulder strap, extra long (10 feet) cord, and hip-contoured shape for comfort. The special hood-within-a-hood accommodates even bouffant styles and large rollers, dries evenly without hot-spots. De-Luxe, fitted vanity case has a large unbreakable mirror, special Brush and Comb attachments for drying and setting ease. Four heat settings (even dries your nails) and thermostat protection.

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Mother's Day

Sunday May 10

"WOMANLINESS means only motherhood;
All love begins and ends there — roam enough,
But having run the circle, rests at home."
—Browning.

"WHO ran to me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother."
—Ann Taylor.

"ALL that I am my mother made me."
—John Quincey Adams.

"SOME mothers need happy children; others need unhappy ones — otherwise they cannot prove their maternal virtues."
—Nietzsche.

"MY opinion is that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends upon the mother."
—Napoleon.

"ALL women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That is his."
—Oscar Wilde.

"A MOTHER is a mother still. The holiest thing alive."
—S. T. Coleridge.

GOD could not be everywhere and therefore he made mothers."
—Jewish saying.

"PUT them all together, they spell 'Mother,'
A word that means the world to me."
—Howard Johnson.

MRS. JOHN BRADNER and her son, Michael, 2, photographed for our Mother's Day feature when visiting Australia recently from the U.S.A.

"IF I were hanged on the highest hill,
O mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
O mother o' mine, O mother o' mine."
—Rudyard Kipling.

"A MOTHER'S love, the best love;
God's love, the highest love."
—German saying.

"WHEN God thought of Mother,
He must have laughed with satisfaction and framed it quickly—
So rich, so deep, so divine, so full of soul, power and beauty was the conception."
—Henry Ward Beecher.

Continued overleaf

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A Mother's Album

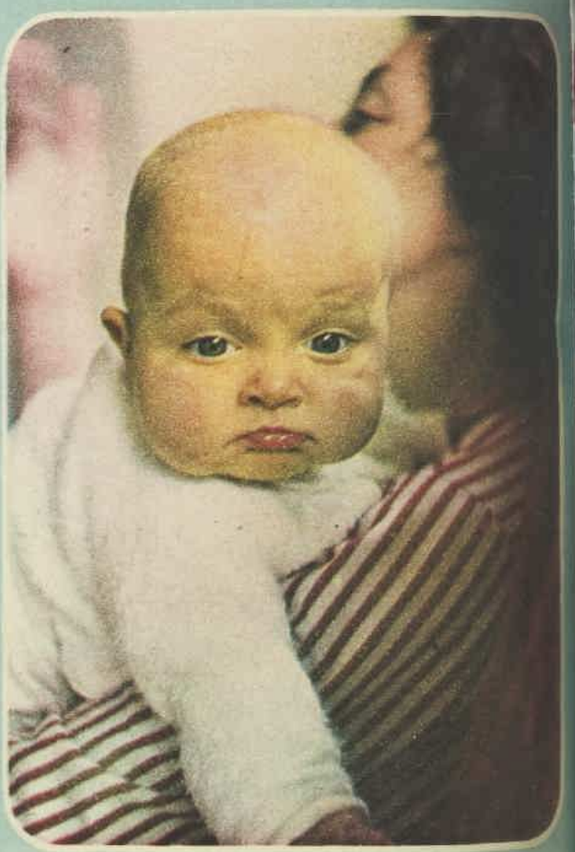
WHEN Adam Beams was two hours old his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Beams, of South Caulfield, Vic., posed him for his first picture.

His rapidly changing life then became a focus for his father's camera, so that they would have a record of Adam from babyhood to boyhood.

Mr. Beams is a director with GTV9, Melbourne. His wife, Julie, a former journalist, lent us her album and wrote these captions.

TWO HOURS OLD: *As if the mere fact of being born isn't enough for one day, Adam has his first big adventure with a journey into the world beyond the nursery. If he is impressed with things around him, he certainly doesn't show it. Instead, he is completely indifferent, much prefers to sleep through this outing and the first real meeting with his mother.*

AT 3 MONTHS: *After several weeks of doing little else except eat, sleep, and cry, he emerges like a moth from a cocoon and studies the world around him. Apparently, he is pleased by what he sees as he has a smile for everyone and is beginning to take an interest in things. He shows now the first glimmerings of becoming a very real personality.*



AT 5½ MONTHS: *He still eats a lot but sleeps and cries less and is becoming quite companionable. As he becomes more familiar with his surroundings and the people in them, he feels he can afford to be a bit blase about things, especially just after he has had a meal.*

"*A WOMAN'S love*
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak
And by its weakness overcomes."
—*James Russell Lowell.*

"MATERNAL love! Thou word that sums all bliss."
—*Pollok.*

"*A MAN'S mother is so tissued and woven into his life and brain that he can no more describe her than describe the air and sunlight that bless his days.*"
—Christopher Morley.

"YEARS to a mother bring distress
But do not make her love the less."
—*Wordsworth.*

"A MOTHER who is really a mother is never free."
—*Balzac.*

"*FOUR o'clock, and they haven't come in to tea! Where are the children? . . .' 'Half-past six! Will they come home to dinner? Where are the children? . . .' That lovely voice; how I should weep for joy if I could hear it now! . . . 'Where are the children?' . . . Two are at rest. The others grow older day by day. If there be a place of waiting after this life, then surely she who so often waited for us has not ceased to tremble for those two who are yet alive.*"
—*Colette.*

"*MEN are what their mothers made them.*"
—*Emerson.*

"*STRENGTH and dignity are her clothing;*
And she laugheth at the time come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
And the law of kindness is on her tongue.
She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness;
Her children rise up and call her blessed,
Her husband also and he praises her, saying,
Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excelleth them all."
—*Proverbs 31: 25-29.*

"AMIABLE, ignorant, bovine women make much better mothers than neurotic college graduates."
—*Pearl Buck.*

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AT 8½ MONTHS: *He knows by now that he is a very important little person who can attract a lion's share of attention — and hold it! He develops a series of "party tricks" such as this "speech making" episode which provides him with his first real opportunity for showing off. And so begins Adam's exhibitionist stage.*

AT 18 MONTHS: *A rare moment of inaction in a day packed with all sorts of activity, learning new tricks, saying new words, investigating. His first "babiness" has left him and suddenly he has become a little boy with his first haircut and a "grown-up" suit. The transformation is complete.*

AT 10½ MONTHS (left): *As he approaches his first birthday he has discovered the world outside the confines of his nursery and finds it a wonderful and fascinating place to live in. He now has two teeth to chew interesting new food, and a game can be found in almost everything and anything — even an old hat.*

"MOTHERHOOD is neither a duty nor a privilege, but simply the way that humanity can satisfy its desires for physical immortality and triumph over the fear of death."

—Rebecca West.

"THEY say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurl'd,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

—William Ross Wallace.

"THERE is a sight all hearts beguiling —
A youthful mother to her infant smiling,
Who with spread arms and dancing feet,
A cooing voice returns the answer sweet."

—Baillie.

"ALL that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

—Abraham Lincoln.

"SHE is the sweet rallying point of affection, obedience, and a thousand tendernesses."

—Lamartine.

"MOTHER is the name for God on the lips of little children."

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

"AND Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living."

—Genesis III, 20.

"MIGHTY is the force of motherhood. It transforms all things by its vital heat; it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtlessness into foresight, and yet stills all anxiety into calm content; it makes selfishness become self denial, and gives even to hard vanity the glance of admiring love."

—George Eliot.

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VARICOSE VEINS

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Is your baby BREAST-FED?

Soon it will be time to wean baby. When the time comes for bottle-feeding you should know what type of teat to choose so that baby is weaned without difficulty. Most baby authorities recommend a teat with similar softness to mother's breast. Maw's Teats are made by a 'dipping' process which gives every teat a unique softness. Because Maw's Teats are soft, baby is able to control the flow of milk itself. Maw's Teats, in 4-hole sizes, fit any bottle with the new Maw's Adaptor. Maw's make a full range of baby-feeding needs. Ask your family chemist about the Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's "little" drinks . . . Maw/Milton Sterilization Unit that keeps bottles and teats germ-free. T12

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

A purple house next door

"UNCERTAIN" (S.A.) would be well advised not to approach her neighbors to paint their house another color than purple. They probably like it. I would certainly resent anybody asking me to change the color of my house. If her husband can't stand it, the only thing to do is to move or build a high fence.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Huse, Spencer's Brook, W.A.

★ ★ ★

TO ask the neighbors to repaint their house would be a gross impertinence. If your husband is worried it will detract from the value of his own property, he is wrong. Only unpainted, neglected houses lessen the value.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Margaret Rowlands, Watson, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

YOU have to live with the neighbors as well as the color of their houses, and I have put *my* foot wrong before this. So I advise you to paint your own house with the money it would cost to repaint theirs, selecting an attractive shade to harmonise (or stark white), and people will see your house before they see the purple one. Who knows, it may even make an attractive contrast.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Sheldon, Cardiff, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I CAN appreciate your concern over the poor taste of your neighbors, but have you considered what it is like living next to people who have no interest in painting at all? In time the "hideous purple" will fade, but in the meantime be thankful your neighbors are at least trying.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Connolly, Miranda, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

PLEASE take into consideration the fact that your neighbors did not paint their house a "hideous purple" because they thought the color hideous. Don't hurt these people's feelings over a difference of opinion on what is a "nice" color. Colorful neighbors are much better than no neighbors.

£1/1/- to "Peace At Any Color" (name supplied), Ekibin, Qld.

★ ★ ★

THE same thing happened to me a few years ago. When I approached the people I was told quite rudely they liked the color, and that, even if we paid, they would not repaint. And, having told me to mind my own business, they shut the door in my face. My advice is: don't ask them to repaint.

£1/1/- to "It Happened To Me" (name supplied), Wilston, Qld.

Fridge-top dumping

DO other readers suffer from fridge-top dumping? I recently removed from mine one hacksaw blade, two bolts, one box of cartridges, seven loose cartridges, three brass washers, one welding rod, one tin of lighting fluid, one cash docket, one carpenter's pencil, a bit of blue chalk, one broken mosquito coil, one piece of stone, one flat file, and elevenpence in small change—being just two days' collection. I can think of only one solution—use cartridges!

£1/1/- to "Northern Coolie" (name supplied), Ingham, Qld.

Grandma's greeting

SINCE becoming a grandmother I take more notice of the way others greet daughters and grandchildren. FIRST grandma looks into the pram, making admiring noises, or picks up the baby to kiss and cuddle. THEN she turns to her daughter, says, "Hullo, dear," and gives her a quick kiss on the cheek—and back to the baby. Yes, I do it, too!

£1/1/- to Mrs. O. M. Tucker, Dandenong, Vic.

A mother's lament

BEATLES here, Beatles there, on the TV, on the air.
Pages torn from magazines stuck on walls, doors, window screens.
Washing-up time, daughter missing — Ringo's picture she is kissing.
Little's singing "Yeah, yeah, yeah, Hold My Hand, DON'T CUT MY HAIR."
"Shut it off," their father screams, "there's even Beatles in my dreams."
Oh, please, George, Ringo, John, and Paul, hurry up and stop it all
Before this mum starts doing jigs and ends up wearing Beatle wigs.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Miller, Coburg, Vic.

Addressing in-laws

BEFORE the wedding an engaged couple should settle on how the in-laws are to be addressed. Too often the matter is shelved until the first babe appears, when all hands grab gratefully at Grandma and Grandpa. When young couples wait to get established before starting a family, there is often an awkward period of no names at all. It's a point the wedding etiquette books overlook.

£1/1/- to "No Man's Land" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

Lay off, Macduff!

• Shakespeare has caused trouble between an 81-year-old retired actor, Mr. Frank Grocott, of Shropshire, England, and his wife, Florence, who complains: "He would get up in the night and rattle off slices of Macbeth." Mr. Grocott now sleeps in a packing-case shelter at the bottom of the garden.

"Macbeth does murder sleep," she well might say.
She soon became familiar with the play
And many others. Hence she'd often shout:
"Get thee to a doghouse. Out, damned Spot, out!"
Thus he took refuge in his own backyard,
Offended at her mangling of the Bard,
Declaiming nightly to the starlit sky,
Braving the owl's scream and the cricket's cry,
Which gave her battered ears a welcome spell—
After life's quoteful fever she sleeps well.

— Dorothy Drain

They shut out the light

AS a very happy British migrant there is just one thing that has always puzzled me. Walking along the roads it would appear that everyone is away from home by the closed-up appearances of houses with drawn blinds and curtains. While house-hunting I saw in the region of 50 houses, and only one was light enough to view properly without the agent putting on the lights.

£1/1/- to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Gymea, N.S.W.

"Up" — an over-used word

SURELY the most misused word in our language is "up." Why do we wash-up the dishes instead of just washing them? Then there is play up, tie up, break up, show up, lock up, and so on. In each case the meaning would be just as clear without the use of "up," and much more sensible.

£1/1/- to "Regular Reader" (name supplied), Beenleigh, Qld.

The ban on confetti

IT is a shame that many churches will not allow throwing confetti in their grounds any more. They say it makes a mess; but surely anyone who saw it lying about would think of the happiness of the bride and groom who had passed that way, rather than the little bit of untidiness. I, for one, am glad there was confetti at my wedding.

£1/1/- to "Sentimental" (name supplied), Gladstone, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

SHEETED HOME

"THE sheets have started to go," my wife said.

The remark did not come as a surprise. I had noticed the sound of tearing cloth when I turned over in bed.

It is a familiar fact of domestic life that things start to go in waves.

At one stage the electrical appliances go. We had a black week in which the radio, the iron, and the pop-up toaster all went.

At other times glasses go (especially at parties), cups go, or shoes go.

The most embarrassing trouble of the kind was described by Henry Lawson in his poem *When Your Pants Begin To Go.* I experienced this once, and it is very inconvenient. You can't turn your back on people.

Pants do not go so often in the modern affluent society, but sheets and pillow-cases do.

Our sheets and pillow-cases were wedding presents. I suppose that is why they all go at the same time—they are all the same age.

When they were given to us people said: "You've got a nice lot of bed-linen." Actually the sheets were not linen, but cotton.

It is a genteel old custom, calling cotton sheets "the linen" and the place where they are kept "the linen cupboard." We have given it up. It seems particularly unsuitable when the "linen" has holes in it.

Our pillow-cases went first. They had a rougher time than the sheets, being used frequently in pillow-fights.

They were also laid on the floor for tumbling practice, hung up for Santa Claus, and put in cubbies.

To replace some of them, my wife bought pillow-cases with pink and blue flower patterns. My daughters like them. Personally I do not feel at ease on a pillow with pink flowers, but at times there is no alternative.

The traditional way to make sheets last longer is "turning them sides to middle." The snag about this is the seam it makes down the middle of the sheet.

Some people—I am one—find this seam irritating. I can't help running my big toe up and down it, and it keeps me awake.

Our sheets have not been turned sides to middle. Now it is too late. There is not enough of the middle left.

It is sad the way wedding presents, such as sheets, wear out and have to be replaced.

That is where we monogamous types are at a disadvantage compared with, say, Liz Taylor.

Probably Liz is given a new set of sheets and pillow-cases every year or so.

But what is the use of complaining? *I've got to buy some sheets.*

As Italians say, *che sara sara*—whatever twill be, twill be.

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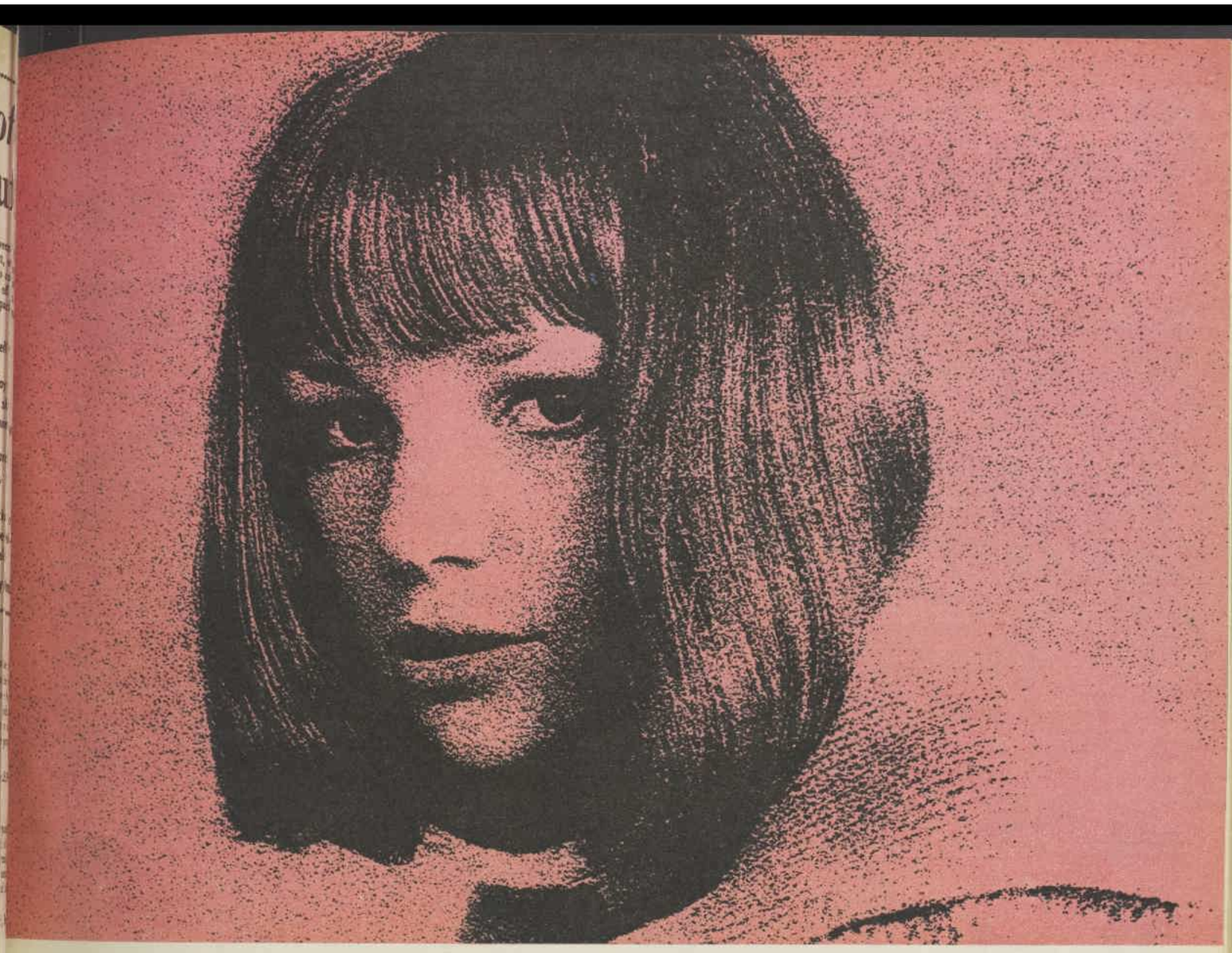

it's the new young look of Yardley

It's the winds of change, they say. Whatever it is, it has given a bright new young look to Yardley. You can see it in the well-groomed, gold-stoppered bottles of Flair, 'Bond Street,' Red Roses and April Violets . . . in the tall, tapered talc dispensers that have just appeared. So elegant. Best of all, you can see it in the newest Yardley perfume, Pink Lotus. As heady as new wine . . . as dangerous for him as a red sportscar is for you. Wear it as you would wear wool's sensationally new sulky colours . . . for being loved and lovable in. *Pink Lotus perfume, 21/9; skin perfume, 9/11 and 17/6; talc, 8/6; soap, 5/-.*

Yardley

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Brand-spotter CONTEST (SECOND SECTION)

BIG MONEY PRIZES TO BE WON

HERE ARE THE DETAILS

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NO. 2 OF A SERIES OF FOUR

Brand-spotter

National Contest

The Brand-Spotter National Contest, with its valuable all-cash awards is made possible through the co-operation of many of Australia's most progressive manufacturers of fine products. Study these famous quality brands . . . watch for others to appear during the next two weeks of the Brand-Spotter Contest and share in the BIG MONEY prizes.

CASH PRIZES TO TOTAL VALUE EXCEEDING £5,000

Here is the complete Brand-Spotter all-money prize list, to be distributed after the fourth and final week of this fabulous contest. Details of the Brand-Spotter contest for Juniors will be released in "The Australian Women's Weekly" **next week!**

	ADULT SECTION	JUNIORS 7-12 years	JUNIORS 13-16 years
1st PRIZE:	£3,000	£75	£75
2nd PRIZE:	£1,000	£50	£50
3rd PRIZE:	£ 500	£25	£25
CONSOLATION PRIZES	50 @ £5	25 @ £5	25 @ £5

READ THESE CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. This contest shall consist of four different sections, one to appear in each of "The Australian Women's Weekly" issues of May 6, 13, 20 and 27. Contestants are requested to send in their four entries after the fourth section has been completed. This contest closes in Melbourne at 5 p.m., on Wednesday, 10th June, 1964.
2. All entries must be accompanied by "proof of purchase" but only where this condition does not contravene State Legislation. "Proof of Purchase" consists of one label, box top or can lid for each of the ten products illustrated in each of this series of four advertisements.
3. There shall be no entry fee for this contest and contestants may submit as many entries as they desire, but separate proof of purchase must be supplied with every entry, where this condition does not contravene State Legislation.
4. Ink or ballpoint must be used to complete the entry form.
5. All entries must be submitted on the coupon included in each "Brand-Spotter" contest advertisement.
6. All entry material received becomes the property of Salesplanners Pty. Ltd., Melbourne.
7. Any entry which has been incorrectly addressed, mutilated, altered or is illegible, incomplete or not clear will be disqualified.
8. No responsibility can be accepted in connection with late or non-delivered entries.
9. Entries bearing insufficient postage will not be accepted. Make sure your entry is mailed with correct postage.
10. The prize list will be published by advertisement in the "Australian Women's Weekly" issue of 29th July, 1964.
11. Contestants successful in winning any one prize may be excluded from winning any other prize.
12. If a minor, the entrant must have a parent's or guardian's consent to comply with these contest conditions.
13. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into regarding any entry.
14. Entries are accepted only on the basis that each of the conditions is accepted by the contestant.
15. Employees of Salesplanners Pty. Ltd. and their immediate families, their Advertising Agency and the judging organisation are not eligible to enter this contest.

NEXT WEEK . . .
Brand-spotter
No. 3 CONTEST
Be sure to get your "Women's Weekly" next week for the third section of the Brand-Spotter Contest.

Another SALESPLANNERS promotion

THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Comply with all rules and conditions as published in this advertisement.
2. Study the ten products illustrated opposite.
3. Compare our artist's drawings with the actual original product.
4. Complete the entry form below and in the spaces provided or on a separate sheet of paper make a note of the deliberate "mistakes" in each of these ten product illustrations; also, in not more than twenty words, state why you buy these quality products.
5. Contestants finding the most "mistakes" and giving the best reasons for buying these quality products will share the prize money.
6. Save this and each of the two following week's entry forms then mail together with "proof of purchase" (see Condition No. 2) to:

"BRAND-SPOTTER"
G.P.O. Box 2451-V.,
MELBOURNE, VIC.

THIS IS YOUR Brand-spotter No. 2 ENTRY FORM

MY NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

I buy these quality products because: (Please print your entry in ball-point and in not more than 20 words)

.....

PRODUCT NUMBER: The "mistakes" in the product illustrations are as follow: (Please print your entry in ball-point)

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A grandmother helps along the family line of lawyers

● Looking at their faces as they left the Law Courts on a sunny Melbourne autumn day, it was hard to pick which was the prouder — grandmother Mrs. Joan Rosanove or her grandson John Larkins.

● Leaving the Law Courts in Melbourne are Mrs. Joan Rosanove and her grandson John Larkins after she had moved his admission to the Victorian Bar.

By just a fraction it was probably Grandma. For not only was she proud that grandson John had wanted her to accept the important brief of moving his admission to the Victorian Bar as a barrister and solicitor.

She was prouder still that he had become the fourth generation in the family's legal ranks.

In all Australia she is the first woman to move her grandson's admission to the Bar.

Next year grandmother Rosanove will probably do better still. With John by her side, she will move the admission of her daughter and his mother, Mrs. Graeme Larkins, the former Peg Rosanove.

Peg started studying law after the death of her husband, Dr. Graeme Larkins, four and a half years ago, and she has only her last three subjects to complete this year.

When she does she'll make John the fifth generation of family legals and take his place as the fourth.

Origin of the family legal line goes back to Mrs. Rosanove's maternal grandfather, David Braham. Then came her father, Mark Lazarus, to whom she was articled.

She is one of only four women at the Victorian Bar today, the Bar to which she was admitted 45 years ago and where she has made her name as a warm-hearted fighter with a quick wit, a sharp-as-a-tack mind, and an ever-ready helping hand.

Watching the brown eyes twinkling under her barrister's wig as she smiled up at her grandson the other day, memory flicked back to the first time I saw her, way back in the late '20s.

She was then a stalwart of the Victorian Women Citizens' Movement, and at its behest was lobbying like mad to get a Bill passed to permit women to become Justices of the Peace.

Largely thanks to her fighting qualities the Bill became law.

But when women found that they had to admit to being 35 or over before they could be sworn in as J.P.s. Joan Rosanove was heard to remark, in disgust, they "vanished like snow in the Sahara."

For her, age doesn't matter, and she's a touch scornful of those who think it does. As I've heard her say, "It's got nothing to do with the case provided you don't get wrinkles on your mind."

The volatile Joan Lazarus practised for a few years before she married Dr. Edward Rosanove in 1920, and then did stints in Tocumwal, N.S.W., and the Melbourne suburb of Westgarth.

"But," she has been heard to remark with one of her cheerful chuckles, "after four years and two daughters (her second is Judy, Mrs. Noel Davis) I started to be a doctor's wife and created havoc in every local organisation."

By
FREDA IRVING

So in 1924, for the sake of suburban peace and as a means of absorbing her limitless energies, she returned to law.

There, according to an anecdote attributed to her, she languished for two and a half years while the rats ate her law books and she never got a brief.

But the fighting Joan just gritted her teeth a bit harder and got more determined to win through against the pretty strong male opposition of those days.

In winning through she notched up quite a few firsts.

Two of these, I've heard tell, which make her happiest in restrospect are being the first and only woman to cross-examine Billy Hughes when he was Prime Minister (this was in a libel case) and being the first woman to be admitted to Selborne Chambers, which used to be strictly for male legals only.

The latter "first," I understand, took a lot of the Joan Rosanove fight and feminine wiles to achieve.

Incidentally, I'd say that it's very much because Joan has always remained strictly feminine and never let herself become dryly legal that she's been such a good fighter for clients and causes.

She is a devoted wife, mother, and grandmother, and enjoys nothing more than her weekends at the family seaside house at Frankston.

There at the moment she and her husband are building on a large room for themselves for quietness away from the younger generation. "A sort of rumpus room for you two," someone said to her recently.

"Oh, no. You'd more properly call it the geriatrics room," Joan quipped.

That's as may be. But every Saturday and Sunday at Frankston she has a swim and goes fishing and is surrounded by some or all of her five grandchildren.

And not so long ago I heard her reply to the question, "When are you going to retire?"

"When my bath-chair fails to wheel me to the bar table," replied the indomitable Joan.

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Look for more fashion patterns in Patons Knitting Book 695

Knit it
à la Chanel – you'll
be proud of it
in BLUEBELL

That twist in Patons Bluebell
gives such a smooth, flattering finish

You'll knit a suit to be proud of — an elegant, undating classic to wear gratefully time and again. The springy twist to Bluebell Crepe will help your suit keep its slim shape and flattering fit. (Not only that, now, Bluebell is Patonised for maximum resistance to shrinkage and pilling). And, the instructions in Knitting Book 695 are so precise and easy to follow. As for colours, there are over 70 to choose from in the beautiful Bluebell range. Of course, the sooner you start, the sooner you'll find how successfully you can knit à la Chanel, with Patons.

Knit it with **Patons** *and you'll be proud of it*

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With Mother's Day near, this true and touching story written by a pioneer's daughter has special meaning . . .

"MOTHER WAS A STOIC"

● At the end of last century we five, who were nicknamed "the little savages" by our jocular father, agreed that nothing worried our pretty little mother.

A READER'S STORY

(The writer has supplied her full name and address, but wishes to be anonymous)

WHEN the dough did not rise, and there was no bread for tea, she would toss back her black curls and say, laughingly, "We won't starve!" Then she'd bake a batch of scones, singing as she did.

If sheep barged into her little garden through the make-shift fence, she chased them out and propped up the posts again.

If we grew too quickly and there was no money for new frocks, our mother added a hem or inserted a belt from materials unearthed in her grandfather's old sea chest—a depository for laces and ribbons and dresses worn before marriage.

Nothing ruffled her.

If a fidgety cow kicked over the bucket of milk, mother would tighten the leg rope, sit down on the old box, and direct two streams of milk into the bucket as before.

If washing, and a changing wind sent smoke from her fire under the kerosene-tin of boiling clothes out under the she-oaks, she would turn her head aside, joke, and hope the trees would not catch alight.

When the detached kitchen's thatched roof did catch on fire she threw salt on it, and told us how lucky we were to live by a lake and be able to have an abundance of salt on hand.

No complaints

Other people, including ourselves, would make a fuss if prevented from taking part in one of the few festivities of the isolated community on the edge of the Great Australian Bight, but not mother.

"She's a stoic!" **declared our eldest brother, who, even then, had a passion for words.**

When our screaming three-year-old sister held out a lacerated hand (and the nearest doctor was 100 miles away, by horse and cart conveyance), our mother washed away the blood and proceeded to administer first-aid as capably as any nurse.

"We will soon have it better," she comforted. "We'll put a white bandage on this dear little hand, and make it look like a dolly."

The first years of this century were busy years in our mother's life.

A decade previously she had been teaching. Before that she had lived with indulgent grandparents and her days had been spent among books, music, and, too, pencils and paper, but never with domestic work.

Now she had no time for art, for there were the five of us, and she did all the chores, even scrubbing the uncovered floors.

Besides, she had nine people to cook for, including the two farmhands, and not counting the strangers so often within her hospitable gates.

She had become a teacher again, nevertheless, and this was before outback mothers had prepared lessons sent from helpful correspondence schools.

A teacher, too!

Washing dishes, sewing, or ironing, she listened to reading and spelling. History and geography could be given at any time.

To us young savages, these two subjects were so intermingled that they became as one.

At every opportunity she instilled knowledge. Setting the table, she taught that knives came from Sheffield. Pouring porridge she once said: "This oatmeal comes from Deeside. In which part of Scotland is Deeside?"

Sundays were often spent at the beach, where the Southern Ocean thundered on the headlands.

We learned of the sea, of the great seamen in history, and, particularly, of Matthew Flinders. We had to be ready for questions, too.

"Why did Flinders name this Anxious Bay?"

"Because he sheltered from a storm here."

"Which way did he sail after that?"

There was no Australian history taught at the little local school when the first two of us, then eight and ten, trudged that way.

Mother would be up early cooking breakfast in the cold dark of winter. After that she would give us our paper-wrapped "dinners" and start us on our six miles' walk, saying little.

During our school years more babies arrived until it seemed that the first of us were barely through our days at the wooden, crowded seat of learning when there were eleven of us.

We knew our parents had planned secondary educations for us, but we did not realise how mother suffered because there was no money to send us to Adelaide, and no High School on the whole of Eyre Peninsula.

Our brother, with his gift for languages and his quick and lively intellect, was our parents' pride and joy, but, instead of attending the dreamed-of college, he was out behind the plough, his dog beside him, or, armed with an axe, was chopping down the scrub and clearing the land.

Then came war.

Days changed. Mother sang less at her work, although only looking back did we realise this.

Her teenage son boarded the coach for the city, and returned in khaki.

His old dog, silent and forlorn, sat beside dry-eyed mother, watching this son drive off again for war.

She mentioned to none that of all her brood he was the scholar whom life promised most, nor how her own sanguine hopes had been put aside.

"His country needs him," she would say simply, with pride in her voice.

When his letters came she would sing at her work. She sang even though, on his 21st birthday, he had written from his "headquarters"—a pig-sty in France.

Her heart was filled to overflowing with pride in this gifted, brave son, who she knew was the first to volunteer for any specially dangerous work.

When word came that he had died of wounds, she cooked the meals and waited on all, and went out to her son's faithful old dog, which was howling piteously beneath the she-oaks.

She quietly placed a gentle hand on the shaggy head and silently mourned.

Brave mourner

The next day was Sunday, and when, as usual, mother sat before the organ in the little country church a hush fell upon the sorrowing congregation.

Only the thunder of the mighty Southern Ocean beating on the nearby cliffs was heard, like guns of war.

But mother shed no tears either then or during the hard weeks which followed.

Sickness in various forms came to our house, and then an epidemic of measles which kept children from school.

Mother, apart from nursing the sick (including the baby with teething troubles), was teaching again, so that the four children who were absent from school wouldn't slip too far behind.

She would go from bed to bed with cold water or hot drinks. She cooked tempting food and carried it to listless, spotted people. She rubbed chests with soothing oil.

Day and night, unresting, she toiled. Her step became slower. Her face (we recollected later) became old and drawn and her black curls tinged with grey.

Her warm hands were nurse's hands, cook's hands, charwoman's hands, and milkmaid's hands.

However, in those selfish days of ours we didn't think of hands, and least of all of our mother's hands.

One evening all of us were asleep — except, no doubt, our mother.

There was no sound except the wind sighing and moaning in the old she-oaks when I awakened, long after midnight.

I heard mother's soft footstep in the passage, and saw the faint light from the candle she carried.

Selfish, I croaked for a drink of water, and silently she brought what I wanted.

Then she said: "I'll just rub your chest. It may ease that cough." And she placed the candle on the chair beside my bed.

She bent over me quietly and started to rub in circles over my chest.

Selfish words

Her hands, which had toiled unceasingly for others and particularly for me (the most selfish of us all), had become cracked that winter.

"Your hands are rough," I complained. "They hurt!"

Hastily she put aside the bottle, covered my chest, and, forgetting the light, went silently out.

In the moonlight I saw her pass the window and walk out toward the she-oaks, sighing and sobbing in the night wind.

Suddenly she turned and I caught sight of tears pouring like rain over, it seemed, the saddest face in the world.

That was nearly 50 years ago, but to my shame I remember it as though it were this week.

In remembering I pay tribute not only to my own wonderful mother but to all those selfless mothers who must be so often hurt by the thoughtlessless of those for whom they sacrifice so much.

Free leaflet on care of baby in winter

TO keep healthy during winter, adjustments must be made to diet, clothing, exercise, etc., and these changes are particularly necessary for babies and small children, as their small bodies lose heat much more quickly than adults'.

Exercise, sometimes rather neglected in a wet, cold season, is most important, and adjustments must also be made in clothing and bed-clothing, and in schedules for baths and sun-baths.

In addition more fuel-foods are needed for a winter diet, and vegetable broths, creamed vegetable soups, such as pea-soup, and fish soup give good value.

A free leaflet dealing with baby's health in the winter is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Note: A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Watch the kids when there's gravy around. They know gravy is great, and Gravox makes great gravy. It's so easy, too! Gravox makes the most delicious gravy in seconds — salts, seasons, thickens and browns. Gravox adds that little extra to all meals — treat the kids and Dad to gravy made with Gravox tonight!

FLOAT YOUR FEET ON SCHOTEX FOAM

Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles make walking a new experience. Millions of tiny air cells cushion every step, protect callouses. Made of Schotex, air-ventilated foam. 5/9 pr., men's and women's. When you visit your chemist or store . . .

LOOK FOR Dr. SCHOLL'S SELF-SERVICE CENTRE

Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES
Like walking on pillows

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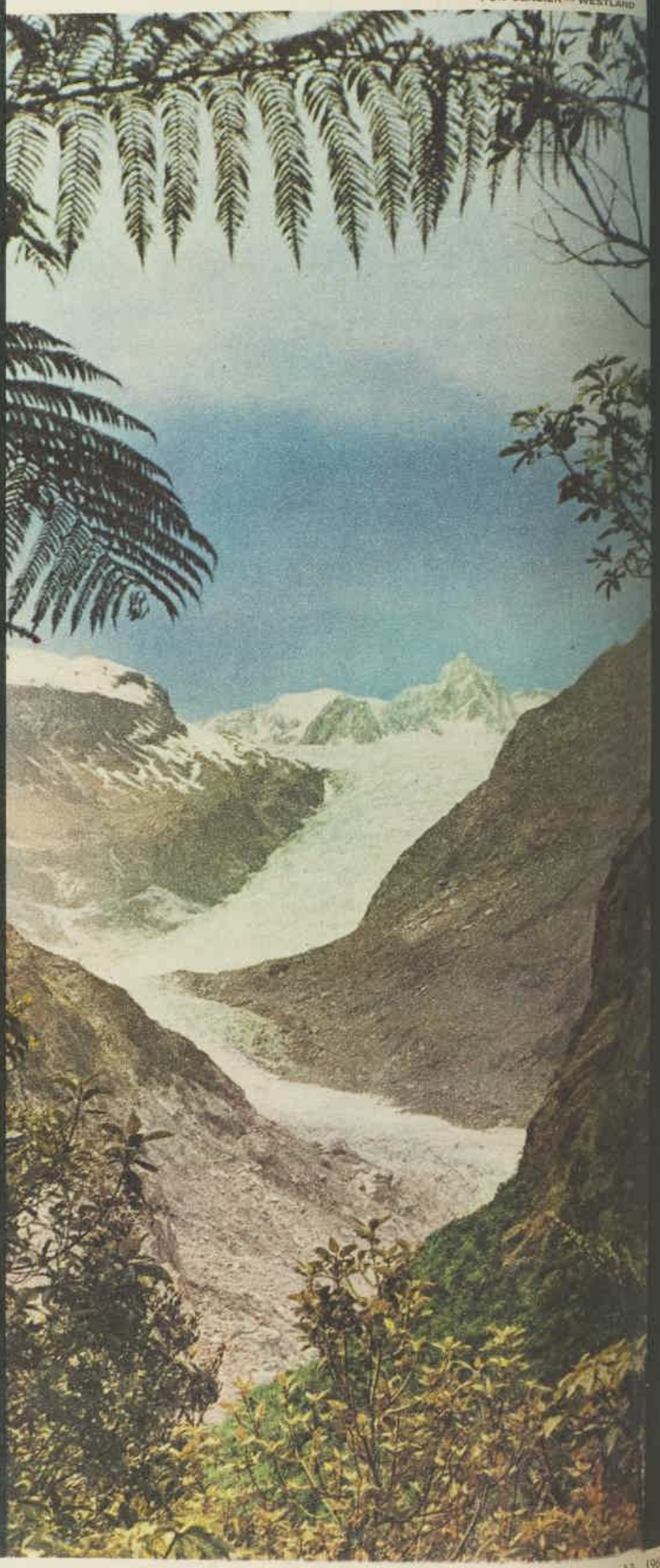
GEYSER VALLEY — NEAR THE HOTEL WAIRAKEI.

What's so different —

FOX GLACIER — WESTLAND



— about NEW ZEALAND

Imagine! It's nearer to you than most parts of Australia, yet in looks, a world apart. It has boiling pools, spouting geysers, glittering glaciers and lush fern forests. Vast fiords and mountain-locked lakes where the water's still as an oil painting. Maori hakas...high-speed jetboats...alpine flightseeing...gentle pasturelands. There's something new to see and do every day of your vacation in nearby New Zealand. And it need cost no more than a stay-at-home holiday. Ask your Travel Agent or The New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau* about money-saving Tiki Air-Conomy Tours, Family Fares and Group Travel.

*Sydney, 14 Martin Place ('phone 25-3941). Melbourne, C.M.L. Building, 93-95 Elizabeth Street, ('phone 67-6621). Brisbane 131-145 Elizabeth Street, ('phone 26-152).

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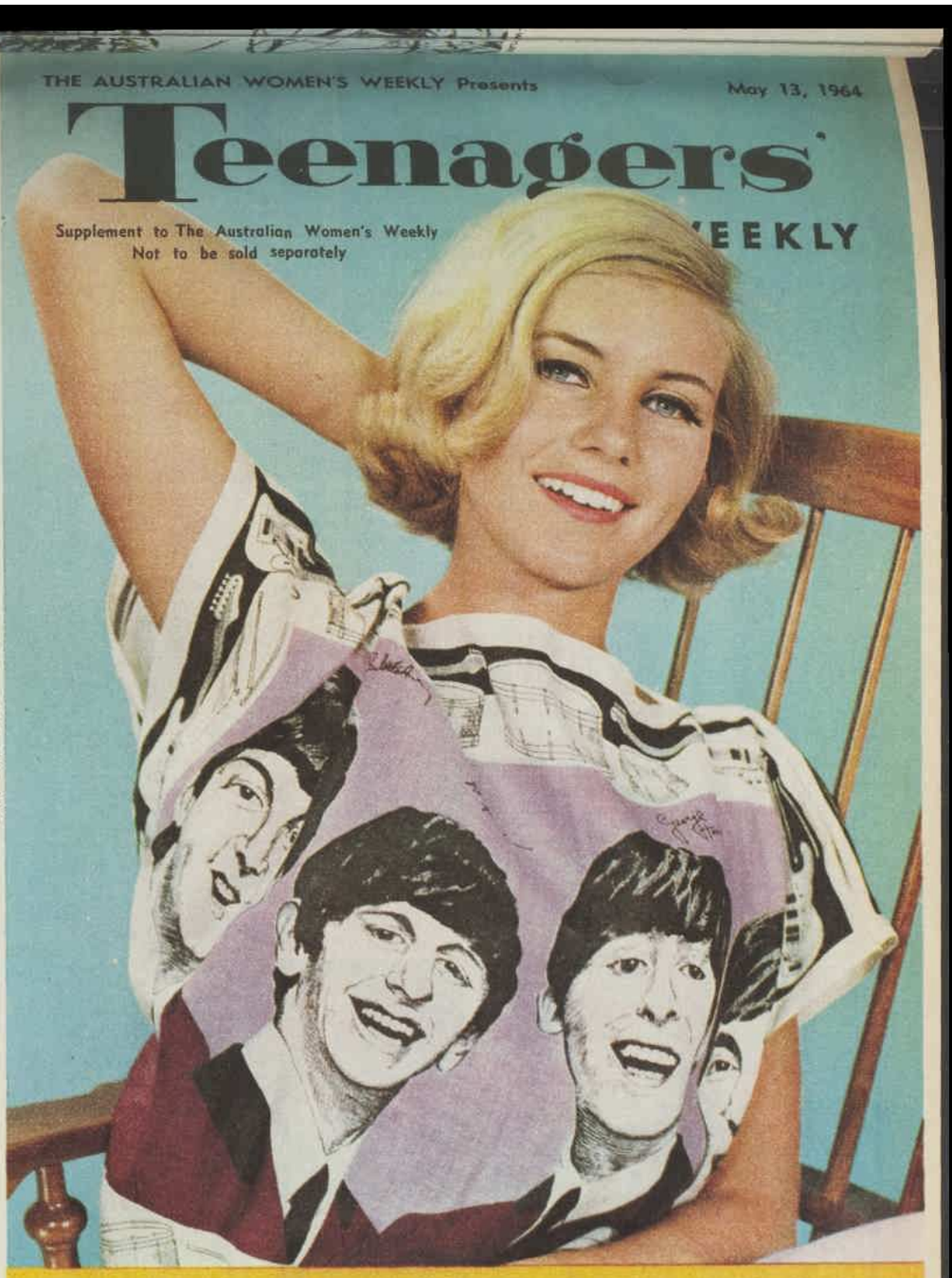
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 13, 1964

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately



BUT OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

BEATLE BLOUSE, FROM TEA TOWELS!—page 2

National Library of Australia https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5797069

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Blood's worth bottling!

RECENTLY the Red Cross Blood Bank used our school assembly hall as a centre for blood donations from local residents, and students were allowed to observe the proceedings.

I have always felt a little dubious about becoming a donor, but now that I have seen how simple and painless it is I am definitely going to become a blood donor when I have attained the required age.

If other teenagers knew how simple it is I am sure they would become donors, too. They would be supporting a worthy cause and, perhaps, saving lives. — *"Student," Kingsgrove, N.S.W.*

"Brain" fatigue

IF by hard work and concentration throughout the year you gain good exam results some members of the class immediately label you "a brain."

"Brains," so some people say, need only read something once to absorb it. These people also suffer from the illusion that "brains" never need go to any great pains to learn.

The truth is that "brains" listen and absorb in class, concentrate on homework, and abstain from hit parades and TV.

"Brains" have no great intellectual or reasoning powers, but gain their results by work, work, work.

Please, not-so-diligent students, don't label your harder-working classmate as a "brain" — or you'll most likely BE brained.— *Elizabeth Wilson, Kensington Park, S.A.*

Beastly names

BEFORE naming children people should check the meaning of the names they are considering. Reading a book giving the meaning of names, I recently found that my family is a pack of animals!

For example, Lionel means lion, Ursula a bear, Rachel a lamb, and Wilbur a wild boar. — *Rachel Ridgley, Broadway Valley, Qld.*

Elvis forever!

AS well as liking The Beatles, I also like Elvis Presley. How can I forget the great records that Elvis gave us — the slow ballads and the real rockers?

Those American girls with their banners saying "We hate Elvis" should be examined by psychiatrists.

If The Beatles are the cause of Elvis' downfall, I hope for his sake that The Beatles die out. However, it would be better still if The Beatles were on equal terms with Elvis in popularity. — *Robert Bligh, South Coogee, N.S.W.*

Job problem

MANY teenagers scream about not being able to get jobs, blame the Government and Social Services for not giving them adequate financial assistance.

But too many modern teenagers want employment for which they are neither suited nor qualified and are not prepared to accept jobs available to them.

Employment is available to those who really want to work and don't merely seek highly paid positions with comparatively little work entailed.

Furthermore, parents are at fault in bringing more children into the world than they can adequately provide for when they know the situation of employment and social service benefits.—*Wayne Talbot, Toongabbie, N.S.W.*

BEATLE TEA-TOWEL BLOUSE

OUR cover girl is really wrapped up in The Beatles!

If you, too, have been bitten by the Beatle bug, here is a gay top to wear to a Beatle party or just for fun over casual slacks. The top is made from two tea-towels which have pictures of the fabulous four printed on them. (They're 7/6 each, available at leading stores.)

Here are instructions for making the top:

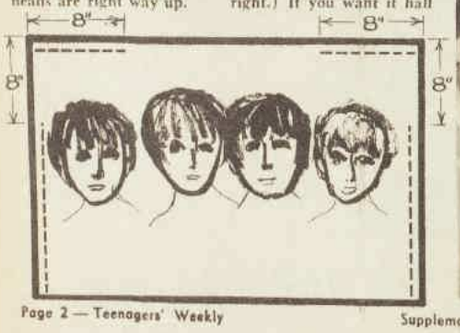
Turn the tea-towels front to front (so that they're inside out when made up), making sure The Beatles' heads are right way up.

Starting at the top left-hand corner, pin the edges together for 8in. (see diagram below). Repeat this on the top right-hand side. Hem the 8in. together by hand or machine. If you find this neckline is too wide and tends to slip off your shoulders, extend the hem in to 10in. each side.

Before hemming the side seams leave a gap of 8in. on either side for the armholes.

You will find this top is very wide, so if you want it belted add a black leather belt all the way round your waist (see picture at right.) If you want it half belted, leave a gap of 5in. in the middle of the side seams. Loop the belt around your waist, under the top, draw it through the holes, and tie it in the front, leaving the back swinging.

With your Beatle books, Beatle cap, Beatle hairstyle, and Beatle top you can officially declare yourself a Beatle fan—yeah, yeah!



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Terse verse

WHY don't parents leave
us be?
Why don't parents leave us
free?
Can't they see
that I am me,
and we are we? — *Ross Anderson, Strathfield, N.S.W.*

Radio ban

UNTIL recently one girl of a group took a transistor radio to school and played it at the recess break and at the lunch-hour.

A short time ago transistors were banned and, if found, confiscated. We don't know why they were banned, but my friends and I think we should be able to take them to school for use in the lunch-hour.

Most of us are not allowed to listen to them very often at home because we have to do a lot of homework, and that is why we want to use them at school.

It was beaut to listen to the pops at school, because it took our minds off schoolwork and gave us an hour's relaxation. What are the rules at other schools? — *"Transistor Sister," Claremont, W.A.*

Tree's company

BECAUSE of the lack of gardens and trees many schools look drab and bare.

Schools should appoint a party of pupils who are interested in gardening to plant and look after flowers and trees. In a few years' time the trees would be of great value to pupils in summer with their shade and coolness.

This suggestion could be very successful if properly carried out. — *David Slatter, Carnegie, Vic.*

Next week:

- Cliff Richard and film co-star Susan Hampshire are in color on the cover.
- Robyn Alvarez' sister, Lyn, is following in her famous singing sister's footsteps — and she's the back-page pin-up, with a fascinating story inside.
- Read all about handsome young Hollywood actor Tony Bill, who recently visited Australia.

Visit others

IN my opinion international exchanges of students should be widened to include those of countries such as Japan, Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines, etc.

With a personal knowledge of another country's problems, the average school student and university graduate would not be so quick to judge international problems.

As most school students are rather narrow-minded and one-sided, a six-month trip overseas to study another country's conditions would teach the pupil more than he or she could learn in six years' studying from books.

Surely an understanding of other countries' problems cannot harm future relations but rather improve them.—*"Traveller," Little Bay, N.S.W.*

"I've given them up, but I still like to have a draw."

Buy a car — or save up for overseas trip?

● David Schofield (T.W., 25/3/64), who hopes to go to university next year, asks if he should use his savings to buy a car for the use of himself and his friends, or take his father's advice and save the money for travel.

A CAR would certainly be a more useful and practical investment next year, because you could use it for transport to and from university.

Moreover, if your father wishes you to travel, there are many places of interest in Australia accessible by car.

Later on, when you have graduated, you will be free to travel overseas if you wish, and as you will be older you will be more able to appreciate and profit from this experience. — *Beverly Thornell, Tyabb, Vic.*

MY advice to David is to continue saving and buy a good second-hand car. By buying one in good condition he should not incur costly repairs.

If his friends use it for university transport, too, I think they should share running expenses, and thus he should be able to continue saving toward an overseas trip.

As he will not be free to go until the end of his course, he will have a number of years to save in while still enjoying the convenience of his car.—*P. J. Clark, Alderley, Qld.*

IF I were in his position I would save my money and travel, then after I had seen the world and still wanted the car I'd start saving again.

Even though I am not yet old enough for a licence, I have been thinking about the same thing, and after receiving some advice I have decided that to travel would do me much more good both socially and educationally. —*Jan Habel, Moorabbin, Vic.*

BY travelling to other countries and making new friends you would widen your knowledge, and this may even have a beneficial effect on your future studies at university.

Having a car is a saving and an advantage, I agree, but if you make this investment you may not have the opportunity later on to travel.

My advice is to travel first and think about the car later. — *C. Crain, Rockdale, N.S.W.*

IF you are intending to travel overseas I think that you should have some knowledge of your own country first.

I bought my own car when I was 17 (I am a girl), and with a group of girl-friends it was nothing for us to travel a few hundred miles at weekends.

The depreciation on a car is quite an expense, plus registration and insurance, so I can understand your father's viewpoint. But as you are a boy, you and your friends should be able to do your own mechanical work.—*"Rob," Redlands, Qld.*

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LUCKY

THIS PICTURE of singer Lucky Starr is his pretty, young fiancee's favorite.

● A shopping trip was the highlight of Lucky Starr's recent six-week American singing tour — a shopping trip for a white gold and diamond engagement ring!

THE diamonds — five of them — are now sparkling on the left hand of 23-year-old dental nurse Gloria O'Brien, of Shepparton, Victoria.

The ring has the centre diamond flanked by baguette diamonds and smaller diamonds each side of the baguettes.

Lucky slipped it on Gloria's finger when she was in Sydney for the Easter holidays — and since then the telephone line between Shepparton and Sydney has run hot.

"Not that that's anything new, really . . . we've been doing it for quite a while and it must be costing us a fortune," laughed Gloria, who is 5ft. 4½in. with a 22in. waist, short-cut chestnut hair, and brown eyes.

She and Lucky, who is also 23, met 14 months ago during a nine months' break in Gloria's dental nursing, when she compered a teen-age show called "Casual Club" on GMV6, Shepparton. Lucky made a few appearances on the channel.

"I thought she was a good sort, but she didn't like me — she thought I was too hard to work with," said Lucky after the engagement was announced. "I tried to impress her the second time I was on the show."

The couple really got together when Gloria spent six months in Sydney last year, dental nursing and modelling, before Lucky went to America for the first time.

They haven't set a wedding date. "I'm a fatalist. I just do things when the time arrives, I don't pre-plan. In this business you can't," Lucky said.

Could it be this year? . . . "No," said Gloria, "I'm afraid not. Lucky has got too many commitments in America, as well as a 10-week New South Wales and Queensland tour, for us to give it even a thought."

"And we don't know where we'll live — it could be anywhere," said Lucky.

They probably will be travelling quite often, since Lucky has already made three trips to America to appear in Las Vegas, Reno, and Lake Tahoe nightclubs, has been asked to make another U.S. tour, and plans to go to Europe in a year or so.

Feeling that one show-business personality is enough in one family, Gloria left TV and is now working only in dentistry. Lucky hasn't any definite ideas about working wives, and says it doesn't matter to him whether she stops working or keeps on — "If she's happy doing that, well, I'll be happy, too."

One thing's certain — Gloria doesn't mind leaving the entertainment world to Lucky.

Two parties

"I found my TV work very nerve-racking," she said.

The engagement was celebrated with one party at Lucky's home in Kingsgrove, N.S.W., and a second with other Sydney singers, including Dig Richards, Rob E.G., and the Delltones.

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy O'Brien, of Shepparton, Gloria has one brother, 18-year-old Roger, and she spends most of her free time water-skiing with them from the family boat.

Neither Lucky nor Gloria calls the other by his or her given Christian name. He is really Leslie Morrison, but Gloria calls him by his show-business name of Lucky. And he calls her Obie — from the "O'B" of her surname.

DIG RICHARDS (left), Lucky Starr's fiancee Gloria O'Brien, and Lucky during a water-skiing outing on the lake at Shepparton, Vic., Gloria's home town. *DIG'S IN LOVE, TOO; see p. 7.*

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IN LOVE

GLORIA O'BRIEN, Lucky Starr's fiancee, with her five-month-old Maltese terrier Saasko, which her parents gave her in February because she was so lonely with Lucky away performing in America.

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FAMOUS MUSICIAN COMPOSED AT FIVE!

● The ability to concentrate is one that rarely comes easily — even to the proverbial "egg-heads" among us.

TO the average teenager, concentration would seem to possess all the elusive qualities of quicksilver.

Once you have acquired a portion of this tricky material, however, you are half-way toward attaining whatever profession, art, or craft you have in your sights.

If, in addition, you can learn to blend concentration with application . . . well, the world is your oyster!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, famous 18th-century composer and musician, was one of the lucky teenagers of history able to combine the talents of concentration and application. And with what spectacular results!

Wolfgang could play a minuet perfectly at the age of four. He had written a couple of compositions of his own at five. He produced his first oratorio at 11, and his first opera at 13!

Wolfgang's teacher and mentor was his father, Leopold — no mean musician and composer in his own right.

Father's passion for knowledge

Leopold was imbued also with the general passion for knowledge and culture which swept through Europe in the wake of the Renaissance. He taught Wolfgang's sister and Wolfgang (who had his first lesson on the harpsichord when he was only three) not only music and the theory of music but learning in general.

Leopold was not an easy taskmaster. He expected much of his children, and was criticised, in fact, for pushing them too fast. On reaching maturity Wolfgang had to make a real effort to liberate himself from the tremendous pressure his father had imposed and built up over the years.

Luckily, the pressure did not break him. The young Wolfgang was always full of fire. He became attached to things with the greatest ease, and music quickly became his passion. When he concentrated on music his senses were as good as dead to all else around him.

He possessed absolute musical pitch, a nimble mind, and a fantastic ability to absorb new artistic impressions.

Once he joined his father and two friends in an impromptu musical session. With precocity and genius he played without mistake a second violin part in half a dozen trios they were practising. At the time he had not had one single lesson on this instrument.

Ready for tour at only six

Wolfgang was only six when his father considered he was ready for his first concert tour.

So in February, 1762, the little band of three — Wolfgang, his sister, and father — set out from Austria to proclaim to the world that a prodigy had been born in Salzburg.

On the tour Wolfgang played the violin, the cembalo, and the organ. He also sang and conducted, and, when he could find the time, he even composed!

The tour was such an unqualified success that Leopold wasted little time in organising others.

On the second tour, in 1763, Wolfgang performed before Emperor Francis I in the Imperial Palace at Vienna. The following year he played for the English Royal family in London, completely capturing the English Court.

Then, in 1768, Leopold took the rapidly maturing Wolfgang to Italy in order to round off his musical education.

WOLFGANG MOZART

In Rome, one day during Holy Week, the youngster heard a performance of Allegri's latest composition, Miserere, in the Sistine Chapel. Leaving the Chapel, he went back to his room and wrote the opus down from memory!

The Bologna Philharmonic Academy, on hearing of this remarkable accomplishment, broke all its rules and conferred immediate membership on the gifted youth. From the Pope he also received the Order of the Golden Spur.

A couple of years later Wolfgang was commissioned to write an opera. This was produced with resounding triumph at the Milan Opera House, where it ran for an unprecedented twenty nights, something of a "box office" record for those times!

Mozart's success with "Mithridates" established him as a master of opera — a feat all the more meritorious because it was established in the very home of opera.

After several more concert tours, Wolfgang returned in 1779 to his native Salzburg. He wrote several more operas, including "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni."

But the genius of Mozart was to prove short-lived. The brilliant career was cut short by a fatal bout of typhus in 1791.

Left mark on music's history

In almost 35 music-packed years, however, Wolfgang Mozart had left an indelible mark on the pages of musical history. In all, he composed 626 pieces, ranging from his minuets at the age of four to his last and perhaps most famous work, the "Requiem."

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'Dig' Dig — he's engaged, too!

By
DIANE ROBERTS

DIG RICHARDS and his fiancee, SUE CLARKE.

● When popular singer Dig Richards announced his engagement to pretty, petite Sue Clarke a few months ago it didn't come as a surprise to their friends, for Dig and Sue have been "steadies" for four years.

DIG and Sue, who both come from Sydney, plan to be married on July 10 at St. John's Church, Milson's Point, Sydney. It will be a large wedding, with many show-business friends of Dig's attending.

"This is one show I'm really nervous about doing," said Dig with a laugh.

Sue, who is 21, met 23-year-old Dig at a Sydney suburban dance where Dig was playing.

Said Dig: "I couldn't help noticing this small, pretty girl, so I went over and talked to her and asked her if I could see her at the dance the next week."

However, the following week Dig was involved in a bad car smash and had to spend some weeks in hospital. But Sue visited him, and when Dig came out of hospital they started going out together.

Apart for year

For two years they were "steadies," then came a break and they didn't see each other for a year.

"We were too young to get married," said Dig, "and we felt we were missing out on some of our teenage lives. During that year we both went out with other people."

However, one evening toward the end of the year, Dig was feeling dejected and lonely and wanted to talk to someone.

"So I rang Sue," he said. "We began dating again and this time our whole relationship had altered, and so it led to this," he said, pointing at Sue's beautiful diamond engagement ring.

The couple plan to move into a flat or a home unit in Sydney after their marriage.

"I wouldn't live anywhere else in the world," said Dig.

"We already have a TV set and a lounge suite and I have been getting a glory box together for the last year," added Sue.

Ever since Sue began going steady with Dig, she had to accept the problems that go with a show-business career.

"Dig was sometimes away for weeks on end when he was touring interstate," she said. Although she has conditioned herself to putting Dig's career first, Sue is not looking forward to Dig's proposed tr'p to America, either later this year or early in 1965.

"I'll be away for 14 weeks, appearing in nightclubs in Las Vegas, Lake Tahoe, and Reno," said Dig. "Plans aren't finalised yet, but I won't be taking Sue with me, as it will be such a rushed and hectic time."

Sue works as a telephonist and will keep working after she is married.

Dig always felt he would marry a girl who was far away from the erratic world of entertainment.

"She's marvellous"

"She's marvellous. Like a lot of entertainers, I tend to be moody and slightly temperamental, but Sue is always so understanding," said Dig.

Sue smiled placidly and said, "I never argue with Dig when he gets het up about something; I just keep quiet and wait for him to run out of breath."

Dig said: "Whenever I start to rant and rave about something that is worrying me, Sue just gives me what I call her Jack Benny look, and that silences me—or I burst out laughing."

"But I have my faults, too," put in Sue. "Dig can't stand unpunctuality, and I'm afraid I nearly always keep him waiting."

"And I suppose you'll be late for our wedding," said Dig, smiling indulgently as he linked hands with Sue.

Color picture of Gloria O'Brien, on page 5, by Arnold Gough, Shepparton, Vic.

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BEATLE PARTY FOOD

BEETHOVEN ROLL-OVERS

BEATLE BURGER

CHIP and JAM BUTTIES

● Most everybody loves The Beatles, and The Beatles love most everybody—but they like "jam butties," too.

WHEN The Beatles dined at Brasenose College, Oxford, recently, all they wanted were jam butties. "Trade you an autograph for a jam buttie," said Beatle George Harrison to the college men, and both sides hurried to make the trade.

Butties are Mersey food, with a Mersey name.

Here Debbie, our Teenage Cook, tells you about jam butties—chip butties, too—and there are more suggestions for Beatle party food.

Jam, Chip Butties

Fresh slices of crisply crusty bread, butter, raspberry jam.

That's all you'll need. Jam Butties are really just raspberry-jam sandwiches—but, to make them correctly, these things are important:

The bread should be cut in fairly substantial slices (no wafer-thin slices for The Beatles!), there should be lots of good crust on the bread, it should be spread thickly with butter, and then with a thick layer of raspberry jam. Top with another slice of generously buttered bread.

And there you are! They're good eating, too. Serve them with hot cocoa or hot chocolate.

CHIP BUTTIES are similar to Jam Butties, but, instead of jam, crisply golden hot potato chips are sandwiched between the buttered bread slices.

Beethoven Roll-Overs

One pound of puff pastry (buy it ready-made, and just roll it out), 4 apples, little lemon rind and few cloves, 1 dessertspoon sugar, strawberry jam, milk, glace cherries, angelica, icing sugar.

Peel and core apples, put on to boil with a little water, the sugar,

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THE BEATLE CAKE and its creator (right), Joy Skelsey, 13-year-old schoolgirl, of Kogarah, N.S.W. The cake was exhibited at the recent Sydney Royal Easter Show. At 10, Joy won second prize for small cakes at the Royal Show, and this year was awarded second prize for a light fruit cake. Although Joy likes The Beatles, her main musical interest is the classics, and she is studying fifth grade piano. She's not sure yet if she would like to be a music teacher or a cookery teacher when she grows up—but she thinks her music will win.

lemon rind, and cloves. Cook until soft, then drain, mash, and cool.

Roll out puff pastry about ¼in. thick. Cut into large circles (use a saucer for a guide). Spread one-half of circles with strawberry jam, keeping it in about ¼in. from edge.

Top the strawberry jam with apple pulp, then fold circles in half. Press edges together gently. Brush tops of Roll-Overs with milk to give a nice golden glaze.

Bake in hot oven 15 minutes or until pastry is well risen and browned.

Dust with sifted icing sugar; make a music note with a glace cherry and some strips of green angelica.

These are super as dessert, too—serve them with a bowl of whipped cream.

Beatle Burger

Make a big one, as we did, and cut it into four hearty wedges (there'll be roars of laughter when you bring it out!)—or make smaller ones. Quantities given below will make one giant burger or four small-sized ones.

B eef (1lb., minced).
E gg (1 raw).
A pple (1, peeled and cut into thin wedges).
T omato (1, cut into wedges).
L ettuce (a nice, curly one).
E gg (again—1, hard-boiled).
S easoning (salt, pepper, add a little finely chopped onion, too).

Mix the minced beef with the raw egg and seasoning. Shape into one large burger or 4 small ones, saute in a little oil or butter until browned well on one side; turn, cook other side.

Cut the hard-boiled egg into slices — use two slices for the eyes. Add a thin wedge of apple for the mouth, two tomato wedges for the ears — the hair is a curly leaf of lettuce.

Beatle Cake

MODELLING FONDANT: **One egg-white, 1lb. pure icing sugar, 2oz. glucose, flavoring, coloring.**

Sift icing sugar into a basin. Make a well in the centre and add the softened glucose and egg-white. Beat with wooden spoon until the mixture is a stiff paste; add flavoring. Turn on to a board which has been lightly dusted with sifted icing sugar and knead until smooth.

Color 1-3rd of the fondant with cocoa and brown food coloring. Roll out on waxed paper until about ¼in. thick and cut out the record, using a 7in. sponge sandwich-tin.

Smooth edges, then with a divider mark grooves on the record. With the remainder of the brown fondant mould 4 beetle bodies about ¾in. in height and ¾in. long. Paint with black food coloring.

Color a small piece of fondant, the size of a walnut, green. Roll out thinly and cut a circle the size of a cup and lift on to the centre of the record.

Color the rest of the fondant cream with yellow and apricot food coloring. Mould a pick-up-arm, a

● *To page 15*

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LISTEN HERE

Boys put on Gilbert and Sullivan

● Two Sydney teenagers, James Sharman and Ian Cookesley, recently invested more than £900 in their hobby — presenting a Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

JAMES SHARMAN (left) and IAN COOKESLEY

"WE only got back about £700 in the end," said James, "but we didn't mind, because our first production was a great success theatrically."

Last year the boys formed an amateur theatre group to present Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and they recently presented their first, "Princess Ida," for three nights at the Sydney Conservatorium.

James produced the opera and Ian was stage and lighting director, also planning all the scenery and props.

"James designed all the scenery," said Ian, "and I spent all my spare time for two months building and painting it in a friend's backyard."

James and Ian, both 18, became friends several years ago when they both worked backstage for two school Gilbert and Sullivan productions by pupils at Randwick High School.

"It was then we both decided we liked being backstage, and talked about producing our own opera one day," said Ian.

So, about five months ago, while Ian was still studying for his Leaving Certificate at school and James (who had passed the Leaving the year before) was working as a clerk for A.B.C. radio and television, they decided to form a group.

They advertised for young people to audition for leading roles, chorus, orchestra, and make-up artists for "Princess Ida," but only about 30 turned up the first night.

"Most people don't want to join a new group," said Jim. "They prefer a proven one.

"And we wanted a young group — mostly teenagers, with a couple in their early twenties," he added. "We were pleased to finally round up the 75 members we needed for the presentation."

"It was surprising; we found some great singers among teenagers who had mostly only sung in school plays," said Ian, "but we're always on the lookout for new talent."

The boys called their group "The Young Savoyards."

"The followers of Gilbert and Sullivan in the 19th century were known as Savoyards because most of the early operas were staged at the Savoy Theatre in London," Jim explained, "and we're their young 20th-century fans."

The Young Savoyards will be joining another Sydney young acting group, "The Proscenia Theatre," to present Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia Limited" in July. Then Jim will produce and Ian will direct "The Grand Duke" with their group in October.—Kerry Yates.

Don't miss

Disc

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*

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Now in Everybody's Out tomorrow 16

'INTEREST' IN BANK CLERK

FAST collecting hordes of teenage fans is 19-year-old Melbourne rock-'n-roll singer Merv Benton, whose first record, "Baby, Let's Play House" (backed by "Endless Sleep"), on W. and G.—both old numbers with new treatments—is bounding up the pop charts.

A slim 5ft. 9½in., with brown hair and brown eyes, Merv is a newcomer to show business, having been in the game only a year.

Merv's week is a pretty busy one.

During the day he is a bank clerk and five nights a week he sings at suburban dances and often at big shows at Melbourne's Festival Hall.

He takes weekly lessons from Jack White, teacher of such "well-knowns" as Diana Trask, Dorothy Baker, and Terry Holden.

On top of this heavy schedule Merv never lets a day go by without an hour's practice, using his tape recorder.

When time permits, his favorite relaxations are golf, tennis—and girls. "Not necessarily in that order," he said with a grin.—Scarth Flett.

MERV BENTON

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Back-page pin-up Wayne Newton tells frankly . . .

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A SUCCESS

● He stands in a single spotlight on stage, singing "All Alone Am I" with the poise of a performer who has taken 30 years to fight his way into the top bracket.

YET Wayne Newton is only 21. And as he sings you wonder if he IS lonely.

Visiting Australia from his home country, America, Wayne recently completed a successful season, singing at a Sydney leading hotel.

To his teenage fans, his surprisingly large adult following, and budding entertainers, he seems to be in an enviable position.

But Wayne admits it is a lonely life.

At 14 he left school to entertain, having decided on this career when he was six years old, and finished his schooling by correspondence.

Working for years on the fringes of "the big time" dispelled any illusions Wayne had about being an overnight success. But slowly and surely he moved toward his goal, and, while appearing at the Copacabana Club in New York in 1962, Bobby Darin saw him and, impressed with his talent, took him under his wing.

Previously Wayne had recorded eleven discs — "all bombs," he said — until eight months ago, when Darin rang him with the news that his record "Danke Schoen" was hitting the top of the charts.

"From then on things really began to move," said Wayne. "My career zoomed, but I started to lose my friends. It's a strange thing, but as soon as you have a hit record and you're a nationally known figure your friends don't know how to treat you or talk to you any more.

"That wasn't the only drawback of so-called fame. I found it hard to hang on to the things I believed in. You want to believe in principles and people, but you find yourself being disillusioned so often."

When Wayne was 16 he went to Las Vegas and his parents moved their home from Arizona to Las Vegas so they could give him some home life.

LISTEN HERE

Wayne spent five years working in the tough training of the Las Vegas nightclub circuit and this gave him the experience to handle and win audiences.

"Working in Vegas we did six shows a night, six nights a week," he said.

"Sometimes I went on at five in the afternoon through till midnight; other times I started at midnight and finished at six in the morning. We stayed in Vegas for seven or eight months a year and toured for three."

The "we" includes his brother, Jerry, who will be 24 this September.

"Jerry and I started as a Country-and-Western duo, The Newton Brothers," said Wayne. "But we decided to change, as there aren't many brother or sister acts that can headline in a main room in a Vegas nightclub. Besides one name is easier to remember. So I became the figurehead."

However, with their now-successful formula, brother Jerry is not pushed into the background. He sticks close by Wayne, accompanying him on guitar, harmonising on some of the choruses, and throwing in humorous interjections.

Wayne and Jerry are completely unalike in looks, personality, and tastes. "That's why we get on so well," said Wayne, "we never bicker or argue. Once a year we have a fall out, then it's over till the next year."

Tensions seem to be part of an entertainer's make-up, but basically Wayne is easy-going and unruffled with a quick sense of humor.

"Sure I get nervous before a show, knowing I've got to go out there and bring that audience over to my side," he said. "Some people have heard you're good, so they come along and sit and think, 'O.K., let's see what the kid can do. Let him convince me.' Others have already made up their minds they're not going to like you before you walk on stage and nothing you can do can win them.

"You've got no idea what it's like to be giving as much as you can, then see this glum, set face staring at you from the front row. It's no use pretending it doesn't worry you; it does. So I just pick out a smiling face and sing to that one and ignore the other guy."

Wayne relaxed for a moment and said quietly, "Please don't think I'm bitter or can't take criticism. It's not that. I'm only doing my job. But people see only the front; they don't realise the work that goes into a performance. No matter how you're feeling, you have to get out there and entertain and do your best."

Outside his work, Wayne's all-consuming passion is horses. He has a two-year-old thoroughbred named Danke Schoen, which he intends to race.

And the girls in his life?

Wayne grinned. "I don't have a steady girl and I avoid taking out girls in show business unless they are an exception to the general trend. It's a hard-enough business for a man, and girls with ambition are generally more interested in their careers than in you."

After the success of "Danke Schoen" Wayne became a regular on "The Jackie Gleason Show" and has another series lined up.

"I would like to reach the stage where I can have my own ranch and raise cattle and horses, make a few records, work maybe four nightclubs a year, and do a film each year," summed up Wayne.

—DIANE ROBERTS

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TEENA

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TOPS IN SPORT

By kayak to Tokyo

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● A year ago Norma Howard, of Erina, N.S.W., knew nothing about kayaks except how to capsize them in one easy movement. Today it's a different story — as Norma has proved by paddling her own canoe into the Australian team for the Tokyo Olympics.

NORMA, a quiet, 18-year-old brunette who lives and works on her parents' poultry farm and orchard just seven miles from Gosford, admits she's more than a little stunned.

"I still feel I should pinch myself to make sure it's all for real," she said just after it was announced last month that she would pair with Lyn Wagg in the women's kayak doubles in Tokyo.

"You see, it has all happened so suddenly. Twelve months ago I'd never seen the inside of a canoe, and then my cousin, who's a member of a local canoe club, asked me to go paddling.

"Well it certainly turned out wet, because like all other beginners I spent most of my time falling out of the canoe. But I enjoyed it all the same, and I decided to take it up as a hobby."

Within a few months, Norma's paddling was so promising that she set herself a target — to become a national title-holder.

"Even long-range, I thought this was being pretty ambitious," said Norma. "And as for getting into an Olympic team, well, it just seemed impossible."

And it really was, too, until just a few weeks before the Olympic trials at Lake Wendouree, Ballarat, Victoria, when luck — and Lyn Wagg — changed Norma's prospects.

Lyn, a 24-year-old physical education teacher from the Sydney suburb of Lindfield, is a world-class canoeist who has been paddling since 1958. That year a canoe club was formed at the Sydney Teachers' College, and she joined "mainly to help the membership."

She soon became absorbed in the sport and by 1960 was good enough to be chosen as reserve for the Rome Olympic team, though lack of finance prevented her going.

Undeterred by this disappointment, Lyn kept on paddling, and in March, 1962, went overseas to gain experience against the world's best canoeists.

In Europe she teamed with Victoria's Elke Sager (a Rome Olympian), and together they scored a series of successes which included winning the British K.2 championship on two occasions.

Lyn and Elke were regarded as certainties for Tokyo until Elke announced, after their arrival back in Australia late last year, that she would pair with a fellow-Victorian. Elke's move proved fatal for her Olympic hopes, but it helped Norma.

Lyn, impressed by Norma's style in club canoeing, asked if she'd pair with her — and the almost instant result was a double ticket to Tokyo.

NEXT WEEK: Margueritha Ruygrok.

● *Canoeists LYN WAGG (foreground) and NORMA HOWARD, who have been chosen to represent Australia.*

Beauty in brief:

A GOOD SHAMPOO

BEHIND it all, behind modern home perms, new setting lotions, rapid hair sprays, and even the prettiest hairdo in the book, is healthy, really clean hair.

And behind that is a really good shampoo. Here are the handful of ground rules that help achieve that. Make them your constant guide — stick with them, never fall away from them, and you'll come up with a healthier, shinier, more alive head of hair, to make your new hairdo a wonderful one.

The first step is really no step at all — it depends on too many things: your hair, where you live, what you do. Maybe a twice-a-week sudsing is fine for oily hair, but it might be the end for a dry, wiry type. The idea is: wash it when it needs it — when it feels or looks dull, oily, or just dirty.

Always start your shampoo session with a vigorous brushing, to clear your hair of dust and excess oil. Then gently massage your scalp with the tips of your fingers.

Be choosy when you choose your shampoo; there are three main types — soap, soapless, cream. The one for you depends on your hair and on the water.

Give your hair a good warm-water dousing as first step of your washing. Let it go through every part of your hair to help loosen dirt, get hair ready for shampoo.

Plenty of lather is the next requisite. Do it twice, even three times, rinsing well between the latherings for really clean hair.

On the last rinsing turn the warm water down gradually until it's almost cool, for hair stimulation. After you're sure all the shampoo is out, rinse again. Towel dry if you've time, and treat hair gently. If you're using an automatic dryer, use low heat. — **CAROLYN EARLE.**

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

"Steady" trap

"I HAVE a very mixed-up problem. I was going steady with a boy for six months, then he joined the Services. Since he has been away he has written to me every week. He came home on leave at Christmas after six months away and gave me a friendship ring. Since then I have been going steady with another boy and have grown fond of him. My friends all say I should go with the boy here, but it's not as simple as that, because my parents tell me I am not allowed to break off with the boy in the Services, because he is much too nice a boy just to drop. I don't know what to do. Can you help me, please?"

"Confused," S.A.

The old, old trap of going steady. Once "committed" to one boy you can't remain friends with another! You haven't told me your age, but you sound much too young to tie yourself to one boy. Why not continue writing to your friend in the Services and go out with other boys at home? (Tell your Service friend you're doing so, of course.) But don't be in a hurry to go steady at all until you really fall in love.

Shapely "elephant"

"ALL the boys and girls in my age group call me Elephant, Ten-Ton, Earthquake, and other such names. I can't stand any more of it. I am 15, I weigh 9st. 3lb., I am 5ft. 8in. tall, and my measurements are 35-24-36. Do you think I am fat? Also, how can I learn to take these insults?"

"Elephant," N.S.W.

Your weight is less than average for your height. Your measurements are in film-star class — rather like Sophia Loren's, only she weighs more than you do.

(When she went to Hollywood they made her diet, and everyone thought she looked terrible.)

It's probably your above-average height that makes you seem bigger. Don't stoop because you're taller than most of your friends. Walk tall, and be proud of your lovely figure.

In a few years' time the boys will be calling you much more flattering names, and the girls will be envying your measurements (if they aren't already).

Dating too soon

"I AM a girl of 13, and I hope you can help me. My parents are always arranging my social life. I am forced to go to mixed parties, and I don't believe I'm old enough. What is worse, I had to go out recently with a boy who is not very nice. I have tried to ask my parents kindly not to do this, but it has been in vain. Could you please suggest how I could explain to them that they are doing the wrong thing?"

"Pushed," N.S.W.

Have you really made it plain to them that you don't enjoy mixed parties and dates with boys, not because you are anti-social but because you're just not ready yet for this phase of your life?

Try asking your parents to let you concentrate on your schoolwork —and perhaps sport and music lessons if you're interested in these —*without* arranged dates and parties for at least another year.

You should tell your parents frankly about this "not-very-nice" boy. If you are reluctant to speak to them, confide in an older person —someone whose judgment they respect.

Would-be actor

"I WANT very much to become an actor. I have great interest in all aspects of stagecraft, and wondered if you could recommend any books that might be helpful on this subject. Also, is there any way you could suggest in which I could gain some practical experience? Being in my Leaving year at school, I haven't much time to devote to outside interests, but I hope you can help me find a way to further my genuine interest in drama."

"Actor," S.A.

Three books which will help you are: "On Stage Everyone," by Barnes and Sutcliffe; "Acting is Believing," by Charles J. McGaw; and "Method or Madness," by Robert Lewis. They will, incidentally, keep you occupied for quite a long time if you study them properly.

The best way to gain practical experience is to join a theatrical group — a move which you may have been avoiding because of the rehearsal time involved if you landed a part. It would be a good idea, though, to join and offer your services backstage whenever you can manage it. Few groups have a surplus of behind-scenes workers, and an aspiring actor should learn something about all phases of theatre.

Ask the Arts Council Head Office in your State for information about drama groups in your locality.

A word from Debbie . . .

● ***Make practical use of your old school uniform and get a few extra clothes at small cost.***

HOW about dyeing those old white school blouses?

Choose bright, clear colors and wear them tucked into a skirt or loose over slacks or jeans. (A bright orange blouse with cream skirt or slacks . . . a lime-green blouse with navy-blue . . . there are lots of jazzy color contrasts you can use.)

A packet of dye will cost only about 2/6, and you'll have a new blouse for the price of two bus-fares.

If you wore a beret at school, try covering it with material to match your favorite winter dress.

This takes a bit of time and perseverance, but the result is very chic.

If your beret is the type that consists of gores (usually about eight) your best plan is to follow the cut of the beret and sew your material in the same way.

Sew a self-covered button on to the centre top for a jaunty finish.

Wear a blue blazer at school? Lucky you! Some gold buttons, a gold anchor appliqued on to the pocket, and you've got a smart "sailor-boy" jacket.

Those black stockings will come in handy during the winter months, and, if you wore fawn stockings, dye them black.

For a "little boy look," wear your school tie teamed with blazer and shirt — and why not a red skirt to complete a patriotic red-white-blue outfit?

The "little boy look," of course, goes hand in hand with The Beatles . . .

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Gentle let-down?

"FOR just over 12 months I have been going out with an absolutely wonderful boy. I love him very much and he loves me. I am 16 and he is 19½. However, for the past few days all that he has said is that he is too old for me. Do you agree? My parents would have let me know if he was, but I don't think so, as I feel that a boy of his age is far more mature and understanding than a boy of 16 or 17."

"Not Too Old," Vic.

I hate having to be the one to tell you this — but he has lost interest in you and is trying to let you down gently. Since that three and a half years' age difference (which, of course, doesn't matter a bit) didn't stop him taking you out for a whole year, it's a rather phony argument to use now!

Let him go, and start getting acquainted with a few other boys — as you should at your age.

Mum's second wedding

"SHOULD I give my mother a wedding present, and, if so, what? As I am only in fourth year I do not get much money, except pocket-money. So I would be grateful if you could suggest a few not-too-costly gifts that would be appropriate for the occasion."

"Second Marriage," N.S.W.

You should certainly give your mother a present as a token of your wishes for her happiness in her second marriage — and I'm sure she'll be delighted to receive it, no matter how inexpensive it is.

You're in a prime position to know just what she hasn't got already, but how about a wooden salad bowl, a pretty cup, saucer, and plate, a set of coasters, a linen table mat, or an attractive ashtray? None of these need cost you much.

BEAUTICIANS HIT THE SNAIL ON THE HEAD!

● I see that London beauty salons are using snails as skin vitalisers.

IT seems that the slimy trail of a snail contains chemicals, or something, that help keep skin clear and lovely.

This is quite clearly another example of the strange way in which creepy-crawlies are influencing our lives more and more.

Insect is rearing its ugly head, you might say.

Think of it . . . There have been singing Beatles, a TV character called Cricket, a U.S. President's wife called Ladybird.

The latest example, however, will need watching closely.

Girls should not let snails go too much to their heads.

A lass should not allow a beau to see her with snail trails all over her face.

He would probably make tracks, too.

Or, on the horns of a dilemma, withdraw into his shell.

One London beautician, keen on snails for beauty, says that proof of the goo's rejuvenating powers is the snail's ability to grow a new head if it loses its original noggin.

But what if this happens to a girl who uses snail tracks on her face?

Oh, well — I suppose two heads would be better than one. When you're necking!

I don't suppose French women will use the snail-track treatment.

A snail-savoring French fellow might look into his girl's face, murmur, "You look good enough to eat" — and proceed to do so!

Whatever happens to the snail fashion, though, there'll always be another creepy-crawlie in the beauty business.

Yes, for a husband or father it's always a slug!

— Robin Adair

BEATLE FOOD

● *From page 9*

small base for it to stand on, 2 knobs, a needle, and a turntable centre. Paint the needle and turntable centre silver. Leave all pieces on greaseproof paper until thoroughly dry — at least 48 hours.

CAKE FONDANT: One and a half pounds pure icing sugar, 2 egg-whites, 1 dessertspoon glycerine, 3oz. glucose, flavoring, and coloring.

Sift icing sugar into a basin. Make a well in centre and add the glycerine, egg-whites, and softened glucose. Beat with a wooden spoon until the mixture is a stiff paste. Knead with hand until all icing sugar is absorbed.

Turn on to a board which has been lightly dusted with sifted icing sugar and knead until smooth. Color the same shade of cream as for the pick-up arm and stand. Flavor as desired.

Brush 10in. square cake with egg-white. Roll out fondant to ¼in. thick and large enough to barely cover the cake. Lift on to cake by rolling on to a rolling-pin and unrolling over cake.

Sprinkle a little sifted icing sugar on to hands and smooth the surface on cake. Trim round bottom edge with a sharp knife and set cake aside to dry.

TO DECORATE: Make up a quantity of royal icing with one egg-white and approximately 9oz. sifted pure icing sugar. Divide into three; color half cream, quarter brown, and leave remainder white.

Pipe a shell edge around cake, using cream icing and a No. 12 shell pipe.

Lift record on to centre of cake, and, with No. 2 writing pipe and brown icing, pipe snail's tail around the edge and centre of record.

Place silver turntable centre in position. Place stand for pick-up arm in position, and, using No. 8 shell pipe and cream icing, pipe edge around it. Place pick-up arm in position, add needle, and secure with a little icing.

Pipe "Beatlemania" and notes of music on to record, using white icing and No. 1 writing pipe.

Place beetles in position and pipe eyes, legs, and antennas with No. 1 pipe and white icing.

Lastly, place knobs in position, with record speed piped with No. 1 pipe and brown icing on one, and "on" and "off" piped in similar fashion on the other.

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WAYNE NEWTON

—page 11

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The Romance of Australian PLACE NAMES

A six-page feature giving the origins of names in many parts of Australia (some, especially aboriginal, are the subject of continuing local debate) and striking events associated with some of the localities. More of these place names will appear in later issues.

NEW SOUTH WALES

Aberglasslyn
A Scotsman's idea of preserving the balance between Aberdeen and Glasgow.

Albury
After a village in Kent which it resembled.

Bega
Appears on an early plan as Bika. Aboriginal meaning: "Beautiful."

Blacktown
Governor Macquarie founded here an institution for aboriginal children. His wife personally taught them to sew and sing.

Boadi
From native Boondi, describing noise of water rolling in.

Broken Hill
Named by the Government; originally Willyama.

Canberra
Said to be from native Nganbirra, "a meeting place." First mention is in a letter from Joshua Morre, who fought at Waterloo, to the Colonial Secretary, December 16, 1826: "The land which I wish to purchase is situate at Canberry . . ." Subsequently a deed was issued to him for land at Camberry.

Casino
From the name of Clarke Irving's station, taken from Cassino, 85 miles from Rome.

Coalcliff
At this point in 1797 W. Clarke and two others found coal and with it built fires to warm themselves. The fires were seen and they were rescued—the sole survivors of 17 men who, after a wreck, had attempted to walk 320 miles to Port Jackson.

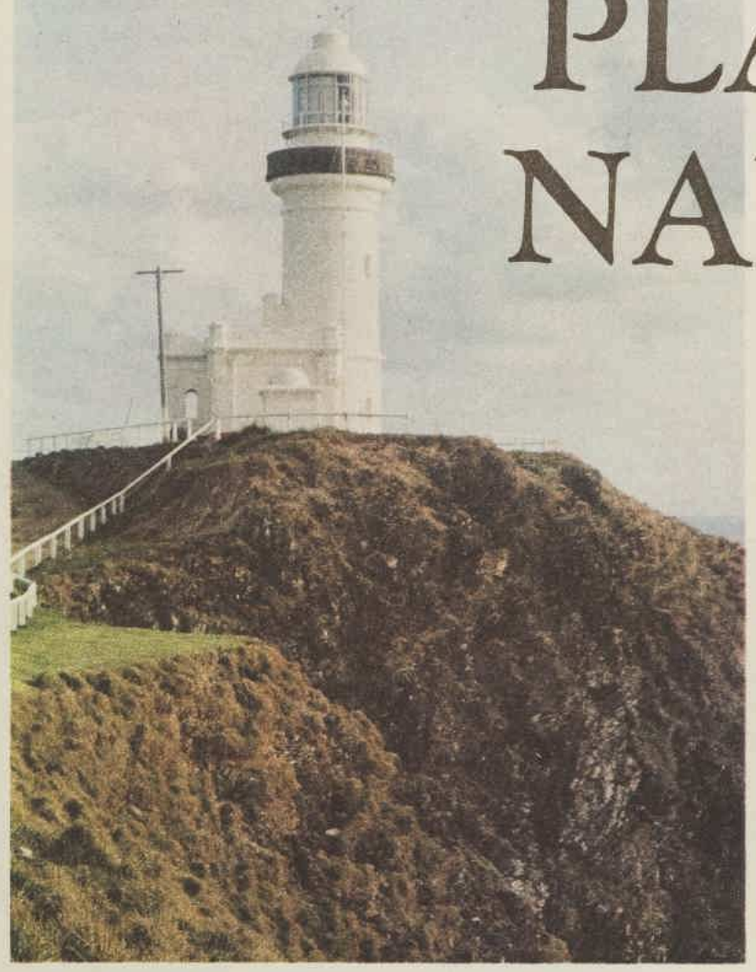
Coogee
Aboriginal: Koojah, "rotten seaweed."

Cowan
Aboriginal: "Big water."

Cowra
Aboriginal: "Rocks."

Dapto
Aboriginal: "Lame native."

Dubbo
From Tubbo, native word for "possum-fur head-covering." At Marthaguy Creek, near here, John Dunn, bushranger, of Gardiner's gang, was wounded and captured. He was hanged at Darlinghurst on a Christmas Eve.



CAPE BYRON, on the New South Wales north coast, is the most easterly point of Australia. Captain Cook named the adjacent Byron Bay as a compliment to Commander Byron, of H.M.S. Dolphin, who also voyaged to the South Seas.
Picture by J. O. Colohan

Forbes
After the first Chief Justice of N.S.W. Advertising the attractiveness of the town in the late '60s, a publication said: "A four-horse coach arrives daily from Sydney."

Glen Innes
After Major Innes, whose son, as Attorney-General, went to Fiji on the occasion of the ceding of the island to Britain by King Thakombau. Thakombau's second son was educated at Newington College, Sydney. Like his father, King Thakombau had been a ruthless cannibal. On one occasion, when an English trader demanded money for goods supplied, Thakombau's father reminded him that the flesh of white men tasted like ripe bananas.

Gunnedah
Aboriginal: "Many white stones."

Guyra
Aboriginal: "Fish can be caught."

Gwydir
Aboriginal: "River with red banks."

Holbrook
Honors the memory of the commander of a submarine which in 1914 dived beneath five rows of mines in the Dardanelles and torpedoed a battleship. He was given the Victoria Cross.

Jenolan
Known to natives as Binoomea. Their name for a prominent peak some miles from the Caves was Genowlan. Name bestowed by C. Cooper, who marked the bridle track from Katoomba. Some maintain the name is derived from J. Nolan, an early settler.

Junee
Aboriginal: "Frog." The aborigines pronounced it "Choo-nee."

Katoomba
Aboriginal: "Katta-toon-bah," "waters tumble over hill."

Kembla, Port
Aboriginal: "Plenty wild fowl about."

Leeton and Leeville
After C. A. Lee, a Minister for Public Works in N.S.W.

Leura
Aboriginal: "Lava."

Lismore
Because it was thought to resemble scenery at Lismore, Ireland. St. Carthage wrote in 636: "Lismore is a famous and holy city of which nearly one-half is an asylum where no woman dare enter." Aborigines knew it as Tuckurimbah, "glutton."

Macksville
After two pioneer Macs—MacKay and MacInally.

Mittagong
Aboriginal: "Little mountain." On a farm here worked Martin Cash, a bushranger who ravaged Tasmania. Sentenced to death, reprieved, a "lifer" at Norfolk Island, he eventually became respectable and was caretaker of Hobart Botanical Gardens. The first attempt to manufacture pig-iron in N.S.W. was made near here.

Mt. Keira
Aboriginal: "Wild turkey."

Mudgee
Aboriginal: "Contented." The natives pronounced it "Mou-gee."

Mullumbimby
From native name for Murwillumbah district: "Mullimbumbi."

Narromine
A pastoral holding had this name originally. Aboriginal: "Man carrying honey."

Newcastle
After the English Newcastle. The port was first entered by boat in 1797 in pursuit of escaping convicts. Newcastle was first King's Town and the Hunter River was Coal River. The native name of the site was Malubimba.

Orange
Named by Thomas Mitchell after the Prince of Orange (later King of Holland), who was A.D.C. to Wellington. Mitchell, too, was an A.D.C. to the Iron Duke. The actual village reserve was known as Blackman's Swamp until 1846 (after John Blackman, chief constable at Bathurst), when it became the village of Orange.

Palm Beach
In its earliest days it boasted the names of Mad Mick's Hollow and Cranky Alice's Beach.

Parkes
After Sir Henry Parkes (1815-1896). It has been said of him that he was the first Australian statesman to meet British statesmen as an equal.

Queanbeyan
Aboriginal: "Clear water." There was a station thereabouts called Quinbeam. In 1828 John Stephens wrote to the Surveyor-General, asking for a grant at Quinbean. The S.-G. endorsed the application: "Quinbean is a hackneyed native name for part of country not yet surveyed."

Sydney
Sydney Cove. Named by Governor Phillip after Lord Sydney, British Home Secretary. An ancestor introduced the Government sign of the broad arrow. The Governor's despatches were at first headed Sydney Cove, and there are records indicating that the new town might be called Albion. The natives called it Warrane.

Taree
From aboriginal word for wild fig—Tarreehin.

Tumut
Aboriginal: "Resting place by river."

Ulladulla
Aboriginal: "Safe harbor." Once popularly referred to as "Holey Dollar." At Kerminton, near here, Henry Kendall, the poet, was born.

Wilcannia
An aboriginal word meaning "opening where floodwaters rush through."

Wollongong
According to different authorities, the word means "hard ground near water" and an expression of fear used by natives when they first saw a ship in full sail.

Young
After Sir John Young, Governor of N.S.W.

Overleaf: Victoria

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Just a few moments while Disprin 'dissolves' away headache . . . then back to the programme. Why Disprin? Because Disprin is soluble aspirin, and soluble aspirin is far less likely to upset the stomach than ordinary aspirin. It is simply that ordinary aspirin enters the stomach as undissolved acid particles which in some people can cause upsets ranging from mild indigestion to more serious stomach disorders. Disprin, however, dissolves completely, enters the bloodstream more quickly to bring prompt relief from headaches and pain, and is far less likely to cause stomach upset. That's why people who cannot be replaced take Disprin, the soluble aspirin, for the relief of pain. Shouldn't you?

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CONTINUING:

The Romance of Place Names

VICTORIA

Ararat
The nearby hill was named Mt. Ararat by an early squatter who rested there after a weary journey, like Noah's Ark, which came to rest on the mountain (now in Turkey). Aboriginal name for the hill: Gorambeepbarak; for the town site, Butingirch.

Armadale
From Armadale House, residence of the Hon. J. Munro Cooper.

Avoca
Explorer Major Mitchell named it after the Irish river identified with the "sweet vale" of the poet Moore.

Bairnsdale
Natives called it Wy-yung. Bairnsdale was the name of a homestead in the district, "so called because bairns arrived annually with unfailing regularity." It has been suggested, however, that it is a corruption of the name of a place on the Isle of Skye.

Ballarat
Said to have been derived from "balla" (an Irish meaning of which is "main road") and hut—"hut on the main road." It has been argued, however, that it is from Balaarat, a native word suggesting "reclining on elbow." One of its earliest names was Yuille's Swamp.

Balmoral
Native name: Daarangurt. Balmoral, after the Royal residence in Scotland, which was purchased by the Prince Consort Albert and bequeathed to Queen Victoria. The Prince paid £32,000 for the original estate.

Beechworth
Once known as Mayday Hills. Mr. Cameron, a storekeeper and later a Member of Parliament, rode into Beechworth in 1856 on a horse called Castor, shod with golden shoes, each shoe weighing 7oz. 4dwt. Ned Kelly, the bushranger, was sent here from Melbourne by special train, and preliminary proceedings in connection with his trial were heard in the local court.

Benalla
Through an error by a clerk in the Lands Department it became Benalla, although the real name is Benalta, said to be an aboriginal name for musk duck.

Bendigo
A corruption of Abednego, the Christian name of William Thompson, the British champion pugilist, famous at the time the settlement was christened. His brothers, likewise, were biblically named Shadrack and Meshach. He retired from the ring and became a nonconformist minister. The Gold Commissioner renamed the town Sandhurst because his father had been Governor of Sandhurst Military College, England, but the diggers and settlers stuck to Bendigo. Sandhurst means "sandy wood."

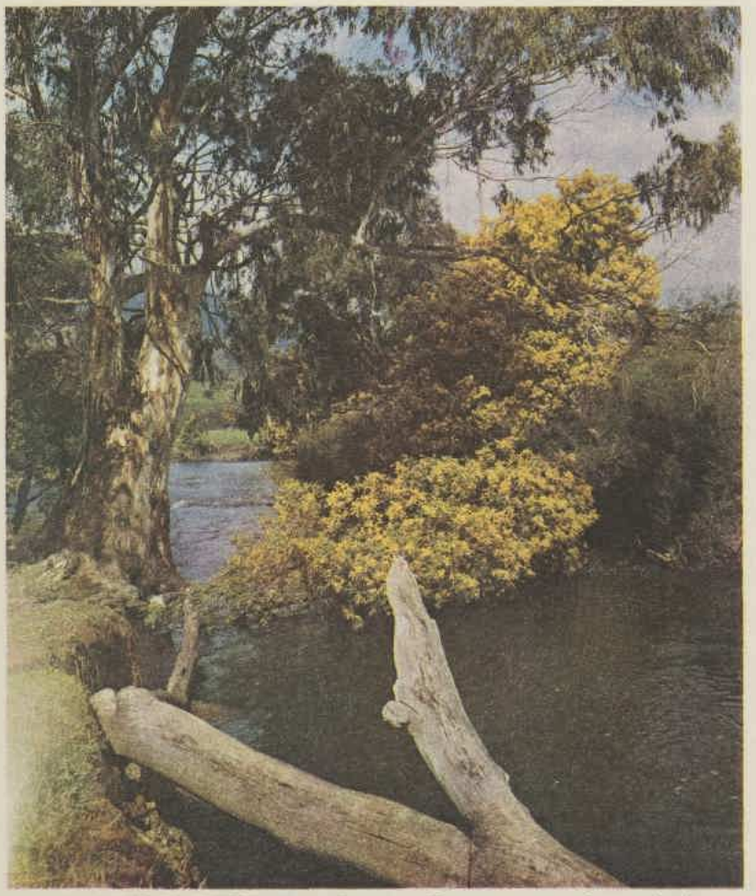
Bonegilla
Aboriginal: "Deep waterhole." Once owned by Charles ("Robinson Crusoe") Ebden. (See Ebden.)

Bunyip
From the fabulous amphibious being dreaded by the natives and said by them to rise at night from the depths of lagoons and waterholes and utter strange cries, identified by some white settlers as the boom of the bittern. The aborigines believed that the bunyip would engulf solitary fishermen, canoe and all, in its vast jaws, and then sink like a stone to his undiscoverable den. An early Australian writer mentioned six aborigines who preferred death by bushfire to taking shelter in a waterhole.

Burnley
After William Burnley, original landowner. Birthplace of the great Australian singer Dame Nellie Melba, May 19, 1861. She was Helen Porter Mitchell, and her first music lessons were given by the mother of Annette Kellermann, famous swimmer.

Castlemaine
Once simply Forest Creek. Named by Captain Wright after his uncle, Viscount Castlemaine.

Caulfield
From John Caulfield, who was on the committee of the first Mechanics' Institute, 1839. The first racecourse was a failure. The site was about to be turned into a cemetery when a sporting publican advertised a race meeting and by shrewd publicity saved the course.



TAGGERTY RIVER near Buxton. Taggerty was the natives' name for the clay used for ceremonial staining of their bodies. Buxton was named after the town in Derbyshire, England. (Mineral springs there were famous in Roman times.)

Picture by J. O. Colohan

Dandenong
Letters written in 1837 refer to Dan-y-nong, and a Government surveyor recorded it as Tanjenong; it means "Lofty."

Ebden
Charles Ebden, known in the early days of Sydney when he drove tandem through the ill-made streets, was a pioneer of the district and invariably wore a fur jacket and cap in imitation of Robinson Crusoe.

Echuca
Aboriginal: "Meeting of waters." It was once Hopwood's Ferry.

Eureka
Means "I have found it." Said to have been the exclamation of Greek philosopher Archimedes when he found how to determine by specific gravity the proportion of base metal in gold. Became the name of a goldfield claim.

Miners, indignant at high licence fees, became restive, and, during an argument, one of them was killed at the Eureka Hotel. The landlord, charged with murder, was discharged; later the hotel was wrecked and burnt. Troops were sent from Melbourne and the miners defied them in a stockade.

Euroa
Aboriginal: Yera-o, "joyful." The Kelly gang robbed the bank here of £2200, December 11, 1878, after they had seized a hawker and put on the new clothes they stole from him.

Flemington
Named after Robert Fleming, who brought some cattle to Australia and was one of the earliest settlers. He provided the meat eaten at the earliest race meetings, and there is still in existence in the family the handsome bracelet the racing fraternity of the day gave to his wife. His son was John Wood Fleming, born on the site of present Flinders Street Railway Station, Melbourne.

Footscray
After a village in Kent, Foots-Cray, which took its name from Goodwin Foot, the landowner in the days of Edward the Confessor.

Geelong
Jillong, native word said by various authorities to mean: "Place of the cliff," "white seabird," "curlew," "resort of the native companion," and "swampy plains." In 1840 they were calling it Coraiya.

Gisborne
Named by Latrobe after Henry Fysche Gisborne. Born in England of a very old family, he came to Sydney and was a magistrate at 21 and rode his own horses in racing events. He became Commissioner of Crown Lands at Port Phillip. One of his horses ran at the first meeting at Flemington. A street in East Melbourne is named after him.

Glenmore
In the vicinity, Henry Power, bushranger, who had stuck up the mail coach within five miles of Beechworth, was captured while sleeping. When sentenced to 15 years in Pentridge he asked the judge to "draw it mild." After serving the sentence, while taking a holiday on the Murray, he was drowned.

Glenrowan
Named by the brothers Rowan, who had a station there. Scene of the Kelly gang's last stand.

Horsham
Darlot, pioneer, named it in 1848 after his native Horsham, Sussex, England. The aboriginal name was Wopet Bungundilbah, "house of feathers." The old English meaning of Horsham was "horse enclosure."

Maryborough
Once simply Simpson's. It got its present name through a surveyor whose birthplace was Maryborough, Ireland.

Melbourne
When Lonsdale, Melbourne's first police magistrate, arrived it was Bearbrass and had no lack of other names, including Bearport, Bareheap, Barebury, all variations of the native Bararing, or Berrern. It was known also as Batmania. Lonsdale called it Glenelg, but Governor Bourke re-christened it Melbourne, after William Lamb (Lord Melbourne), who guided the footsteps in royalty of the young Queen Victoria.

Portland
When Lieutenant Grant, in the Lady Nelson, was at Cape Town he received instructions from the Duke of Portland to make for Sydney and pass through the Bass Straits, which had just been discovered. The natives called Portland, Laywhollet, "the place of long grass."

Port Fairy
Named after the cutter Fairy (Wishart, master), which was driven in and sheltered there, 1827. Natives knew the locality as Py-ip-gil.

Serviceton
Named in honor of Sir James Service (1823-99). He came to Victoria in the gold-digging days and four years later was in Parliament, becoming, in succession, Lands Minister, Treasurer, and Premier.

Seymour
Named by the explorer Major Mitchell after Lord Seymour, a British Minister.

Shepparton
Sherbourne Sheppard was the owner of Tallygaroopna Station in the 1840s.

Stawell
William Foster Stawell was first Attorney-General when the colony of Victoria was formed. He drafted the Victorian Constitution Act and became first Chief Justice. He died at Naples, Italy. Settlers first knew Stawell as Pleasant Creek.

Swan Hill
Major Mitchell called it so because the noise of swans spoiled the sleep of the explorers. The natives knew it as Martiragnir.

Tallangatta
From native word meaning "many trees."

Wangaratta
Is a corruption of native word Wangaralta, "home of cormorants." It was named Wangaralta, but a clerk in the Lands Office made the error, which has been perpetuated.

Warrnambool
Originally spelt Warnimble, from a native word meaning "plenty." It was also the name given by the aborigines to the "walking place of the blessed dead."

Wonthaggi
From a native word meaning "pull along."

Overleaf: W. Australia, Tasmania

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CONTINUING: The Romance of Place Names

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Albany
First called Frederick Town. A village was founded on the site of the present Albany in 1827 by Edmund Lockyer, who was sent by Governor Darling in Sydney to establish a settlement on King George Sound, because it was feared the French would forestall British occupation.

Dumont d'Urville saw it in 1826 and wrote that he found aborigines with red hair.

There was quite a celebration in Albany in 1837 on the arrival of a cargo of red flannel, the gift of the Duchess of Kent to the aboriginal women.

From this town Edward John Eyre, the intrepid explorer, took the King George Sound native Wylie to South Australia. Wylie was subsequently his faithful companion on his historic journey from Fowlers Bay, when his only white mate, Baxter, was murdered by two aborigines.

Broome
After Sir Federick Napier Broome, Canadian-born son of a missionary. He was a pastoralist in New Zealand, a leader writer on the London "Times," and Governor of Western Australia. Later he was Governor of Trinidad. He published two volumes of poems.

Bunbury
Called after Lieut. William H. Bunbury, of the 21st Fusiliers.

Busselton
Takes its name from the Bussel family, which arrived in the colony in the Warrior, 1830.

Grace Bussel was the Australian heroine of the wrecked Georgette in Geographe Bay, 1876. An aboriginal brought news that a vessel was breaking up off the shore. Eight people were drowned when the lifeboat was launched, and the rest were in grave danger. Indomitably, Grace Bussel swam her horse through the boiling surf and came to shore again carrying a child, with a woman riding behind her.

She repeated the perilous trip over and over for the next four hours, rescuing in this way no fewer than 48 people.

Collie
Named after Dr. Alexander Collie, surgeon of the Sulphur, who explored the river. A street in Fremantle also bears his name.

Coolgardie
First referred to as "the new find," or Bayley's. In the first rush, in 1893, food was so scarce that two men died of starvation. The water supply department had men on all waterholes, soaks, and tanks on the Coolgardie road, charging men 6d. a gallon, horses 6d. a drink, camels 6/- a drink.

Cottesloe
So called because a member of the Fremantle family became Lord Cottesloe.

Esperance
So called because d'Entrecasteaux's vessel l'Esperance (hope) entered the bay in 1792.

Eucla
From native Yirculyer, the name of a bluff near Eucla. The aboriginal name for the present site of the town was Chiniala.

Fremantle
After Captain Charles Fremantle, of the Challenger, a son of Admiral Fremantle, companion of Nelson. On May 2, 1829, Charles hoisted the British flag on the south head of the river, where Fremantle now stands.

Kalgoorlie
Corruption of the native name for the locality, variously suggested as Calgoola and Kalgurli.

Londonderry
The find was made by a party of ex-tired and disheartened gold-diggers returning from Lake Lefroy in 1894. The mine which produced the "Big Ben" nugget valued at £3000, was sold by the prospectors to the Earl of Fingall for, it is said, £180,000 and a sixth interest.

New Norcia
From Nursia, the Italian town, birthplace of St. Benedict.

The W.A. settlement was named by two Spanish priests, Dom Salvado and Dom Serra. First they established a mission for the aborigines at Batgi Batgi, five miles from what became New Norcia. It did not survive, and Dom Salvado, who was a fine musician, walked to Perth and gave a concert to raise funds. He was the sole performer and appeared in the concert in rags and tatters. It is said he invariably travelled more like a pedlar than a priest.

When lost in the bush he is reported to have addressed his bullocks, when they refused to pull, in this way: "My friends, if you don't know the way, I don't."

When the first settlement failed, the indomitable priests tried the site now known as New Norcia. The valley was then called Maura Maura.

Onslow
Takes its name from Captain Arthur Onslow, who served on H.M.S. Howe (120 guns), which was commanded by Captain James Stirling, the first Governor of Western Australia. After a distinguished career, Onslow settled in New South Wales and married into the well-known Macarthur family.

Perth
Founded by the simple ceremony of cutting down a tree, and named as a compliment to Sir George Murray, who was born in Perthshire.

Pilbara
Here at Shark's Gully was found the "Bobby Dazzler" nugget, weighing 487oz. A lad named Withnell picked up a stone and found gold in it. He reported to the Govt. Resident, who was so excited he sent off a telegram to Premier John Forrest reading: "Withnell looking for horses picked up a stone to throw at crow—(signed) Angelo." Forrest guessed what had happened, but couldn't resist wiring back: "What happened to crow?—(signed) Forrest."

Rottnest Island
The Dutch navigator de Vlamingh anchored here in 1696, saw "rats as big as cats," and called the island Rottnest (Rats' Nest).

Southern Cross
Received its name because its discoverer found his way there at night by the aid of stars. Here the notorious murderer Deeming was arrested. Employed, under an alias, as a mining engineer, he was so personally popular that residents regarded the police charges as preposterous and even attempted to prevent his arrest.

Yilgarn
Aboriginal for "white quartz."

York
The York Road was originally King Dick's Road, after a native who acted as guide to early settlers.

There was a stone near the present site of York which the natives believed was inhabited by the spirits of children, and if a woman went near it she would get one of the children.

Yunderup
Aboriginal: "Place for water."

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CONTINUING: The Romance of Place Names

TASMANIA

Arthur: Port, River, Mt., Range
Aborigines' name for the river, Tungan-rick. Called in honor of Governor Sir George Arthur (1824-1836). Before coming to Van Diemen's Land he was given the Freedom of the City of London for his military services abroad. Although, in the popular mind, he is sometimes remembered as a tyrant (there were more than 100 executions in Hobart during the first 12 months of his regime), his administration was so able that trade in 12 years grew from £75,000 a year to £900,000 and the population trebled. The aborigines' name for Port Arthur was Premaydena.

Avoca
Near here the bushranger Dunn tied up an old couple who kept an inn and then attempted to set fire to the premises. The victims were rescued by John Batman, born at Parramatta, N.S.W., in 1800, and prominent in the earlier history of Melbourne and also exploration.

Badger Island
This island was once virtually ruled by a Mrs. Beedon, known as Queen of Bass Strait. She and her two daughters were each over 6ft. and weighed, between them, 57 stone.

Beaconsfield
Thus named by Governor Weld in 1879, after Lord Beaconsfield (Benjamin Disraeli). It was first Cabbage Tree Hill, and from the discovery of gold by the Dalley brothers (1877) was known as Brandy Creek. The mine yielded gold valued at over £3 million.

Burnie
William Burnie, a director of the Van Diemen's Land Co.

Campbelltown
After Henriette Campbell (wife of Governor Lachlan Macquarie).

Elizabeth Town
After Governor Macquarie's second wife, Elizabeth.

Glenora
After Glen Norah, the daughter of a pioneer.

Glenorchy
The Gaelic meaning is "tumbling waters." Martin Cash, the bushranger, died here.

Golconda
Name associated with fabulous wealth, because in Golconda, Hyderabad, diamonds were brought, cut, and sold.

Gormanston
Viscount Gormanston was Governor of Tasmania, 1893-1900.

Hamilton
On the site of this town the bushranger Dunn was captured while concealed in a haystack. He once shot the husband of a native woman and, when she refused to leave the body, cut the head off and, making a hole through the nape of the neck, suspended it by a cord about the neck of the woman, whom he drove before him at the point of a knife.

When she got free she aroused her tribe and led them against the white settlers, judging all by the conduct of the bushranger.

Dunn appeared on the scaffold in a long white muslin robe with a huge black cross before and behind, a muslin cap, and a rosary in his hand. He continually struck his breast and exclaimed, "Lord, deliver us."

Heemskirk
Named by Flinders after one of the vessels commanded by Abel Tasman (Heemskerck, 200 tons, carrying 60 men), 1642. Native name: Romanraik.

Hobart
The name given to the settlement at Risdon by Lieut. Bowen, 1803, in honor of Lord Hobart, head of the Colonial Office. When Collins removed the settlement he retained the name but made it Hobart Town. Officialdom called it Hobarton, but in 1881 the legislature definitely made it Hobart.

Latrobe
Charles Joseph Latrobe. For a few months, 1846-7, he was Lieut.-Governor of Tasmania.

Launceston
Governor King named it Patersonia after Colonel Paterson, but the name was changed to Launceston (the Cornish birthplace of the Governor). The Cornish pronunciation is Lahnson.

Mathinna
This was the name of an aboriginal girl befriended by Governor Sir John Franklin and his wife. After their departure she reverted to native habits.

Mt. Bischoff
Named after James Bischoff, chairman of the Van Diemen's Land Co., which, in 1825, got from Britain 250,000 acres of land in the north-west of the island for 2/6 an acre. It was in difficulties when the discovery of tin at Mt. Bischoff helped it considerably.

Mt. Lyell
Opened as a goldmine in 1883 and 15 years later became one of the world's richest copper mines. Named after Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist.

Parattah
Aboriginal: "Ice."

Strahan
Major Sir George Cumine Strahan acted for Britain in the Ionian Islands, Malta, Bahamas, Lagos, Gold Coast, Windward Islands, and Cape Colony. He was Governor of Tasmania, 1881-86.

Sorell
Named in honor of William Sorell, Lieutenant-Governor of Tasmania, 1817-24. He was the victim of organised wowserism and recalled, although he had done a great deal of valuable work. Earl Bathurst, a little ashamed, gave him a pension of £500 a year.

The town of Sorell was captured by the bushranging gang led by Matthew Brady, an educated man who had been transported for forgery. He disciplined the members of his gang who were brutal to women, would not countenance "unnecessary violence," and claimed that he never killed a man intentionally. He was captured by John Batman.

The natives' name for Cape Sorell was Panatama.

Tamar
Named because the Tamar, in England, is navigable to Launceston, which was the birthplace of Governor King.
Aboriginal name: Penrabbel.

Tiberias, Lake
A name left by a British regiment which had seen service in Palestine.

Waratah
From the flower. Its scientific name is Telopea, meaning "far seen."

Wurrawana
Aboriginal: "Haunted."

Overleaf: S. Australia, Northern Territory

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CONTINUING: # The Romance of Place Names

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Adelaide
Native name was Tandarnya or Tandarynga. Named at the request of William IV after his wife, the pious Queen Adelaide, who, in her will, left some of her library to South Australia.

Augusta, Port
Perpetuates the name of the wife of Governor Young. Aboriginal name was Kurdnatta, "place of drifting sand."

Barossa Range
Was named after the Battle of Barossa, Spain.

Blanchetown
From the Christian name of Blanche Skurray (Lady MacDonnell, wife of Governor MacDonnell). Blanchetown is in the Hundred of Skurray. Blanche Water, from same source, was named by Benjamin Babbage.

Bordertown
Named when the border line was in dispute. The town is some miles from the border. At one time gold escorts passed through the district and it was suggested that it be named Tolmer after the police chief.

Cheltenham
Named by John Denman, a mason, who came from Cheltenham, England.

Coonalpyn
Aboriginal: "Barren woman."

Gawler
After Governor Gawler, who fought at Badajos and Waterloo.
Aboriginal: Kaleeya.

Georgetown
After George Fisher, who owned Bundaleer Station. The town was part of the Bundaleer estate. Fisher was drowned when the Admella was wrecked on a voyage from Adelaide to Melbourne in 1859. Fifty-nine out of 83 were lost.

Goolwa
Aboriginal: "The elbow." Early maps show it as Port Pullen, after Captain Pullen, second in command to Adelaide founder Colonel Light. The captain became an Arctic explorer.

Hahndorf
Native: Bukartilla—"swimming place." Hahndorf was named after Captain Hahn, of the Zebra, which brought 199 German immigrants to S.A. in 1838.

Inglewood
A workman building a hotel won a prize of five gallons of beer for suggesting the name.

Kangaroo Island
On February 2, 1802, the great navigator Matthew Flinders went ashore. He wrote: "It would be difficult to guess how many kangaroos were seen, but I killed ten, the rest of the party making the number up to 31 . . . Half a hundredweight of heads, forequarters, and tails were stewed down into soup for dinner on this and succeeding days." (Flinders' men had had no fresh food for almost four months.) "In gratitude for so seasonable a supply I named the southern land Kanguroo Island." The native name is Karta.

Largs Bay
Derived from the Gaelic "learg," meaning hillside. Named by the brother of Sir Thomas Elder.

Macclesfield
The native name was Kangowirranilla, "place for kangaroos and water." Named by the original holders after the Earl of Macclesfield, for whom their father worked.

Murray River
Named after Sir George Murray, presiding over the Colonial Office when explorer Sturt bestowed the name. Native names for various parts of the river: Tongwillum, Yoorlooarra, Goolwarra, Parriang Ka Perre, Moorundie, Ingalta.

Nullarbor Plain
The name was bestowed by surveyor-explorer Alfred Delisser, 1866, and recorded as Nullus Arbor (Latin, "no tree"). The native name was Bunda Bunda.

Oodnadatta
Aboriginal: Utnadata—"the blossom of the mulga."

Peterborough
Formerly Petersburg. Named after Peter Doecke, then in Germany. Name changed during 1914-18 war.

Pirie, Port
Pronounced Pirie as in "pit." Named after a Lord Mayor of London, one of original directors of the S.A. company. An early name was Germein's Roads. The natives called it Tarparrie, "muddy creek."

Quorn
Abbreviation of Quorndon, Leicestershire. Named by Governor Jervois because his secretary succeeded to estates there.

Renmark
From native name for "red mud." It was once part of Bookmark Station.

Riverton
Named by early settler James Masters, who owned the site of the town in 1854.

Spencer Gulf
Named by Matthew Flinders in 1802 "in honor of the respectable nobleman who presided at the Board of Admiralty when the voyage was planned" (Earl Spencer). The French navigator Baudin named it Golfe Bonaparte.

Tanunda
Aboriginal: "Abundance of wild-fowl."

Tintinara
Corruption of aboriginal Tinyinlara, the native name for the stars in Orion's Belt, described in aboriginal mythology as a number of young men hunting emus and kangaroos in the sky.

GLENELG RIVER. After Lord Glenelg, who gazetted the colonisation commissioners for South Australia. Aboriginal name: Patawilya, "cloggy, green place."

Torrens River
Named in 1836 by Colonel Light after the father of Torrens, author of the Torrens title, which, by the way, the legal profession at first opposed. Native names for various parts of the river were: Karra Wirra Parri (river of red-gum forest), Korra Weera, Witoing. When in flood, Yertala.

Wilpena Pound
Wilpena is a native word signifying "place of bent fingers."

Campbelltown
After Charles Campbell, who was so strong it is said he once ran a race with another man and won, although he carried a pony half the distance.

Onkaparinga River
The aborigines' name for it, according to different authorities: Ponkepurringa ("shadows in water"), Unkaparinga, Ingangkiparri, Ungkeperringa (mother river; plentiful). Once Field's River, but, through influence of Governor Gawler, reverted to native name.

Ooldea
Native meaning is "meeting place where there is water."

Wakefield, Port
Previously called Port Henry. Named after the Rover Wakefield, which was christened by its discoverer in honor of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the great coloniser. Wakefield, when a young man, was described as "a fashionable idler" and "of wild and almost insolent spirits, ready for any frolic, and not discriminating too nicely between frolic and mischief." He was tried in England for the abduction of a schoolgirl heiress and sentenced to three years in Newgate, where he devised his scheme for scientific colonisation. Wakefield St., Adelaide, was named after a brother.

Yorke's Peninsula
Matthew Flinders called it after the Rt. Hon. Charles Philip Yorke, one of his patrons, who became the Earl of Hardwicke. The navigator Baudin called it the Peninsula Cambaceres, after the French statesman prominent in legislative work during the Reign of Terror, who received the title of Duke of Rome.

NORTHERN TERRITORY

Alice Springs
Called after the wife of Sir Charles Todd, South Australia's Postmaster-General, who was primarily responsible for the building of the overland telegraph line to Darwin. Aborigines' name: Tjauritji.

Arnhem Land
After the ship of the Dutch navigator who discovered it. Arnhem is an ancient town in Holland.

Ayers Rock
Discovered by explorer Gosse, 1873; named after Sir Henry Ayers, who arrived in S.A. 1840, became secretary of a mining company and later had a long Ministerial career. His political rival, James Boucact, called him a "brooding genius of obstruction."

Charlotte Waters
R. R. Knuckey, in charge of Section A of the Overland Telegraph Line construction, wrote: "I jumped off my horse and tasted the water. You can imagine my delight when I found it fresh . . . We solemnly filled our pannikins and I named the 'waters' Charlotte after Lady Charlotte Bacon, 6th daughter of the Earl of Oxford."

Coburg Peninsula
After H.R.H. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (son-in-law of George IV), who became first King of the Belgians in 1831.

Daly Waters
After Sir Dominick Daly, Governor, who died in Adelaide in 1868.

Darwin
After the author of "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man," who visited Australia in the Beagle. Named by the Beagle's captain. The cruise has been termed the Columbus voyage of biology. When Darwin came home from his voyage his father exclaimed, "Why, the shape of his head is quite altered."

Melville Island
Named after Viscount Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty. Natives knew it as Yermalner. The settlement was founded by Captain Bremner, who began his sea training on a guardship at eight years of age.

Powell's Creek
Explorer John McD. Stuart wrote June 19, 1861: "Crossed a large gum creek where I watered my horses. This I have named Powell's Creek after J. W. Powell, Esq., of Clare."

Todd River
After Sir Charles Todd, whose Overland Telegraph Line connecting Australia with the rest of the world was completed in August 22, 1872.

He said the proudest moment of his life was when Alice Bell (see Alice Springs), the girl to whom he was engaged, agreed to marry him and go with him to Australia, and the next proudest when he sat on the ground at Central Mt. Stuart on the very cold night of August 22, 1872, and with a pocket instrument spoke to both Darwin and Adelaide.

Overleaf: Queensland

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CONTINUING: # The Romance of Place Names

QUEENSLAND

Adavale
This town takes its name from Mrs. E. J. Stevens, who, while travelling to Tintinchella with her husband in 1870, lost her veil at the crossing of Blackwater Creek. "There goes Ada's veil," Mr. Stevens cried, and ever after referred to the spot as Ada's Veil Crossing.

Bowen
Named after George Ferguson Bowen, first Governor of Queensland and a scholar of note. Bowen was settled in 1861 by 111 persons who arrived in the Santa Barbara and Jeannie Dove, and a few others who came overland under the protection of native police.

Bribie Island
Named after one of the early convicts. Bribie Island aborigines (Jindobarres) were cannibals.

Brisbane
John Oxley named the River Brisbane after the Governor of New South Wales. The river had been found accidentally by four timber workers who, in an open boat, had been blown before the gale from a few miles south of Port Jackson. During the voyage one died of thirst. When their boat piled up on what was later called Stradbroke Island they thought they were south of Sydney.

Oxley later selected the site (now North Quay) for the new settlement, and Chief Justice Forbes approved but wanted the place called Edinglassie, a combination of Edinburgh and Glasgow. His choice was unpopular and the settlement took the name of the river.

Buderim
Aboriginal: "Honeysuckle."

Bundaberg
The Bunda part of it is a name given to an early surveyor of the district by the Bunda tribe, who "adopted him," so that the place became known as Bundaberg or Bunda's town.

Bert Hinkler, the aviator, first to fly solo from Great Britain to Australia, was born here; so was Vance Palmer, the author, and singer Gladys Moncrieff.

Cairns
Its first name was Thornton, after a Queensland Collector of Customs. Later, on discovery of gold at the Hodgkinson, it became Dickson, after a Colonial Treasurer. When eventually laid out in 1876 it settled down as Cairns, after the Governor, William Wellington Cairns.

Charleville
Named by Surveyor-General Tully after the small market town in County Cork, Ireland, where he was born.

Charters Towers
The Charters is from the name of the gold warden who followed Hugh Mossman, Clarke, and Fraser, the discoverers of the site. Towers is a corruption of "tors," or peaks.

Dalby
Its first name was Myall Creek.

Dunk Island
Captain Cook christened it after the Earl of Halifax, whose baptismal name was George Montagu Dunk. Edmund Banfield lived on this small island with his wife from 1897 till his death in 1923, studying tropical nature and writing books.

Esk
First owned by Alexander and Gideon Scott and called by them after one of the Esk rivers in Scotland.

Gatton
From Gatton, Surrey, England, where the magnificent marbled Gatton House was built by Lord Monson, whose ancestor had been falconer to James I.

Gayndah
From a native word, Gi-un-da, "thunder." It was part of a station called Ideraway.

Goondiwindi
From the native "goona" and "winnah," the droppings of ducks or shags. Many birds resting on a rock had made it white.

Hughenden
Built on old Hughenden Station, formed in 1863 by two pioneers who followed on the heels of explorer Landsborough.

Ingham
After W. Bairstow Ingham, an engineer, who was an early sugar-grower in the district, owning Ing's Plantation. The settlement had been called Lower Herbert. Mr. Ingham was murdered by natives in New Guinea in 1879.

Innisfail
The town took its present name from a plantation owned by Mr. FitzGerald, established in 1880. Innisfail is the poetical name for Ireland, meaning the island of the fail or stone of destiny on which Jacob is supposed to have slept and which, it was believed, was brought to Ireland. The place was originally known as Nind's Camp after P. N. Nind, the first white settler, and then took the name of Geraldton from Thomas FitzGerald, of "Innisfail." Geraldton gave way to Innisfail in 1911 to avoid confusion accentuated when an American vessel surprisingly appeared with a cargo for Geraldton, W.A.

Ipswich
At first known as Limestone Hill. A post office, bearing the name Limestone, was established there in 1846. Natives called the locality Tulmur.

Jericho
After the biblical city, which in its heyday was known as the City of Palms.

Longreach
So named when surveyed because of a long, deep reach in the river.

Mackay
John Mackay, a gold-digger at Armidale, N.S.W., led a party of six whites and one aboriginal ("Duke") with 28 horses and discovered what is now called the Pioneer River, but named Mackay by him on May 18, 1860. The party suffered great privations and Duke died on his horse's back. Mackay arrived at Rockhampton on July 10, tendered for the land he wanted, and returned to Sydney by boat for stock. He left Armidale again in July 26, 1861, with 1200 head of cattle and arrived at Rockhampton three months later. The land he took up he called Green Mount. Captain Burnett had already named a stream near Rockhampton the Mackay, and the river discovered by John Mackay was rechristened the Pioneer after Burnett's vessel. As compensation the Government named the new settlement after Mackay.

GLASSHOUSE MOUNTAINS were named by Captain Cook, because of their appearance, as the Endeavour made its voyage of discovery up the coast of Queensland.

Picture by J. O. Colohan

Nambour
Aboriginal: "Tea-tree bark." Captain Cook in his "Voyage Towards the South Pole" refers to leaves of the "tea plant" making tea and improving beer.

Nudgee
Aboriginal: "Green frog."

Rockhampton
The name was suggested by W. H. Wiseman, Crown Lands Commissioner, because he came from Hampton, England. One of the surveyors of the town was A. F. Wood, who assisted in laying out Melbourne.

Roma
Named after Lady Diamantina Bowen, daughter of Count Roma, a noble of an ancient Venetian family. She was the wife of Governor Bowen.

St. George
Sir Thomas Mitchell in 1846 built a bridge of rocks to cross the Balonne, and named the crossing on St. George's Day.

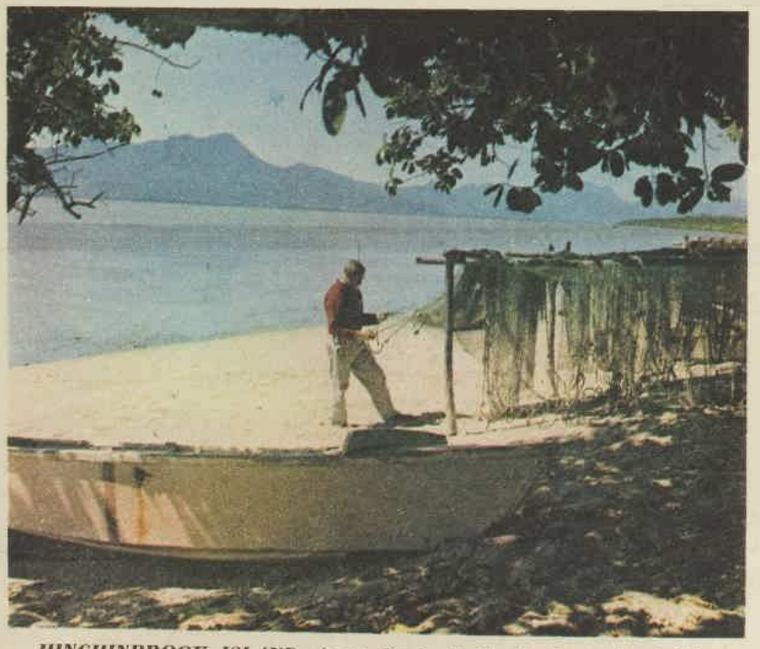
Southport
After the English Southport. The natives knew it as Goo-en, and it was once called Nerang Heads. The Scottish Prince went ashore here in 1887 and gradually broke up; quantities of whisky were pilfered and hidden on Stradbroke Island and thereabouts, and were still being recovered decades later.

Toowoomba
For some years the settlement was known as The Swamp. Archdeacon Benjamin Glennie preached at The Swamp in 1848, using the largest room in a local inn for his sparsely attended services. He apparently disliked the name of the settlement, and at Drayton in 1852 baptised children whose parents were entered in the register as *residing* at Toowoomba. The name got the endorsement of settlers at a sports gathering on New Year's Day, 1858, when the word was displayed in white letters on a sheet of red calico and erected at the winning post.

Townsville
Called after Robert Towns, who, as a boy, showed remarkable aptitude for a seafaring life and at 17 was a skipper. He saved his money and built a vessel, The Brothers, which in 1827 was the crack ship visiting this country. He married a sister of W. C. Wentworth, the Australian patriot, poet, and statesman. His vessels visited not only Townsville but also Burketown and other settlements before they had their present names.

Winton
Was previously known as Pelican Waterholes. The Winton is from a place near Bournemouth, England.

Zillmere
After the Rev. Zillmere, who started a German mission station.



HINCHINBROOK ISLAND, from Cardwell, North Queensland. The island was named by Lieutenant King in the Mermaid, after the second title of Lord Sandwich, whose first was given to the Sandwich Islands in the Pacific (now the Hawaiian Islands) and South Atlantic. Cardwell was named after a British Cabinet Minister.

Picture by Adelie Hurley

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What's the magic of Maggi Chicken Noodle?
It gives you more flavour than any other soup.
More generous with flavour because it's made with three chickens for every two before.
Only Maggi soups have that real home-cooked flavour and goodness . . .
that's the magic of all Maggi soups.

Make Chicken and Corn Soup. Prepare 1 pkt. Maggi Chicken Noodle. Chop ½ onion, ½ capsicum, fry with 1 dspn. curry powder in 1 oz. melted butter. Add small tin corn kernels, combine with Chicken Noodle soup and simmer 10 minutes.

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MOTHER'S DAY CAKE

• A beautifully iced cake like the one shown at right is a heart-warming way of saying "happy Mother's Day." Icing and decorating directions are below.

By Mrs. B. Vercoe, of Castlecrag, N.S.W.

MOTHER'S DAY is a fine time for a "thank you" for the unselfish efforts and affection showered on you since you were born.

It's also a good chance to show Mum what a success she has made of you, and Mum-in-law what an accomplished wife you have become.

This handsome cake will be doubly appreciated, because it's a gift you have made yourself.

Below are the recipes for the three types of icing used to decorate the cake, with diagrams and directions for making the trimmings.

The first step is to bake the cake. Use any good basic recipe you have tried and found successful, and cook it in a 10-in. square tin.

When the cake has cooled completely, cover it with plastic icing.

PLASTIC ICING

Two pounds pure icing sugar, 4oz. liquid glucose, ½oz. gelatine, ½oz. glycerine, 2oz. water, flavoring, food coloring.

Sieve icing sugar into bowl. Put water and gelatine in saucepan, stir constantly over gentle heat until gelatine is completely dissolved. Remove from heat, add glycerine and glucose, stir well. Leave mixture a few minutes to cool, then add to icing sugar. Knead well. Place on board lightly sprinkled with cornflour, knead well again.

Color and flavor as desired, but use color sparingly; be sure to keep all shades in pale tints. Continue to knead until color is evenly absorbed and blended throughout mixture.

(If icing is not to be used immediately, keep in airtight container. Do not store in refrigerator.)

After the plastic icing has dried, the decorations begin. These are made from modelling fondant and attached to the cake with royal icing. (See recipes below.)

MODELLING FONDANT

One pound pure icing sugar, ½oz. liquid glucose, ¼oz. gelatine, 2oz. water.

Method is exactly the same as for Plastic Icing.

ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, 2 drops acetic acid, pure icing sugar (approximately 8 ounces).

Beat egg-white very lightly, beat in acetic acid. Sieve icing sugar, beat into egg-white a spoonful at a time. (The amount of icing sugar used depends on size of egg-white. Use whatever amount of sugar will properly take up the egg-white). Beat until mixture is very white and firm enough to stand up in points.

HOW TO MAKE

The overall free-hand flower design, completely surrounded by small dots, is piped with a "00" tube.

A side design of scallops is outlined by lace pieces piped on to waxed paper, allowed to dry, then fixed into position on cake with a little royal icing. It is advisable to pipe more of these pieces than you need, as some may break in attaching to the cake.

The heart is cut from a piece of fondant and small pieces of ribbon are inserted. The outside edge is pinched with a pair of tweezers, and the silver edge painted on with a brush. The words "To Mother" are piped with an "0" tube and painted with silver.

The garland of flowers is composed of moulded roses, hyacinths, bouvardia, fuchsias, small brier roses, and piped fern.

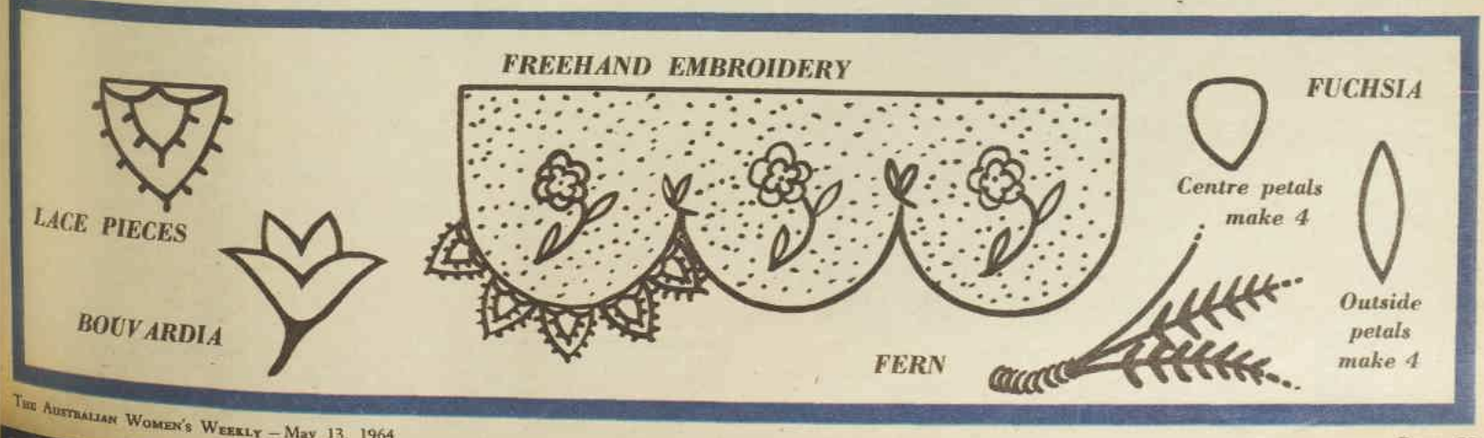
Bouvardia: Mould piece of modelling paste about the size of a small pea over the end of pointed paint brush or knitting-needle; cut into 4 petals, point each one, then insert short length of wire and finger base of flower firmly round this.

The same principle is adopted for hyacinth, but shape is cut into 6 petals instead of 4.

Brier Rose: Finger 5 petals to shape of rose petal, leave to set in shallow round-based patty-tin. When dry, cut small piece of waxed paper and line bottom of same patty-tins. Squeeze blob of royal icing on surface of waxed paper and assemble the 5 petals; add stamens for realistic effect. More color can be added by painting roses a deeper tone from centre out. Leave to dry in patty-tins approx. 8 hours.

Fuchsia: Mould 4 small petals round centre cone, attach in place with a little water. Cut four elongated petals and attach in same way to base of centre petals, curl back slightly and pinch surplus paste away from base of flower. Add stamens to centre for natural effect.

Piped Fern: Cut varying lengths of fine wire and twist two or three pieces together, place on waxed paper. Using "0" tube, pipe small elongated spikes along both sides of wire; when dry remove waxed paper.



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MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

The annual holiday, for example, which had once inevitably postulated a trip across the Channel for a revivifying breath of British air, she now actually preferred to spend on French soil.

Wasn't Haute Savoie both beautiful and cheap? (Eric having failed to get his step, economy was needful; or so Mrs. Taylor rationalised her subconscious desire to preserve the status quo.) To Haute Savoie the little family party annually resorted; annually Mr. Taylor was happy to return to Paris. Paris, thanks to her grandson, was at last home to her. Mrs. Taylor was a happy woman.

As for Eric, he was resigned. Resigned to not getting his step, resigned to economy, resigned to babysitting while Mrs. Taylor skated out to a third bridge party within a week. As she was sometimes forced to remind him, hadn't he brought it on himself? Eric admitted the argument; his situation was nonetheless unsatisfactory — particularly as he could never work up much paternal affection.

It wasn't surprising. Young George's presence in the rue d'Antibes not only, as has been seen, destroyed all Eric's domestic comfort, but was also a perpetual reminder of his disastrous youthful folly. When Mrs. Taylor, George being about a year old, began to teach him the undemanding bisyllable Dadda, Eric showed such a tendency to ill-humor that the project had to be abandoned.

Mrs. Taylor was less stupid than she sometimes appeared; and when George was about three introduced his tongue instead to the more difficult appellation of Big Eric . . .

Young George took the change in his stride. If there was anything he'd inherited from his mother it was her phlegm. Required thus unnaturally to address a male whom he knew perfectly well to be his father, obediently young George twisted his tongue. He was an obedient child altogether; also, perhaps luckily, an undemonstrative one.

For if Mrs. Taylor rather suffered because of this trait, certainly Eric didn't want to be rushed at and smothered with kisses the moment he got home from the Bank.

In short, young George brought no joy to his father — particularly when, as was inevitable, and actually in the child's seventh year, Eric loved again.

Her name was Edith Allen, and she helped in the English Library. (Only helped in; wasn't employed at; a distinction thoroughly appreciated by both Eric and his mother.) Like Martha, she was plain; her profile resembled a teapot's, all nose and no chin — but she had nice fair hair and nice blue eyes and a nice fresh complexion.

Like Martha again she appeared to Eric shy and modest; with the difference that in Edith both shyness and modesty were completely genuine. Eric's increasingly frequent visits to pick up the latest English best-seller had at first aroused such hopes as she scarcely dared to contemplate. When he at last asked her home to meet his mother, Edith brought two dozen long-stemmed pink carnations . . .

What Martha had brought, in similar circumstances, was a fadeur nosegay off a street stall. (Also a pair of clean knickers and a clean vest, because it was in the rue d'Antibes that she got her only proper bath; which was why she went there at all.)

While Martha, before Mrs. Taylor's retailed anecdotes of the Royal family, had simply sat munching, Edith Allen said nice loyal things like "How wonderful!" or "Aren't we lucky!"

Best of all, Miss Macbeth at the Library knew everything about her. She was actually Miss Macbeth's niece, and came from a very good family in Devon.

No match, in short, could have been more suitable, nor any wife better adapted to heal Eric's wounds and restore his self-esteem. Eric would have proposed to Miss Allen within a matter of weeks — if it hadn't been for young George.

Of course Edith knew about young George. Who didn't, in that enclosed British community? She was very nice to the child, frequently bringing him some inexpensive little gift such as a pencil-sharpener. Young George nonetheless remained a stumbling-block. For the sweeter and more innocent appeared Edith (dining weekly in the rue d'Antibes), the less worthy felt Eric (turning down the radio lest he disturb a little illegit.) of her pure affections.

THEY never discussed the matter. Each wore a fig-leaf over the mouth.

It was one of the shared characteristics that made them such natural mates, but it didn't help them out of their emotional impasse.

To be frank, Eric's was no uncontrollable passion. He was, in fact, far less impatient to marry Edith Allen than was Miss Allen to marry him. The love he felt for her was a mild, conventional, Anglo-Saxon love; that is, he approved her appearance and took pleasure in her company.

And he had her company, a great deal of it; at the English Library he could see her whenever he liked; they frequently attended the Francais or the Odeon together (Edith always paying for herself, because in addition to everything else she was such a good sport and knew how hard up he was) or a classical concert; also regularly each Sunday, after the Anglican service, made up a party with Mrs. Taylor and Miss Macbeth and young George to stroll in the Tuileries Gardens . . .

It was unfortunate that the Tuileries were so obviously the place to stroll in; Eric couldn't suggest an alternative. He still, after seven years, couldn't pass the statue of Tragedy and Comedy without distressing recollections; Martha's portly ghost still haunted there—almost as substantial as in the flesh—to reawaken his sense of guilt.

Approaching the spot, he often cracked an unsuitable, unSundayish joke about the serious. Edith always covered up for him, however, by some swift change of topic—and since she and he usually walked a few paces ahead often his mother didn't hear at all.

A few paces ahead walked Edith and Eric, a few paces behind Mrs. Taylor and Miss Macbeth. They formed a procession duplicated and reduplicated all through the Tuileries: in advance "les jeunes fiances," rearguard brought up by widowed "maman" and spinster "tante"; Edith's hand slipped through Eric's arm quite naturally. The only discordant note was young George lagging after, making up a happy foursome into an uncomfortable five. Even after the bench was safely passed there was still young George . . .

"I suppose we've got to take him?" asked Eric, one Sunday night.

"What, for a walk after church? Of course we have!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor. "Even if his little legs

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Hints for housewives

• These useful tips on mending, cleaning, painting, cooking, and other household jobs won £1/1/- each for readers.

TO prevent a skin forming on a partly used tin of paint, pour in enough linseed oil to cover surface. When the paint is needed later on, just stir in the oil. — Mrs. B. Mitchell, 107 Broughton St., Kempsey, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When darning worn trousers or sleeves, tack a piece of nylon net on wrong side, darn over it and trim edges when finished. The nylon strengthens the mend. — Mrs. A. Sutter, 79 Deshon St., Buranda, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

A quick, tasty and easy dessert using left-over boiled rice: Place rice in separate bowls, sprinkle with coconut and nutmeg to taste and a tablespoon of honey, then pour about one-third of a cup of milk or cream over the top. — Mrs. M. Lyons, 130 Raeburn St., Manly, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Make pikelets with packet cake-mix in your favorite flavor, blending it to the same consistency as the usual pikelet mixture. These pikelets, in different colors and flavors, can be decorated easily for children's parties. — Mrs. P. Harvie, 17 Baldwin Ave., Noble Park, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I made myself a beautiful pair of warm bed socks quickly and easily by using directions for baby's booties and substituting thick wool and No. 4 needles. — Mrs. M. Hyte, 36 William St., Murwillumbah, Tweed River, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When making straps for toddlers' overalls or skirts, insert and attach a length of elastic about 2in. shorter than strap. Once on, the straps will not slide off and will smooth out neatly and firmly. — Mrs. G. Green, 12a Legge St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To remove fruit stains from washable fabrics, rub powdered borax into them, then pour boiling water over. — Mrs. E. B. Clisby, 68 Central Ave., Finchley Park, S.A.

Add ½ teaspoon or more of melted butter to each tray when making ice-cream. This will result in smooth and creamy ice-cream as well as giving added flavor.—P. Irving, 51 Bridge St., Korumburra, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Discarded cloth belts make good covers for wooden coat-hangers. If belt is too wide, stitch in a tuck by machine, leaving a centre opening. Remove hanger hook, gather belt on hanger and replace hook. Narrower belts can be sewn by hand.—Mrs. M. Palmer, 6 Trundle St., Greenslopes, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

For a richer chocolate cake, add cocoa or chocolate to creamed butter and sugar before adding eggs.—Mrs. M. Graham, 49 Pemberton St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Odd or broken earrings can be glued to a plain flower pot to make a novel and attractive ornament, or to a bottle to make a pretty vase.—Mrs. G. A. Whitby, 60 Watkins St., Howard, Qld.

Prize awarded for casserole

AN unusual dish of meat balls in a sweet-sour pineapple sauce has been awarded the £5 prize this week.

PINEAPPLE ORIENTAL CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds minced steak, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 can pineapple pieces (drained), 1 cup diced celery, 1 sliced cucumber, 1 large tomato (cut in wedges), 1 sliced onion, ½ cup vinegar, ½ cup pineapple syrup from can, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour (blended with little extra pineapple syrup), cooked rice.

Season minced steak with salt and pepper and roll in small balls. Heat oil in pan, lightly brown pineapple and vegetables; lift out. Now brown meat balls, partially cooking them. Combine vinegar with little salt, sugar, pineapple syrup, soy sauce, and ginger; add to meat balls. Mix in pineapple and vegetables, cook in covered saucepan until meat is tender (about 1 hour). Stir in blended cornflour, cook until liquid boils and thickens, stirring constantly. Serve hot with cooked rice.

Prize of £5 to Miss M. Todd, 116 Shaftsbury Parade, Thornbury, N17, Vic.

OUR LOW CALORIE RECIPE

• This is a deliciously savory dish. Serve with a green salad, perhaps with spiced cucumber slices tossed through.

SAVORY VEAL CURRY

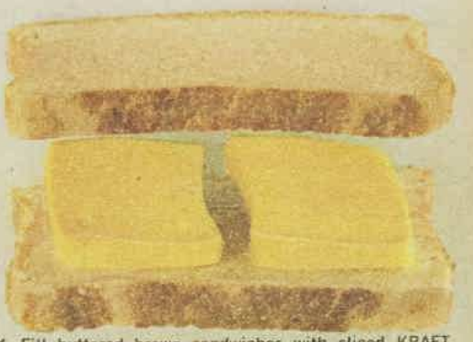
Two pounds veal steak, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons curry powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 onions, 2 apples (peeled, cored, and sliced), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon raisins, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1¼ cups water, hot cooked rice.

Cut veal into 1in. cubes. Combine flour, salt, and curry powder; use to coat veal thickly on all sides. Heat butter in large pan, add veal and the sliced onions; brown well. Stir in any remaining flour mixture, the apples, garlic, brown sugar, raisins, sauce, and water. Simmer, covered, about 45 minutes, or until veal is tender. Serve spooned over hot rice.

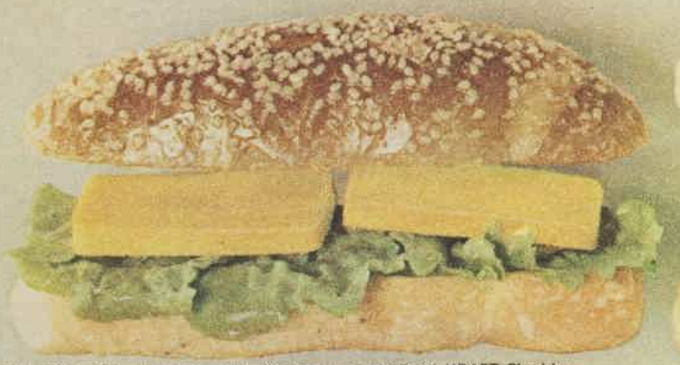
Serves 6; calories per serve, 335 plus 100 extra calories for each cup of rice.

Give them goodness they need, variety they like—with

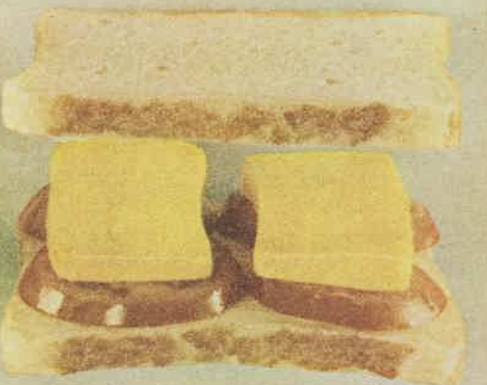
THE KRAFT CHEDDAR 5-day Lunch Plan



MONDAY. Fill buttered brown sandwiches with sliced KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Include a small packet of sultanas.



TUESDAY. Fill a buttered roll with lettuce and sliced KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Pack celery sticks and a red apple.



WEDNESDAY. Fill buttered white sandwiches with sliced tomato and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Include a banana.

THURSDAY. Fill buttered wholemeal sandwiches with sliced KRAFT Cheddar Cheese and chopped celery. Include some peanuts.

FRIDAY. Fill a buttered roll with VEGEMITE* and sliced KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Pack an orange.

There's more goodness to give them with these KRAFT* Cheddar lunches

KRAFT Cheddar Cheese is rich in protein, vitamins and minerals because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. KRAFT Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition. Available in 8oz., 1lb. and 2lb. packs.

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aren't quite long enough to keep up with you and Edith!"

Once again she was in no hurry for a daughter-in-law. She was very fond of Edith, but did nothing to promote an immediate issue. In Mrs. Taylor's opinion they were all doing very well as they were.

Loyally Edith accepted the situation. In any case, she had no other suitor; Eric had no rival. They settled down into a relationship by no means altogether unsatisfactory; only, of course, they were neither of them getting any younger.

There were times when Eric felt almost as guilty about Edith as he had about Martha.

What were they waiting for? They weren't a couple in a mid-Victorian drama — she tied to a tyrannous husband, he to a lunatic wife; they were both free, over twenty-one, and domiciled in Paris.

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Continued from page 56

But in place of tyrranous husband stood Edith's modesty and lack of experience, and in place of lunatic wife a gentle, possessive grandmother. It was an emotional deadlock.

The years continued to pass. Almost a decade had passed between the day Martha abandoned her offspring and the day she returned to Paris.

. . . .

When Martha quitted Paris she was an art-student of eighteen, her formidable potentialities suspected only by her patron and her master: when she returned she was twenty-eight, with the beginnings of a European reputation. She showed regularly in London, and had gate-crashed international exhibitions in Venice, Brussels, and Amsterdam. Only Paris, the great citadel, remained unchallenged—Mr. Joyce and le maitre taking no chances.

From Brussels, however, the latter returned with the conviction that the time was ripe; and after testing, so to speak, the Parisian waters, and casting a fly or two over the Parisian critics, dispatched a four-page letter to London. "So write to her, old friend, get hold of her!" concluded le maitre. "Find out what she will have ready, how many canvases altogether, and I promise you at least a good gallery!"

It was the moment Mr. Joyce had dreamed of for almost twenty years; from the day when he'd first seen a morose fat child drawing a chestnut-tree in a London street. Mr. Joyce didn't write to Martha, he telegraphed. The summons reached her ramshackle country headquarters shortly before noon, but since she had taken her lunch with her into the studio, and no one could be found to risk disturbing her, remained unopened for some five or six hours.

No one ever disturbed Martha while she was working. (Nor did the telephone; she hadn't one.) Any intruder—bearing, for instance, once and once only a votive cup of tea — Martha didn't swear but threw at. It was one of the reasons why she was the best woman painter of her generation; or as it might turn out simply the best, without sexual qualification.

Martha's life was in fact admirably organised altogether. The rent of an old farmhouse, its barn her studio, was paid by Mr. Joyce without tying herself up to a nullery she made a large-ish, steady income, and in theory also taught.

There were never, actually on the premises or lodging about the village, fewer than four or five pupils paying large-ish fees for the privilege of drawing from the model or covering canvas with paint, under her experienced guidance. This in theory: in practice, Martha's students spent most of their time cooking for her, cleaning up the studio for her, washing her brushes for her.

Female students also washed her smalls for her, while the males carpentered her frames and serviced her car. Martha needed and possessed a car, but never bothered to learn to drive. One of her students drove her. Martha in fact exploited them all ruthlessly, and no more felt any shortage of domestic help than a nineteenth-century peeress.

Yet her students never complained. They were on the contrary devoted to her. The young never to devote themselves; and recognising Martha's own complete dedication to the difficult art of painting not one for a moment thought of informing on her to their parents paying large-ish fees.

In any case, they acquired many useful skills, such as ironing — Martha had no use for drip-dry synthetics — and brass-polishing — the car being an ancient Rolls with as much brass about it as a fire-engine.

MARTHA, in person at twenty-eight, weighed about ten stone, all hard. In her Paris days one could see where her waist was; now her figure was columnar. Her style of dressing could be most kindly described as workmanlike.

In summer she tramped about bareheaded in denim smock, and in winter added a pair of corduroy slacks, a stout serge overcoat and one of Mr. Joyce's old hats; in summer she wore sandals, in winter boots; one could tell the season by looking at Martha, but not the year.

From time to time, as her fame grew, her admirers had tried to get her into other styles — such as the peasant (hand-blocked dirndl skirts) or the tailored (with touch of white at throat). A charming American who'd studied with her in Paris, the daughter of one millionaire married to another, actually imposed Martha's measurements on a famous French couturier, who rose to the challenge by producing a masterpiece of outsize distinction.

It was no use. Martha actually rather admired this last, but purely as an artifact, and no more thought of wearing it than she'd have thought of going to a hairdresser. Her straw-colored hair was cut by the local barber; short back and sides.

Her sole beauty was her skin. Like that of many another large young woman who has never dieted nor used cosmetics, Martha's complexion, nourished by subcutaneous fat, displayed an even, pearly, satiny texture like the flesh of a lichee-fruit.

The Chinese reference not inappropriate; her rather small grey eyes easily narrowing to slits. If in her student days her nickname was Mother Bunch, now it could more suitably have been Old Buddha. Indeed Martha and that last of the Manchu empresses had a good deal in common; each equally strong-willed, equally ruthless, and equally formidable.

Certainly she was too formidable to be interrupted, once withdrawn into her studio; it was only after she emerged exhausted, and even then only after she'd had a bath, that Mr. Joyce's telegram was brought to her notice.

Martha opened it warily. The last time a telegram came it was to say that her aunt had died. Kind protectress of an orphaned childhood as that aunt had been, Martha didn't go to the funeral—she was just starting on a fresh canvas; the news had nonetheless disturbed her to the point of her reappearing in

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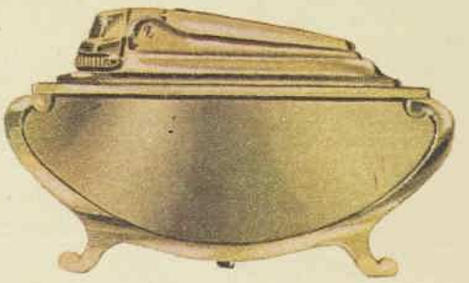
It's not enough for a lady's cigarette lighter to just **look** feminine. Not for Ronson. It should also **behave** like a lady. Take Ronson's new Varaflame lighter. A lady doesn't have to keep feeding it lighter fluid. Or change wicks. Or go through a lot of mess and bother refuelling it. No ma'am! The Varaflame lights thousands of times **without** refuelling. It doesn't burn conventional lighter fluid. It uses butane, a gas that burns with a quick, clean, gentle flame . . . a flame you adjust at a touch of the dial. It fuels in five seconds. What could be more feminine than the elegant, lipstick-shaped lighter above? Or the slender one next to it? It's the lightest, most compact butane lighter made.

At left, FIRESTAR in four beautiful models, from 5 gns. Right, LADYLITE. Gold plated, 9 gns. Silver plated, 7 gns.



Here are two new Ronson gas table lighters you fill only once a year. Above, the Varaflame FORUM, an ideal lighter for home or office. Price, £9/19/6. At left, the elegant CONTESSA. This unique lighter, so feminine and fashionable, is ideal for a coffee table or woman's dressing table. Price, £9/19/6.

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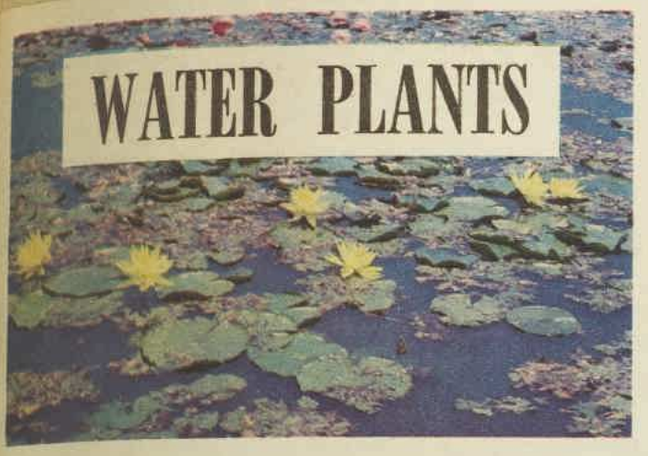

WATER PLANTS

● Many gardeners have sung the praises of water-lilies, those exquisite opalescent blooms, and emphasised their ease of culture. Also there are a number of other worthwhile aquatic plants available at large or specialist nurseries.

VERY small pools, say 3ft. in diameter, would take not more than two water-lily roots, or probably two other selected flowering plants such as water-poppy, or sagittaria (arrowhead).

The water in a small pond should be at least 2ft. deep, otherwise it would become too hot during summer.

Most people plant the roots (which are usually obtainable in autumn or winter) in slotted orchid pots or heavy terra-cotta pots about 9in. in diameter.

These should be partly filled with heavy clay soil or medium to heavy loam, to which should be added one part of well-rotted, lumpy cow manure. Put about 1½in. of gravel on top to hold the soil and manure in position when immersed.

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THE best **white water-lilies** are Gonnere (double lily), Delicata (white, tulip-shaped with yellow centre), Marliacea albida (pure white, very hardy), and Caroliniana nivea (large fragrant white).

Four of the best **pink** lilies are Rene Gerard (large, scented, rich rose-crimson), Odorata W. B. Shaw (pale pink, large, cup-shaped flowers), Nymphaea odorata (scented, soft pink), and Caroliniana perfecta (pale pink, perfumed, star-shaped flowers). There are many others.

The best four **reds** are Gloriosa escarboucle (a brilliant vermilion-red), Conqueror (deep red-shaped crimson with white sepals, very free flowering), and Attraction (large bright purplish-crimson flecked with white).

Three good **yellows** are Sunrise (very large, rich yellow, needs plenty of space, as it spreads widely), Moorei (cup-shaped yellow, bears for several months), and Seignouretti (bright yellow, mottled foliage).

Apricot is a comparatively rare color in water-lilies. The best are Comanche (light apricot), Solfatare (copper yellow), Paul Hariot (coppery shade, and a profuse bearer), and Formosa (large coppery-rose).

Pygmies, too

There are many **pygmy water-lilies**, the colors varying from orange-yellow through to orange, apricot, and bright yellow. These do well in small ponds and big tubs or wide deep drums.

Other plants suitable for tubs and drums or small pools are **water hyacinths** (eichhornia), which have lilac blooms with red blotches and are vigorous growers; **water chestnuts** (Trapa natans), which have inconspicuous flowers; **water snowflakes** (Limnathemum indicum), which have white lacy flowers and good foliage; and most members of the **lotus** family.

WATER-POPPY. Its requirements are much the same as the water-lily's.

Water arums (Calla palustris), **umbrella palms, watercress** (an edible plant), **turtle head, water plantain,** and **wild rice** are also obtainable in Australia, and are readily available from those who sell aquatic plants.

Papyrus, pickerel weed, cat-tail, water-iris, lizard's tail, and **green taro** are the names of semi-aquatic plants that may be grown in muddy edges of pools or where cement pools overflow. They are mostly ornamental.

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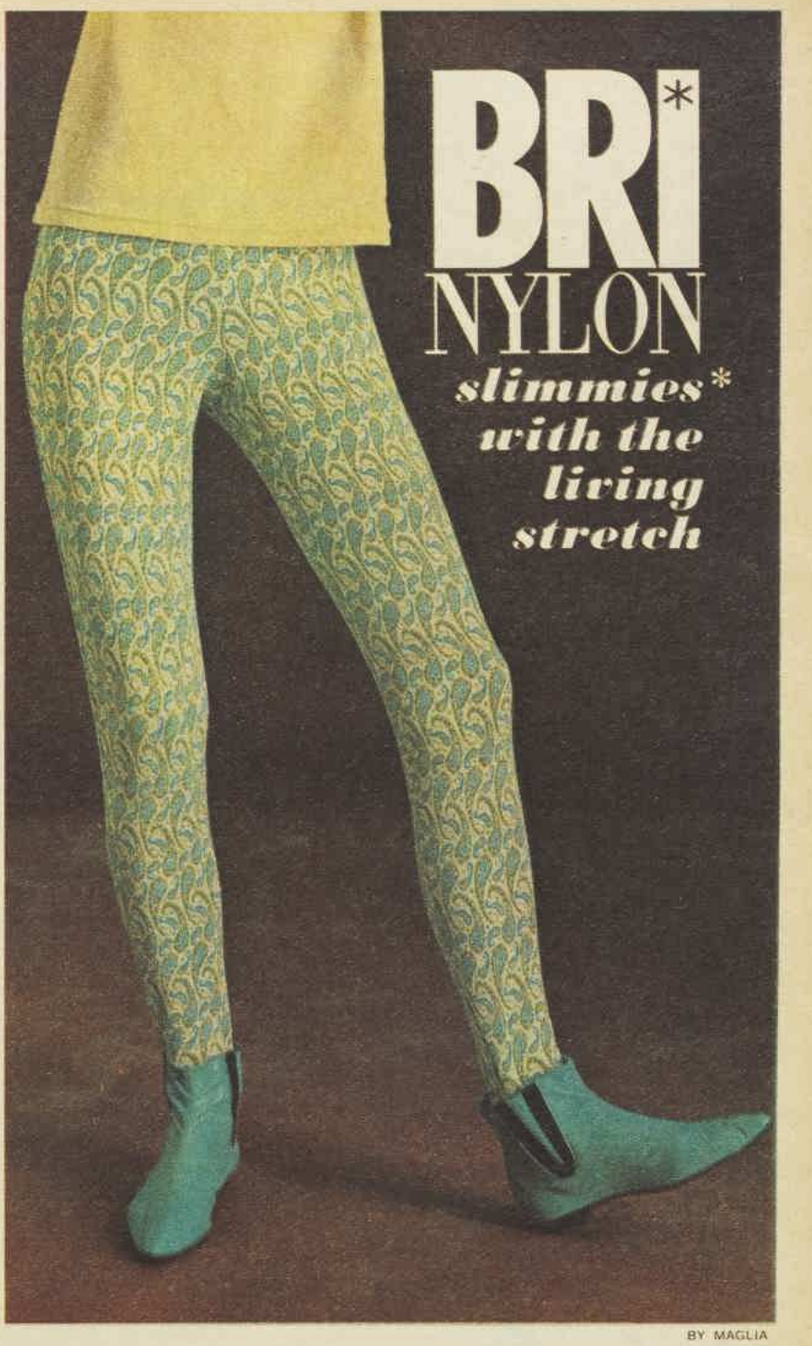
Cut out and paste in an exercise book



BY MAGLIA

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Continued from page 58

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

mid-morning to tell someone to send a wreath.

Any summons from Mr. Joyce, however, Martha acknowledged not to be ignored. (He not only paid her rent; he was one of the only two persons alive she felt respect for. The other, for all her cavalier treatment of him, was le maitre). If Mr. Joyce required her presence in London, to London Martha was prepared to go.

"I've got to be in town all tomorrow," announced Martha, to her pupils assembled round the supper-table. "I'll take Tommy to drive me up and back, and the rest of you can clean the studio."

Very spry looked Mr. Joyce for his eighty years, as Martha came stumping into the study of his luxury penthouse overlooking Hyde Park. His fortune had been made in the fur trade; Bond Street remembered him in pin-stripe trousers and a cutaway; since his retirement he had broken out into checked tweeds, colored waistcoats, and stock-ties.

In conjunction with his general nippiness they gave him a markedly horsy air, and were a great source of pain to his refined daughter, Miranda. One of the reasons why Mr. Joyce so greatly preferred his protegee to his daughter was that Martha wasn't refined at all.

"I expected you sooner," said Mr. Joyce. "Last night I expected you."

"I was working," explained Martha, "so they didn't show me your wire till it was too late."

The old man grinned.

"That is right, never let yourself be interrupted . . . Are you working well?"

"Fairly," mumbled Martha. It was as much as she would ever admit, if she answered such a question at all, and Mr. Joyce, though with every right to do so, did not press it. He knew that in her own good time Martha would turn up with the few current canvases that satisfied her—and then, as le maitre had long ago prophesied, they saw marvels . . .

"Nor would I have interrupted you," said Mr. Joyce, "except on a matter of importance." (It was noticeable that they never wasted time inquiring about each other's health or in expressions of politeness; they got straight down to business.) "Le maitre has decided, and I agree with him, that it is time for you to show in Paris."

MARTHA slowly flushed a deep crimson. No more than any other painter, or aesthetic or art critic could she have defined the peculiar importance of the offer. It is in London and New York that prices skyrocket; from Amsterdam and Basle come the definitive "catalogues raisonnes." The fact remains that Paris alone sets the seal on a reputation.

"Well?" asked Mr. Joyce, watching her. "What have you to say?"

"When?" asked Martha.

"In May. That is, in six months' time. Should you have enough to show?"

Martha ruminated.

"Yes, if I borrow some back."

(She had no doubt of being able to do so. A temporary blank on the drawing-room wall was by now an accepted hazard to Martha's patrons. In general these latter appreciated the circumstance, as witnessing at one and the same time to an eye for art and a nose for an investment. Upon the few who made difficulties Martha simply descended, a henchman at her heels, to unhook the frame in person.)

"There must also be a sufficient number to sell," pointed out Mr. Joyce. "The proprietor of a gallery is not in business for his health."

"What's the commission in Paris?" asked Martha suspiciously.

"No doubt what you would consider robbery. That is not the point. The point is that Paris is Paris. Of course you will go over yourself, for the publicity, for the private view, maybe stay a couple of weeks—"

Martha growled. She detested being present at one of her own shows, to hear her work commented on in public, even favorably. Face to face with an art critic, Martha's immediate reaction was to be as rude as possible, to shut him up.

"I'm no good at private views. Anyway, why should I waste a whole fortnight?"

"I would come, too," persuaded Mr. Joyce. "The old man would come, too, to pick up the bills. We might even enjoy ourselves a little," he added wistfully. "We might have a fine time!"

Martha shot him one of her rare glances of affection. She had no intention of refusing the opportunity. To do so would have been insane. But she was also supremely confident—as the war-horse that cried "Ha!" amid the trumpets—and had privately no doubt that any show of hers would knock Paris for six whether she was there to be interviewed or not. It was for Mr. Joyce's sake, because she saw he had set his heart on a jolly, that she gave way.

Or was about to. If she paused, however, it wasn't from reluctance, reluctant though she still was. She had simply remembered that somewhere in Paris she probably had a ten-year-old son.

The memory of his abandonment never troubled her. Whenever Martha (rarely and briefly) recalled the circumstances, she was rather inclined to plume herself on her conscientiousness. She could actually have disposed of the infant in the train that bore her back to Paris from her country lying-in, to an

To page 69

What a lovely way to be in fashion...

in white by night, or scintillating black, with

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Here's a great new colour . . . Pretzel Peach . . . for your Cutex wardrobe of colours. A sophisticated peach for day and night, Cutex specially blended it to highlight black, white and the new winter fashion colours. Prove you have a flair for fashion . . . be first with new Pretzel Peach by Cutex, the world's best-selling nail polish, and its partner in beauty, Cutex Lipstick.

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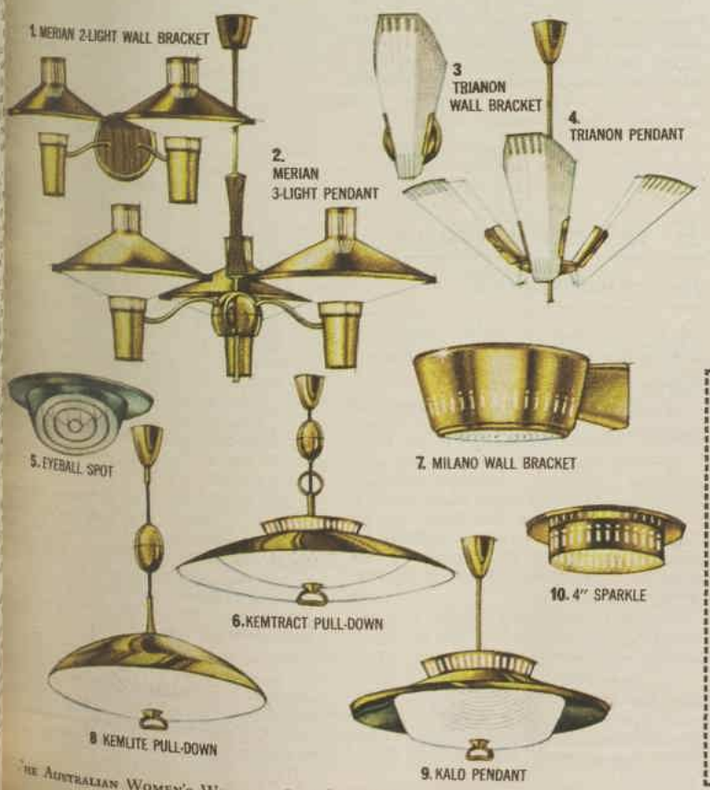

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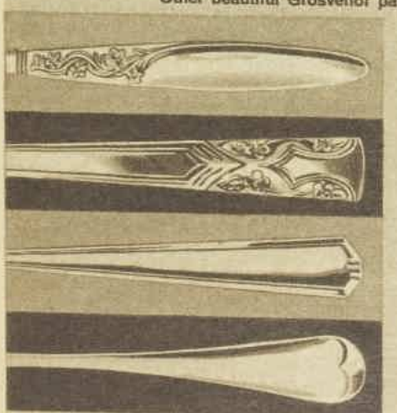

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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Like most housewives, I don't much enjoy being given tools of my trade as birthday presents. Birthday presents, I feel, ought to be beautiful rather than useful, if they can't manage to be both.

I WAS therefore only mildly enthusiastic over Hugh's recent offering of a refrigerator defroster.

Defrosting the fridge (I haven't got the sort that looks after itself) is to my mind one of the most loathsome jobs in the kitchen, and it gets put off until the whole freezing unit is stacked with icebergs.

Then, of course, it takes hours to defrost, the cabinet has to be emptied, water runs everywhere, and the cats gather like vultures to see whether any of the temporarily homeless food has been left where they can get at it.

No matter how often I tell myself that I will do it regularly on a certain day each week, I never manage to.

There is always some good reason why I can't — ice-cream that will melt; frozen food that will defrost itself.

So the frost mounts and Hugh makes irritating cracks like: "One of these days you're going to open the freezer and find a king penguin's moved in."

Hugh's birthday offering (which I accepted with a jaundiced look and now love more dearly than any other gadget in the kitchen) is a simple heating coil that plugs into a powerpoint.

You empty the freezing chamber of the fridge, put the defroster in it, switch it on, leaving all fridge doors open, and cover the food in the main compartment with a clean towel.

In a very short time (long before the frozen foods you've taken out have defrosted themselves) all the build-up of ice has detached itself in solid lumps into the drip-tray, and there's a minimum of wiping out to do before you can put everything back and switch the refrigerator on again.

If you hate the job as much as I do, settle for one of these defrosters instead of a bottle of French perfume (if you have the choice!).

Is it really easier to remember?

AN overseas scientific magazine which someone lent us recently had a fascinating article on studies that are being done on learning and forgetting.

Scientists making the investigation have come up with some conclusions that contradict generally held views about memory.

Most people believe that things that are easy to learn are easy to remember: for instance, that a list of meaningful words is easier to remember than a list of nonsense words.

Their tests have shown that this is simply not true, if the two kinds of lists are learnt equally well in the first place.

In other words, if you learn off a list like this—GHK, JYL, NPR, XRT, WQY—so that you've got it perfectly, it will be no harder to recall after a lapse of time than a list consisting of words like RED, SAY, ANY, CUP, SAW.

They don't argue that you can memorise both lists in the same time. The list of nonsense words will take longer to memorise than the other, but once both have been learnt, each will be remembered equally well.

Now, what about the difference between quick learners and slow learners?—a subject that interests every parent who has helped try to din the seven-times table into some reluctant child's head.

There is no difference in the slow learner's and the fast learner's ability to reproduce what he has learnt.

If he's a slow learner he'll take longer to get the table by heart, but once he's learnt it as perfectly as the fast learner has done, he'll remember just as much of it after a lapse of time.

If this is true, the bright student does better in school exams because he's learned more effectively, not because he has a better memory.

What a spell for a speller to be in . . .

THESE tests done on college students in America showed one very interesting thing that was constant on the learning of all kinds of lists by all sorts of students.

Given a list to learn under test conditions, and given enough time to learn it so that he can repeat it perfectly, the student will have forgotten 20 per cent. of the list 24 hours later.

This 20 per cent. loss was constant with fast learners and slow learners, and with sense and nonsense lists.

If it proves nothing else it probably proves that it's a good idea to argue your fast-learning children out of depending on last-minute cramming for an exam.

Slower learners who've worked steadily over and over the material throughout the year are likely to do better than fast learners who try to do a one-hit learning job on their material, and therefore forget one-fifth of what they've learnt 24 hours before.

These are interesting facts and figures, but what they leave entirely out of account is the degree of *desire* to recall.

Maybe Mike's a freak (his sisters certainly think so), but he can learn a spelling list by heart—say "gradually, secondary, variable, similar, familiar"—and 24 hours later he will have suffered a hundred per cent. loss, and the list will come confidently out as "gradully, secondery, variable, similiar, familar."

That reminds me of an arithmetic teacher we had at school (who wasn't a hundred per cent. perfect speller herself and thought much too much valuable time was spent on spelling and dictation) who used to quote to us Mark Twain's remark: "I don't give a damn for a man who can spell a word only one way."

We thought this was rather daring of her, but it did us no good in that dreary old spelling and dictation session each morning, with a mark off for every spelling mistake, half a mark for every punctuation mistake, and all errors to be written out five times during the lunch-hour.

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forecast for living: cool, fresh and luxurious!

Doesn't it make sense that there should be a refrigerator to match today's carefree way of luxury living?

Surely a refrigerator in 1964 should promise more than just dutiful kitchen servitude?

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It has even borrowed a trick of nature herself to bring you the extra performance you'd expect from a luxury creation.

A special air circulation system inside the food cabinet stops pockets of still air forming around your good food.

Result? New sea-breeze freshness and longer-lasting appetite-appeal.

But this is only one way in which Westinghouse has gone all out for luxury and good living.

This refrigerator holds enough food for an ocean voyage.

It never needs defrosting.

It has two doors, two separate compartments so your deep freeze items are never affected by all the door opening and shutting that goes on in the lower deck. But enough!

Come aboard yourself to take a closer look at the better things of life Westinghouse has to share with you.

One of these is the kind of luxury trade-in your Westinghouse retailer is offering now on your current model refrigerator.

Step aboard soon. You can be sure if it's . . .

Westinghouse

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ARE YOU BORED — JUST PLAIN BORED — WITH THE SAME OLD BREAKFAST?

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It has all the richness and flavour of oats, but is super-milled to a smooth creamy texture. Try Creamoata soon, and see how you like it best . . . with milk or cream and sugar, with a dob of butter or with fruit, honey or jam. Whichever way you serve it, Creamoata is a sure hit with all the family . . . and its high protein content makes it a real health food. Tomorrow morning – just for a change – set yourself up with a good hot Creamoata breakfast.

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THIS FENCE WILL CATCH THE EYE

● Easy to build, practical and colorful, this fence catches the eye, diverts neighborhood traffic, but won't keep out the breezes. Go gay with color—make contrasts with the panel designs and paint, or let the fence match the color scheme of your house.

WHILE primarily intended as a fence, this handyman idea adapts to suit individual needs. For example, it can be used as a room divider, indoor screen, or be made in sections to partition off particular areas of the garden.

Why not make a small playhouse for the children? Hinge one section to make a doorway, use others to form the walls.

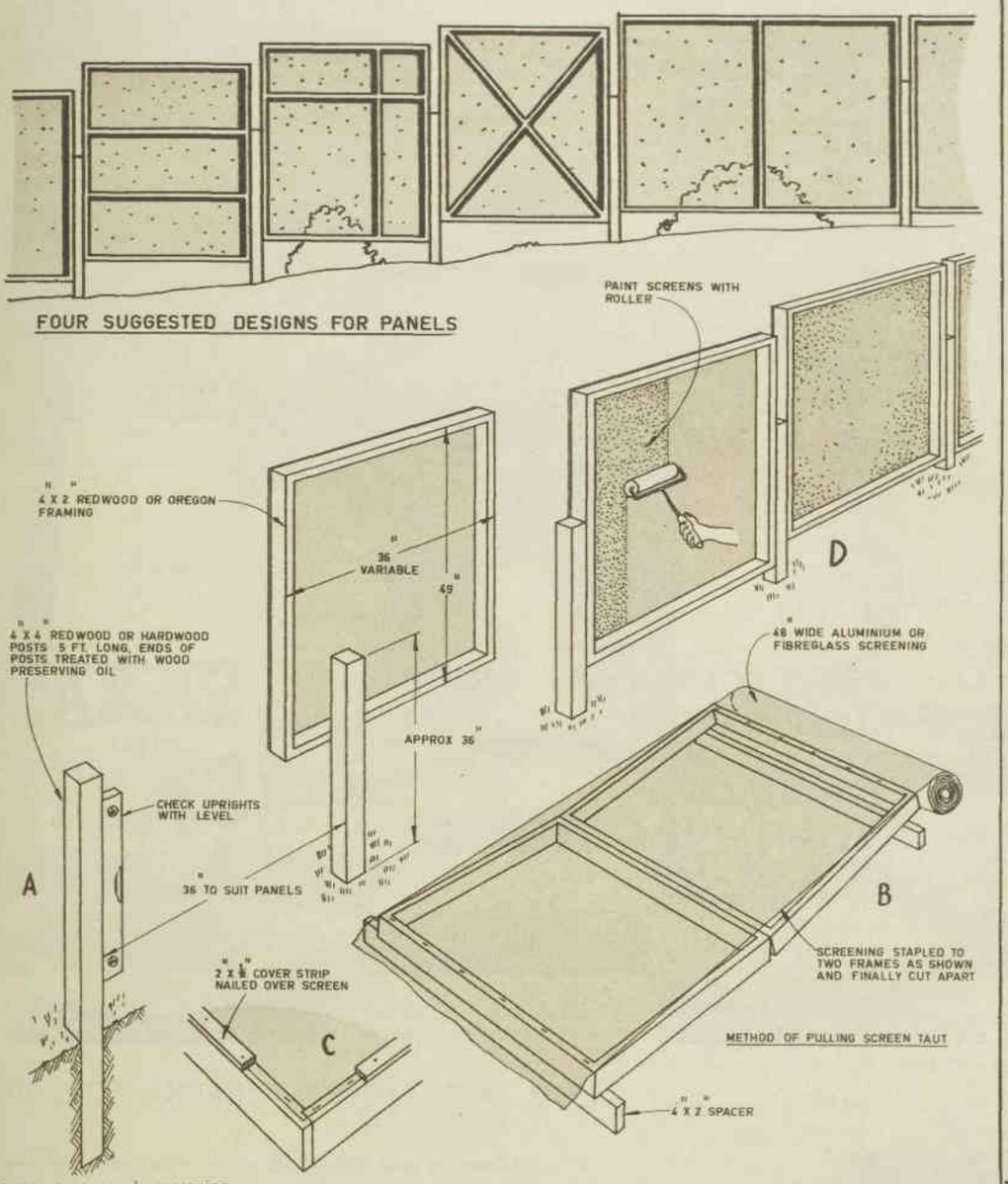
Experiment with color combinations. White, olive-green, and cerulean-blue tone well, or have alternate panels in navy-blue and white to give a chequer-board effect.

Four designs for panels are shown in the sketch at right, but by following the basic instructions you can create any variation you wish.

For example, the decorative cross-bars on the screens at left of top sketch could be widened and used to display a collection of pot-plants, with screens painted in deep-toned green or blue to offset the brilliance of the flowers.

The lower sketch gives all details for materials to be used and instructions for making; below we list five easy stages to follow when constructing this project.

The fence can be constructed in a straight line or built zig-zag fashion. Tops of panels can be level or staggered to follow the fall of the land.



STAGE ONE

Lay out the fence line on the ground and get a length of 48in. screen to fit, allowing a few feet extra for wastage; aluminium or fibreglass screen is the most suitable material to use.

To save trimming, make the panels 49in. to take the 48in. wide screen. Height of panels can be varied if desired to suit any of the standard widths of screening.

STAGE TWO

Dig the holes with a post-hole auger to take the 4in. by 4in. uprights. Set posts in well-rammed soil at least 2ft. deep, or, for a more rigid structure, posts can be set in approximately 18in. of concrete (see A).

STAGE THREE

Make up the panels, using 4in. by 2in. framing. Panels can be made plain or fitted with cross-members as shown in the alternative designs in the drawing. Lay two frames on ground and butt together, raise ends slightly on timber spaces as shown in the drawing (see B).

Staple screening at each end of frame and remove temporary spacers to pull screen taut, staple screening firmly on all sides. Now cut frames apart, and finish panels by tacking 2in. by ½in. cover strips around all edges (see C).

STAGE FOUR

Set finished frame between posts; distance between posts should be made to suit each panel. Nail panels to posts with 3in. nails. Remember that ends of posts should be treated with wood-preserving oil.

STAGE FIVE

Paint the screen sections with outdoor paint, using a roller (see D). Roll on the paint, leaving some areas in the screen free of paint, if desired, to give a variegated effect. Frames can be painted to match color scheme of house, using a dark accent on the 4in. by 4in. posts.

● *Another Handyman design on page 67*

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NEW IDEAS FOR OLD WHEELS

● An unusual idea for garden furniture was sent to us by a Victorian reader — he converted an old cartwheel into a circular table.

THE idea comes from Mr. Alan George, of Balwyn, Vic., who bought an old baker's cart for his children to use as a playhouse.

Mr. George removed the wheels from the cart to make it a safer height for his small children and then decided to utilise the wheels in some unusual ways.

Below are his ideas, to which are added a few of our own.

MRS. ALAN GEORGE and her four-year-old son, Andrew, relax at the garden table her husband converted from a small cartwheel.

Garden table

The wheel for the garden table can be either large or small.

Mr. George makes his by sinking the wheel's axle roughly 2ft. into the ground: if you use a large wheel, set the axle in concrete to ensure the table stands firm. Chisel the spokes flat so the table-top fits flush on them.

The approximate measurements of the table made from a small cartwheel are 32in. in diameter and 28in. high.

There are many materials on the market suitable for the table-top. If you decide to use clear glass, paint spokes of wheel in plain or alternating colors so these show through the top. Cut sheet of circular glass to fit round hub and inside rim of wheel.

Any laminated plastic, fibreglass, hardboard, or plywood, cut to fit, is equally suitable.

Herb patch

There is renewed interest in herbs, both in their growing and their use, and many people now have their own herb gardens, however small.

An interesting way to use an old wheel is to turn it into a herb patch. A scented garden needs a variety of herbs and the divisions formed by the spokes of the wheel make natural separation between one herb and another.

Paint the wheel a bright color, sink it well into the ground, but not so deep that the earth hides the spokes. Then plant a different variety of herb in each triangle.

Herbs can be grown among other plants in the garden, but it is more convenient to have them all together.

For city dwellers, utilise a small wheel for an indoor herb garden—one from a wheelbarrow would do.

Merry-go-round

Give hours of enjoyment to young children by converting a large cartwheel into a merry-go-round.

Grease hub of the wheel so it will revolve easily, then sink the axle deep into the ground, leaving about 2ft. above ground level.

Paint the spokes in bright colors and apply amusing motifs — animals, cowboys and Indians, Walt Disney characters—to rim of wheel.

Wheel fences

Mr. George used two of the wheels from the old cart to decorate a wall in the garden.

There are several ways of making such fences. One method: drive wooden supports well into the ground at distances to suit diameter of wheels. (Sink supports in concrete if wheels are large.) Nail wheels to posts.

Another method is to alternate sections of slotted wood fencing with cartwheels, which varies the design and reduces the number of wheels needed to make a fence.

Cartwheels make unusual garden gates—use one or two according to the size gate you wish to make. Painted or stained, they give a colonial touch to any garden.

GAILY PAINTED cartwheel gives children hours of fun.

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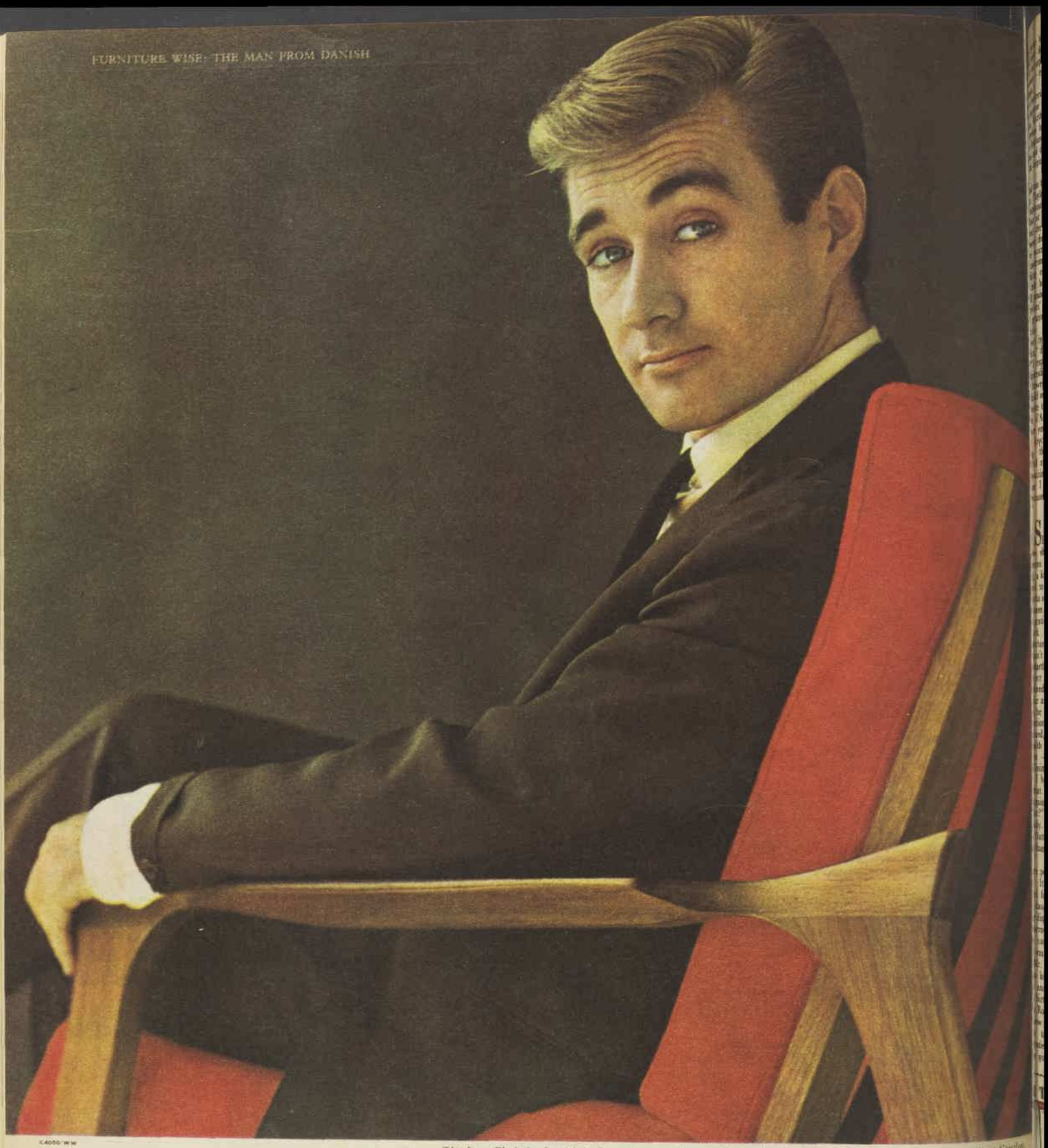

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These are talents not easily seen. But the comfort and stability they signify are gratefully appreciated, day after day, by those who live with Danish DeLuxe furniture. Why even our Bri-nylon cushion covers have hidden talents, too: they are two-way-stretch to fit trim, taut and smooth over Dunlopillo cushioning.

Go in and take a long, close look at Danish DeLuxe. At all good furniture stores. *Danish DeLuxe*

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Continued from page 60

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

eager "grosse bourgeoise." ("One would never deposit such a little one in an orphanage?" suggested the woman — eyeing Martha's ringless finger.)

On a sweltering August day, and at the expense of several francs in taxi-fare, Martha had on the contrary broken her further journey, back to England, to call at the rue d'Antibes and deposit her offspring under the aegis of a British grandmother.

She had run the risk of encountering Mrs. Taylor, or Eric. What tedious explanations must have ensued! That at the best; when she entertained the nightmare thought that between them they might somehow have succeeded in railroading her into matrimony, and so stopped her working eight hours a day, Martha felt her conscientiousness beyond all praise.

The Taylors' conscientiousness she took for granted — as has been seen, rightly.

"I expect by now they're quite fond of him," thought Martha comfortably. "I expect they've brought him up splendidly." She felt no curiosity, however, no impulse to seek the child out; but in fact made a mental note to avoid the vicinity of the rue d'Antibes.

"What are you thinking of now?" asked Mr. Joyce.

"Nothing that matters," said Martha. "All right: I'll go. Now Tommy's waiting for me with the car, because I want to get back tonight because I want to work tomorrow."

SHE didn't kiss Mr. Joyce before she left. They had been on terms of such familiarity, for so long, a kiss would have been unnatural, and to the old man welcome. Martha simply never thought of it, any more than she'd thought to express gratitude. She just got back to work.

It was fortunate for Mr. Joyce that he wasn't a man easily discouraged. Martha's reception of his darling project has been described; from his refined daughter Miranda, at least so far as concerned his own part in it, he encountered downright opposition. (She was so extremely refined, the source of her father's wealth prevented her ever wearing furs — except of course for a mink lining to a winter coat.)

"Dadda, I beg of you," opened Miranda, that night after dinner, "to think again."

"Of what?" asked Mr. Joyce disingenuously. "Of my joining a golf club? Naturally I would never play more than nine holes—"

"Dadda!"

Mr. Joyce poured himself a glass of brandy. It was his second. He also reached for and cut a second cigar. His daughter's eye, however, noted these displays of independence more in sorrow than in anger — though, of course, she was totting up. She was in league with his doctor, Mr. Joyce sometimes thought, to keep him on his pins brandyless and cigarless until his hundredth birthday brought a telegram from Royalty . . .

"You know perfectly well, Dadda, what I'm talking about," said Miranda patiently. "I am talking about your going to Paris."

"And why should I not go to Paris?"

"The excitement will be too much for you."

"Excitement I thrive on!" countered Mr. Joyce. "Excitement is what the old man needs!"

"You will have a stroke," prophesied Miranda.

"I shall not, I shall have a fine time!" retorted Mr. Joyce. "I shall come back young again—to play not nine holes but eighteen!"

He couldn't take a third cigar, his second being only just alight; but he did, after a hasty gulp, pour himself a third brandy; and later dreamed such sweet and satisfying dreams, he for once slept the whole night through without waking (as the old so often do) in the small, depressing hours.

Martha was at this time approaching the height of what was to be subsequently known as her skeleton-leaf period. Her first, or kitchen-stove, had been almost purely geometrical; her second, or mirabelle-plum, exploded into color. Now she was in a sense integrating the two: that is, if Martha's paintings looked like anything besides superb artifacts they looked like skeleton leaves enormously magnified under a tropic sun.

So absorbed was she in these fresh explorations, the prospect of wasting a fortnight in Paris appealed to her less and less; but even the most dedicated artist works better under certain spurs, and during the next six months Martha painted, and knew it, brilliantly. (Of course, she was waited on hand and foot. Her pupils, with a Paris show in view, were themselves more than ever dedicated.)

By the middle of April she had eleven new canvases to be dispatched in advance; on receipt of which le maitre didn't write or telegraph to Mr. Joyce, but telephoned him. Miranda was entertaining a few refined friends to a piano-recital, but even against the music the boom of triumph in le maitre's voice was distinct.

"It will be even better than one hoped," shouted le maitre. "I who am no fool say it will be even better than we hoped!"

Mr. Joyce pulled a door to behind him and shouted back.

"Did I not tell you?" shouted Mr. Joyce. "Did you not tell me, that one day we should see marvels? Remember I reserve numbers eight and ten!"

"What an old rogue, what an old ruffian!" roared le maitre affectionately. "Have you not the pick of the mirabelles already?"

"Also number five I buy in Paris!" shouted Mr. Joyce. "Numbers five, eight—"

"Dadda" implored Miranda, opening the door again. "Dadda, I beg of you! Chopin!"

"— and ten!—Go away, I am speaking to Paris," explained Mr. Joyce.

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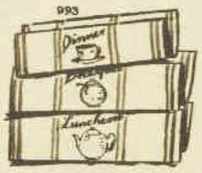

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MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Continued from page 69

"If you excite yourself so, you will never get to Paris," retorted Miranda angrily. "You will have a stroke!"

The damnable thing was that she was right.

It was the tragedy of Mr. Joyce's life. He was eighty; for the last few months had lived in a state of intense mental excitement; had also smoked more cigars, drunk more brandy; for whatever reason, just as his daughter had prophesied, on the very eve of his and Martha's departure, Mr. Joyce had a stroke.

It left him with one side of his face drawn up higher than the other, one side of his body completely paralysed. He could still speak, he could still think; but he couldn't go to Paris. It wasn't his daughter's histrionic anxiety that stopped him, nor his doctor's grave face; it was the unarguable physical veto.

AT his bedside in the most expensive nursing-home in London (so swiftly had Miranda whipped him into chancery), Martha sat stolidly all through the night. She had been working up to the last moment; as usual, no pupil dared interrupt her for a telegram.

Less usually, when she at suppertime at last opened it, she cursed them all round. Tommy having driven her up to London, Martha didn't exactly curse the sister on duty; but it was a very permissive nursing-home, and the matron that night absent; Martha simply steamrolled her way in — and sat.

Thus when at about three in the morning Mr. Joyce opened his eyes, she was there ready to handle the situation to her best advantage.

"What day is it?" whispered Mr. Joyce.

"Monday," said Martha. "Just."

Mr. Joyce thought. He could think faster than he could speak.

"Then, since you leave for Paris at noon, you should be getting your sleep."

"I can sleep on the way," said Martha. "That is, if I still go."

"If?" articulated Mr. Joyce. "What do you mean, if?"

"Well, if you can't come, where's the point?" suggested Martha. "Le maitre's got my canvases, he'd see them hung all right, he could send us all the notices while I stayed here with you. We've only to wire him—"

"Stop," said Mr. Joyce. Painfully he reared himself against the pillows the better to scrutinise her face. "And be honest. Be honest! Is it from affection for the old man you wish to stay, or because you perceive the opportunity to avoid making personal appearances?"

Under his still shrewd old eye, Martha hesitated.

"Well, I'm very fond of you—"

"Thank you. That is the first time you have said it, but I thank you for saying it now. Continue," ordered Mr. Joyce.

"Well, I never much wanted to go in the first place," admitted Martha.

"So it was plain!"

"Wasn't I still going all the same, just to please you? I am fond," argued Martha. "But now that you can't come, too, to enjoy all the fuss and chi-chi, which is the sort of thing you like and I'm turned up by, it did strike me I might dodge out."

Mr. Joyce relaxed. He was a man of, in some ways, truly remarkable character. Martha's admission was far more welcome to him than would have been any sobbed-out plea of devotion — an artist having no business to be devoted save to his art. Mr. Joyce looked at the broad, strong-fingered hand lying in Martha's lap, and recognised it, gladly, as not a hand to smooth pillows, or cool a fevered brow, but a hand to paint with . . .

"Besides, I thought you might want me to stay," added Martha.

"Do not be a fool," said Mr. Joyce, quite strongly. "Have I not been paying good money over how many years, to see you at last recognised? Am I to die unfulfilled? Just now forget me, when you come back you will find me on my pins again," promised Mr. Joyce. "You shall tell me all that happens, we will have a fine time! Go away now, get some sleep, go to Paris!"

Martha thus made the most important journey of her life alone. The circumstance didn't however entail any particular effort: travelling with Mr. Joyce she'd have flown, left to herself, she took the old students' route via New haven and Dieppe; but it was Tommy who bought the tickets, and saw her on to the train, and wired to le maitre to meet her—as it was Tommy who'd driven through the night to collect her packed bags while Martha snored on a sofa in the lobby of the nursing-home.

(The matron was absent, also Mr. Joyce was paying

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

TRUDY

"Here, this is the exact shade I want."

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"SHOW BIZ" FAMILY

Troupers for three generations

A family which has show business in its blood recently held a send-off for the youngest member, who has temporarily "retired" from the footlights.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Tony ("Butch") Sheldon was saying goodbye to his part-time TV appearances on GTV9 in Melbourne before going off to boarding school.

Butch is the third generation of his family in show business.

His mother is Toni Lamond, currently co-starring with Noel Ferrier in his national "In Melbourne Tonight" show; his father is "IMT" producer Frank Sheldon.

His grandmother, Stella Lamond, has been a trouper for 48 years, and Stella's husband, Max Reddy, and their daughter Helen Reddy are also in "show biz."

Butch's farewell party was a barbecue at Toni and Frank's home at Wantirna South, an outer Melbourne suburb, with all the family there to wish him luck.

Working in television and in hotel and club floorshows, it isn't easy these days for the six to get together. Toni's and Frank's tenth wedding anniversary in May this year will probably be their next meeting.

It was Stella who began the family tradition of show business. As a four-year-old, Stella played dramatic roles — Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Little Willie in "East Lynne" — at the Majestic Theatre (now the Elizabethan Theatre) in Sydney.

Stella had no tradition of theatre behind her. She graduated into it from dancing school.

At nine she was one of the Sunbeam Pantomime children working with George Foster and the late George Wallace at the old Haymarket Theatre in Sydney.

Then she went into Tivoli shows, and at 18 she joined Nat Phillips' show as a soubrette.

Touring New Zealand as leading lady in "McKay's Gaieties" she met Max Reddy, who was producing the show. They formed a double act.

Max has been in show business 34 years, starting at the Tivoli when he was 16. His wartime concert party entertained troops everywhere, and in 1953 he took a show to Japan and Korea.

For more than 15 years after the war he and Stella toured regularly from Cairns to Hobart with a show of 30 performers. For the last two years he has been compering the floorshow at the Ritz Hotel, Melbourne.

Max didn't take to television.

"It isn't my vehicle," he said. "I like my audience in front of me, not behind."

Stella, on the other hand, loves TV, playing character parts in GTV9's "In Melbourne Tonight" sketches.

She is proud of her youthful looks and doesn't mind people knowing her age. She appeared in a "Fifty and Over" version of "IMT" about 12 months ago and laughed because Max was just too young to make it.

There is a striking likeness between Stella and Toni. People often call Toni "Stella" by mistake.

Mother and daughter have the same complete dedication to show business. Toni says simply, "It's my life." Stella says, in effect, "What else is there?"

Toni's first public appearance was on the 3XY children's show when she was 10. At 16 she was a soubrette at the Tivoli in Perth. Once, in pantomime, she took on Stella's part of principal boy when Stella fell ill.

Stella's other daughter, Helen, was a dancer until an illness in her early teens forced her to change to singing.

She made her stage debut at the age of four at the Tivoli in Perth. Stella and Max still remember how she sang with the ballet in the show.

Helen, who has a baby daughter, Traci, travels interstate constantly for TV appearances.

Toni and Frank met in 1954 in the Tommy Trinder show. Toni was about to go to England at Trinder's invitation when she and Frank decided to get married.

They formed a double act and toured the East. Then Frank extended his interest to compering and singing, and he also produced for Max and Stella.

After a trip to England in 1960 Toni took up where she left off—singing, doing comedy, and dancing. Frank first went on as a performer, then changed over to the production side.

Last year Toni returned to the stage to star in "Wildcat" at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne.

Young "Butch" had the earliest start of them all. When he was two he was carried on stage in Brisbane by George Wallace, jun., and made his first TV appearance at three, performing with Toni and being "interviewed" by Graham Kennedy on "In Melbourne Tonight."

Because of Child Welfare regulations he could not be a "baby" TV star, but GTV9 promised him a booking when he turned seven.

"Actually, on his seventh birthday we were in Brisbane," Toni said. "And he made his first professional appearance doing a double act with me on QTQ9."

Last year he appeared regularly on "IMT" in sketches and singing, and took part in the Channel 9 Christmas pantomime. He was also asked to audition for stage shows.

But his parents feel it's important to have a good education, so Butch is now at boarding school in Melbourne.

—Margaret Berkeley

***THREE GENERATIONS:** Stella Lamond (left) with her daughter, Toni, and grandson, Butch, 8.*

***BARBECUE** send-off. From left: Butch, Max Reddy, Frank, Toni, Helen Reddy, and Stella Lamond.*

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Beguiling brunch coat

SLIP into this snug brunch coat on frosty mornings and you won't even notice the weather. Directions for making are given below.

● Clusters of treble bordered by bands of double crochet make this enchantingly feminine brunch coat.

Materials: 41 balls Patons Totem Knitting Wool; No. 8 Milwards Phantom crochet hook; 8 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 36in. bust; sleeve seam, 10½in.; full length, 45in.

Tension: Approx. 4 patts. to 3in. in width.

Abbreviations: Tr., treble; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

PATTERN

1st Row: 3 ch., * 1 tr. into each of next 4 ch., leaving last loop of each tr. on hook (5 loops on hook) draw through all loops on hook, 1 ch. (a cluster made), rep. from * to end of row, 1 tr. in last ch.

2nd Row: 3 ch., * 4 tr. into top of each cluster, rep. from * to end of row, 1 tr. into turning ch.

3rd Row: 3 ch., * 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr., leaving last loop of each tr. on hook (5 loops on hook) draw through all loops on hook, 1 ch., rep. from * to end of row, 1 tr. into turning ch. Rep. the 2nd and 3rd rows throughout.

BACK

Make 111 ch. loosely. Crochet patt. as given above for 56 rows (or required length).

With right side facing, make 47 ch. loosely for right-side sleeve. Join in separate ball of wool at other end of work to form left sleeve and work 44 ch., break off wool.

Now work across all sts. in patt. (49 patts.), beg. with 1st row. Crochet 16 rows, finishing with 2nd row. This completes back and half sleeves to shoulders.

RIGHT FRONT

Make 63 ch. loosely. Then crochet 56 rows in patt. Join extra wool at opposite end and crochet 44 ch. to form right half of sleeve.

Work across front and sleeve sts. for 9 rows. Then shape neck.

10th Row: Work to 2nd last group of 4 tr., 1 tr. into top of last group, turn, with 3 ch.

11th Row: Work in patt. (25 patts.).

12th Row: Work 24 patts. with 1 tr. in last group, turn, with 3 ch.

13th Row: Work 24 patts.

14th Row: Work 23 patts. and 1 tr. in last group. **15th and 16th Rows:** Work 22 patts. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Crochet as for right front until 56 rows have been worked, then crochet 47 ch. (3 ch. to turn). Work 9 rows in patt., ending at neck. (26 patts.).

10th Row: 3 ch., miss 1 patt., work 4 tr. in top of next group and crochet in patt. to end of row. (25 patts.).

11th Row: Work 24 patts., 1 tr. in centre of last group.

12th Row: 3 ch, work 23 patts.

13th Row: 3 ch., work 23 patts.

14th Row: 3 ch., work 22 patts., 1 tr. in centre of last group.

15th and 16th Rows: 3 ch., work 22 patts. Fasten off, leaving a thread for joining. Join shoulders with flat seam, leaving 5 patts. for back of neck.

With right side facing, work cuffs. Crochet 96 sts. along sleeve edge and work 13 rows d.c. backwards and forwards. Turn each row with 1 ch. Finish other sleeve in same way. Join sleeve, side seams with flat seams.

FRONT AND NECK BORDER

With right side facing, work 162 d.c. along right front edge, 72 d.c. round neck, and 162 d.c. along left front. Work border in d.c. throughout. Work 3 sts. into corner st. at neck in next row. Mark 3rd inc. st. on left front and 1st inc. st. on right front with colored thread. **Next Row:** D.c., turn, with 1 ch. at each end.

Work 3 sts. into sts. marked with colored thread every 2nd row. When 6 rows d.c. have been completed, work buttonholes thus:

1st Row: 10 d.c., (4 ch., miss 4 d.c., 17 d.c.) 8 times.

2nd Row: D.c., working 4 d.c. over each 4 ch. of previous row. Work 6 more rows d.c., finishing on right side of work.

Work 1 row d.c. along lower edge of coat. Fasten off. Press well with damp cloth and sew on buttons.

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Continued from page 70

astronomical fees; also when Martha simply lay down and went to sleep the night-sister hadn't the hardihood to remonstrate.) Martha boarded the Dieppe boat and confronted the crossing, and the subsequent train-journey, in very good trim; and at the Gare St. Lazare one of the busiest men in Paris had been waiting for her for about half an hour.

Considering the terms on which they'd parted ten years before, the reunion was thoroughly amicable. By common consent, bygones were to be bygones.

"You haven't changed much," observed Martha.

"Nor you," replied le maitre.

Actually it struck him as only too true. Everything helps, in establishing a reputation; it was le maitre's ambition that Martha should conquer not only the critics but also a small, influential, gossiping cabal known as "tout Paris." He wanted to see her a celebrity on the full scale.

But now, surveying her appearance in detail, he felt his heart sink. Martha was, if anything, plainer than he remembered her, certainly heavier; also in May, in Paris, wore a bulky serge overcoat (because she was travelling), sandals (because it was getting on for summer), and on her head one of Mr. Joyce's old hats.

"What other clothes have you?" asked le maitre uneasily, as they waited for a taxi.

"Well, of course, I've brought an overall," said Martha. "I thought I might come back to the studio a bit. I can't go a whole fortnight without working."

"But for the private view, for example?"

Martha looked vague.

"I expect someone's packed a skirt I've got — if I can still get into it. Mr. Joyce —"

"How is he?" interrupted le maitre. (It was as disjointed as are all conversations, outside a railway station, looking for a taxi.)

"He'll be on his pins again before I get back. He said, of course it was before he knew he couldn't come, he'd get me anything I needed over here. Only I don't see why I should waste his money."

It was the only reference she ever made, ever was to make, to money. Martha's purse actually contained no more than the few francs change from a ten-shilling note used to pay for tea on the train. (With mirabelle jam.) She wasn't, therefore, worried.

That Mr. Joyce had already transferred to le maitre sufficient funds to cover all impending expenses she didn't know; merely assumed all expenses taken care of. Le maitre, small-salaried below his deserts, when they at last found a taxi, noted the fare with some accuracy—to be laid off against Mr. Joyce's account; Martha simply sat back and enjoyed the ride.

ACTUALLY her thought for her patron's pocket sprang purely from a dislike of shopping, and particularly of trying on.

"I only look worse," added Martha cheerfully, "in good clothes."

Le maitre mentally agreed that with that figure she was probably right. At close quarters in the taxi, however, as he suddenly perceived the extreme beauty of her skin, pearly as the flesh of a Chinese lichee, also the monumental, Chinese pose of her whole big body, it occurred to him that in a certain mandarin robe he possessed — indigo-blue, figure-concealing — she might achieve something like magnificence. But could Martha be persuaded into a mandarin robe, even for the private view? Le maitre very much doubted it . . .

What he had on his hands, in the words of Mr. Joyce long ago, was a young savage. Again surveying Martha's deplorable outfit le maitre felt thankful that he had booked her room not at the Crillon or the Georges Cinq, but at a quiet little private hotel in the rue d'Antibes.

It was a circumstance that colored the whole of Martha's stay in Paris.

As the taxi turned the corner, le maitre was already revising some of his plans for her. That she would have an artistic success he still didn't doubt; the visions of a wider, personal triumph were fading fast. In any social situation only wit could redeem that appearance—and heaven knew Martha had never been witty. (Also had never bothered to learn French.)

Le maitre in short was prepared to cut the loss and spare himself useless effort — it being impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, or a celebrity out of a young person who obviously lacked the temperament to behave like one . . .

A moment later, as the taxi stopped outside a modest portal, Martha was behaving like a celebrity indeed.

"I'm not going to st here," said Martha positive "Why not?" asked maitre, surprised.

Martha jammed her sh under the door-handle. "A Joyce said I could stay a where I liked."

"But you have not e seen inside!" argued le ma reasonably. "I assure you is very comfortable—"

"Even from the outside can see it's a fleapit," torted Martha. Nothing co have been more unjust; entrance, if modest, was maculate. But Martha pi slander upon slander. "It lo like a fleapit run by the do trade," elaborated Mart furiously. "It looks like brothel. It looks like a flea and a brothel and an ope den, and I'm damned if going to stay in it. Tell taxi to go on, or else drive back to the station."

As a display of tempe ment it was impressive. Ma tha's face was scarlet, voice so loud that her co minations might well ha penetrated into that cent, slandered lobby. maitre's eye brightened.

"Very well; where do y want to stay?"

Unhesitatingly, Mart picked the most expensive h tel in Paris. Not the Crill or the Georges Cinq, but far smaller, more exclusi establishment on the Qu Voltaire: Le Relais d'Anges leme. That Martha knew it at all struck le maitre fresh admiration; though restaurant was famous, on the cognoscenti were aware the few rooms disposable its upper floors.

They were reached by broad, low treads of eighteenth-century staircas the Relais being in fact old coaching-inn, and so fam ished as to make an antiq dealer's mouth water. Di tinguished playwrights we to earth there to wrestle wi a third act, men of distinctio in general for discreet relaxa tion.

How Martha knew of it w because, though the furnitu was antique, the pictures o the walls were modern, modern masters — the Relais intelligent proprietor havin bought early and cheap. Martha's student days she ha more than once stumped in the lobby to look at a Modi gliani.

"The Relais d'Angoulême," ordered Martha.

As le maitre afterwards ac knowledged, it was the idea headquarters for a celebrity If no tourist knew of the Re lais, every Paris journalist did For a celebrity, it was the best possible address. And it was only by luck there w a room vacant, le maitre took it for a good omen.

Not entirely by luck, either. The manageress at first shook her head; in May, at the Re lais, how could monsieur hope to find a room vacant?

"Tell her who I am!" ordered Martha imperiously.

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2,000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5797112

5-in-1 Pattern for 6/6

● These five designs, included in one versatile pattern, show the shirt influence in fashion. The designs combine to make a smart day-and-night wardrobe in black and white, mixing plain and print.

The pattern includes every garment illustrated, and is available in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 3034, price 6/6 includes postage. See order panel.

SHIRT turns coat and becomes an ensemble worn with its own matching skirt and a plain over-blouse.

HOW TO ORDER

Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted. Also available in leading stores in Australia and New Zealand.

PATTERNED silk or rayon shirt converts to a smart all-purpose slim-line jacket.

SHIRT - JACKET, tie-belted and worn with a straight skirt, makes a smart town ensemble.

STREET-LENGTH shirt in floral silk becomes an easy - fit, front-buttoned slim dress.

LONG version of shirt as a warm and glamorous wool hostess gown.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5797113

New Fashion Alliance

hat linked

● Keeping company in winter fashions is the hat and costume made in matching fabric. Hat proportions vary. A neat little peaked cap is very much of the season. So, too, is the shape with a wider brim. The Paris way to wear a hat is straight over the brow. Tweed, in plaids and racy checks, is No. 1 fabric choice, with mohair and plain surface wool coming on strong. The fashion point being that mix-mates in fabric have been re-discovered for winter.

By Betty Keep

MENSWEAR flannel is the material choice for this dress and hat. The hat is worn the new Paris way, straight on.

PEAKED CAP was popular in the Dior autumn collection. This mohair suit and matching cap illustrate the theme.

WINTER chic and warmth combine in this dashing scarf-like headdress fitted snugly over a matching pill-box hat. Design by Esterel, of Paris.

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...

with costume

PARIS-INSPIRED dress and matching fur-lined winter coat (above) worn with a square-crowned tailored cloche, again in matching fabric.

CHRISTIAN DIOR suit scarf and hat ensemble, is made in brown and white check wool. The hat fits snugly on the wearer's head.

BASIN-LIKE proportions are seen (left) in this new hat shape in plaid tweed that is worn to conceal a neat short-cut coif.

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Dress Sense by BETTY KEEP

VOGUE pattern 5983: Slacks, waistcoat, blouse, and skirt; price 7/6 includes postage. Vogue pattern 5621: Blouse with varying necklines and sleeve lengths; price 5/3 includes postage. 5983 and 5621 are both available in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 5972: Wrapped skirt, short and full-length sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30 and 32in. waist; price 5/9 includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

● The group of mix-matched separates illustrated was chosen to answer a number of fashion queries for winter separates suitable for day and night. The group can be made from three Vogue patterns.

HERE is one of the letters and my reply:

"In a recent 'Dress Sense' column I noticed that you answered a reader's query by suggesting separates. I have the same problem and would like you to illustrate styles for slacks, skirt, waistcoat, and blouse. I need the garments for winter."

Illustrated above are the separates you inquired about. The pattern you were interested in is at far left. The garments look very glamorous and easy made in winter fabrics. When you make your fabric choice don't overlook fur fabric by the yard. It is warm and smart-looking, too.

Note: The tucked-in blouse can be made with long or elbow sleeves, with or without a collar. The waistcoat is back-buttoned and the slacks neatly tailored. The skirt is not illustrated. Beside the illustration are details of the three patterns illustrated.

"I have a blouse-length of fine white wool finished with a gold thread. Would you suggest a dressy blouse style suitable for the fabric? The blouse is for a teenager."

A small, self-ruffle at neckline and wrists is just about the prettiest trim I know for a young girl.

"Would you be able to provide me with a pattern for a skirt with a front panel? My waist measures 25in."

Our pattern department has Butterick pattern 2811 for a skirt with a front panel, finished with a pocket each side of the panel. The pattern includes a street- and floor-length version of the skirt, price 5/- includes postage. You can order the pattern by mail from Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"Is there any way I can freshen up a velvet frock that has become very creased?"

A velvet frock can be freshened by steaming. Put the dress on a coat-hanger, either in the bathroom with the hot tap running or in front of a boiling kettle. When the dress is dry, brush lightly in the direction of the pile.

"I have some grey-and-white check men's suiting, and wondered if it would be suitable for a frock."

Men's suiting would be suitable for a tailored shirtwaister. Have the dress fairly fitted and front-buttoned to below waist level.

"I am making a frock with a high cowl neck in front and want to know how to finish the neck at the back. The frock fabric is chiffon."

I suggest a V-back neckline finished with a small self-bow trim.

"Could you please suggest a style of frock to disguise a figure-fault—extra flesh above the waistline. Otherwise my figure is size 16 with a 36in. bust."

A one-piece dress with a softly bloused bodice and slim skirt is a perfect design to flatter the figure-fault mentioned in your letter.

"I would like to have a fur collar on a forest-green velour coat. Would the fur have to be real or could I use imitation?"

You can use fur bought by the yard. The most realistic fake fur I know is leopard, and it would look very effective on dark green velour.

"Please assist me in altering the skirt of a wool suit. The skirt 'sits' badly at the waistline. I have some extra suit material."

You will improve the "sit" of the skirt if you put it on a shaped not-too-wide waistband.

"I intend to buy a new winter coat and would like to know the most popular shades being worn."

Winter wool in varying weaves comes in gorgeous colors, such as purple, mulberry, bright pink, and aqua. Beige, white, and off-white are also very popular.

SMART?

it certainly is!

AND she made it from a McCalls Printed Pattern, now featured every month in the AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL. There's a paper pattern service, too. This month FREE with each Journal are patterns for making two autumn dresses and a baby's matinee jacket.

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AUSTRALIAN Home Journal

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Continued from page 72

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Again, as le maitre afterwards acknowledged, it probably wasn't his own eloquence that did the trick so much as Martha's newly revealed, visibly expanding personality. Rarely does the foreigner dare to be bad-tempered in a Paris hotel; more rarely still, if female, to stump in looking like a tramp and expect preferential treatment. The manageress wasn't a woman easily impressed, but she was impressed by Martha.

"If upon the fourth floor——" she began uncertainly.

"Tell her lower down," said Martha — who could understand French, if she couldn't speak it.

An hotel like the Relais always has its resources. The woman shot a brief glance of inquiry toward le maitre, who slightly nodded. He was something of a Parisian figure himself, and the awareness of Mr. Joyce's money behind him by no means diminished his natural authority. It was still Martha who did the trick. In a later conversation with the proprietor, explaining the motive of her submission, the manageress described Martha as a personage quite out of the ordinary . . .

She said much the same thing to a journalist taking a pre-dinner aperitif. "We have a guest here quite extraordinary," murmured the manageress. "Look in the restaurant, you may write a paragraph! Also watch the galleries; it appears she is also a painter and is about to show . . ."

There is no justice in this world. It was Martha's refusal to lodge in the rue d'Antibes lest she might therein encounter an ex-lover and an innocent, abandoned son, that started her off on the right foot in Paris.

"When do I hang?" asked Martha, extracting a snail.

"Tomorrow," said le maitre. "You will have all day tomorrow. Do you like those things?" he added, as Martha chewed with more resolution than apparent pleasure.

"Not much," said Martha. "They taste like india-rubber."

"You should know," agreed le maitre. "Then why choose them?"

Martha swallowed. "The last time Mr. Joyce was over here we had them."

"Ah!" said le maitre. "There should be a telegram sent him to announce your safe arrival."

"Haven't you done it?" asked Martha, rather severely.

"And when, pray, should I have had time?" retorted le maitre — a patient man, but by now a tired one.

"While I was washing," said Martha calmly.

It was definitely a celebrity he had on his hands.

. . . .

There are shows and shows, in Paris. There are shows put on in compliment to the daughter of a powerful newspaper proprietor; stop-gap shows put on to keep a gallery open; pathetically hopeful, hopeless little shows put on by two or three aspirants in a borrowed studio. There are also the full-blown productions on the boulevards which not only make artistic headlines but become the talk of "tout Paris." Martha's was one of these.

She had of course an enormous, formidable talent. She had also le maitre's expertise behind her, and Mr. Joyce's money. Naturally no hint of venality has ever tainted the reputation of a Parisian critic, but a series of small, excellent preliminary dinners does no harm, nor is it a disadvantage if at the private view the champagne doesn't run out.

("Let it also be top-quality," had instructed Mr. Joyce. "Do not pike!") Le maitre didn't pike. If on the walls one saw marvels, on the buffets, besides Piper-Heidsieck, one saw caviare. He nonetheless faced the occasion with less than his usual aplomb.

"What am I supposed to do?" asked Martha glumly, as they waited in the empty gallery.

"First you will be photographed, then you will circulate," instructed le maitre.

"I shan't know anybody," objected Martha.

"That does not matter, they will know you. There will be," said le maitre grimly, "no mistaking you."

There was that at least to be said for Martha's appearance, but at the moment le maitre regretted it. (M. Cerisier, the gallery's proprietor, just then entering, at the sight of her emitted a whinny of dismay.) Martha had gone so far as to put on a skirt—not one of her dirndls, the female student who'd packed for her being of the tailor-made faction: of black shantung, originally well cut but now unaccountably some four inches longer behind than before.

Over it, a denim smock dropped contrariwise, longer in front; clean, but with some buttons missing. Her sandals, though solidly secured, were rather dirty. On her head she wore Mr. Joyce's old hat.

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us."***

—Titus 3.5

Why hadn't he forced her? le maitre asked himself belatedly, into that mandarin robe? The answer of course was that no one could force Martha into anything: at first he had discovered ten years before attempting to force her into the mandarin robe of matrimony . . .

"The first arrivals!" cried M. Cerisier, hastily downing a preliminary, a necessary glass of champagne. "Mademoiselle, let me beg of you, attempt to co-operate."

At any rate Martha stood passive before the cameras — among, indeed in the breast of one particularly avant-garde photographer, such enthusiasm for her unusual planes, he got down on the floor to produce a sort of tilted mountainscape; say one of the Juras.

Martha stood patiently until they'd all finished, because after all it was their living; but then he circulated than stumped about, stolid, bad-tempered—and dumb. She never said much in English and of French, despite a year in Paris, knew scarcely more than "oui" and "non."

In fact, this was rather a relief to her dedicated impresario. When le maitre contemplated what she might have said — to a foolish fashionable duchess, to a high-flying art critic—he was well content with her taciturnity. He himself could, and did, say all that was necessary, to leave duchess and critic equally flattered rather than enraged; and, hearing Martha actually speaking to someone, hastened like a fire-engine to a fire.

It was Sally the pretty American, her old fellow-student, Martha was talking to — and all the more willingly because Sally never had and didn't now, cast an eye at a painting when she could look at a hat.

To page 79

Lead a Gay Young Life with Goya

Who is she, this gay young girl with the swinging partner? Meet Jan Lewis, Miss Goya, in a party whirl. Bubbling with life, a talent for friendship, a liking for fun. She's more than a liking for her Goya Perfume. Wrapped in it!

So go make the switch, bewitch him with any of these six Goya fragrances ~ Entice, Affaire, Passport, Goya No. 5, Gardenia and Black Rose. Be Goya gay for as little as 7/6. Now at your chemist and favourite department store.

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"Honey, yours—!" began Sally, before words failed her. (Her own general appearance was a masterpiece of throw-away elegance: jumper wild-silk cut like a trench-coat, worn with fifty cents' worth of gilt beads. Of course, her shoes had cost as many dollars, and the twist of velvet on her head considerably more. Le maitre, even as he held himself ready to interrupt, alerted a photographer). "And didn't you ever get that frock I sent you," wailed Sally, "for just such an occasion as this? Mother Bunch, you're hopeless!"

Martha, hearing her old studio-nickname, smiled. (The photographer captured it: Martha's smile; fire as Queen Victoria's, and as memorable.)

"It was smashing," said Martha, "only I felt a fool in it. If you'd let it back to have taken in—"

"Don't insult me," said Sally pitiably. "Especially when I ought to be at a very special fitting this minute! Only seeing you had a chance, I just couldn't miss the opening. I've bought two," added Sally finally.

"What, dresses?" asked Martha.

"Of your pictures," said Sally. "We've a very large apartment."

LE maitre, listening, now presented his broad back as a barrier against interruption. It was remarkable, he thought, that Martha had ever made such a connection. As he himself now remembered Sally well, as his prettiest and richest, if least serious student — as Martha had been the plainest and most dedicated; but that the two had been friends came as a welcome surprise.

"Will you lend them if I ever come in New York?" asked Martha practically.

"Certainly we will," agreed Sally. "We're always loaning pictures some place or other. I guess it's a hazard of gracious living. But, look, Mother Bunch, d'you remember that attic we shared, when you and I and that Swede all went on a sketching-party to that village?"

Indeed Martha remembered the attic, in the house of Mme P. the local midwife. She remembered a subsequent visit even better — though not so much as the occasion when she'd given birth to a son, but the occasion when she'd for the first time perceived color. (In an orchard, recalled Martha accurately; a mirabelle-plums dropped, amber and red-speckled, first to confuse, then to illumine a hitherto strictly dull palette . . .)

"I've always been glad you came," said Sally frankly, "because Nils really was attractive, and if you hadn't been there as gooseberry I might have had a really serious affair with him — which my darling Leo I'm now married to wouldn't have appreciated at all.

"You've positively got to stay with us, Mother Bunch, when you come to New York — and if there's any difficulty about a gallery, just let me know and I'll tell Dad to do it."

With that she kissed Martha warmly and turned to leave — practically into the arms of le maitre.

"May one find you a taxi?" inquired le maitre solicitously.

"Thank you, I expect there's a taxi," said Sally vaguely. "There usually is . . ."

Continued from page 78

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Le maitre accompanied her on to the pavement nonetheless, offering several courteous phrases about his pleasure to have had her as a student. Sally, her mind now returned to the serious business of life, again looked vague. But a chauffeur-driven car awaited indeed — opulent, American, appearing about half a block long; appearing above all opulent . . .

"We will show in New York next year," murmured le maitre to Martha, returning. "What was it I used to say to you in the studio? 'Continuez!' "

Martha was by this time feeling a good deal happier, for the reason that the gallery was now so crowded no one could look at her pictures at all. No one even tried to: a hedge of expensive hats, below them expensive gloves, like suckers, reaching toward Mr. Joyce's champagne, was frankly backed against the walls.

After boring her way through, however, to note some dozen red stars marking sales, also some dozen half-stars more marking reservations, Martha had had enough, and walked out.

It was inexcusable. She should have been beaten, as le maitre threatened in the old days, over the head. In fact, on a kerb in the rue St. Honore Martha happened to re-encounter Sally; which faithful friend instantly bore her on to a little party at the Georges Cinq.

Like flocks with like; millionaires are no exception; a couple of hours later le maitre, waiting at the Relais d'Angouleme with curses on his lips, saw Martha brought home by a famous American collector in a car even larger than Sally's.

It seemed she had the knack of picking up connections.

"How does it feel," inquired le maitre, joining Martha after breakfast next morning and thrusting a Press cutting under her nose, "to awake and find oneself famous?"

"Am I?" asked Martha indifferently.

"Without doubt. You are the new hope of the European school. It is a fool who writes it, but a fool who carries weight. Also you have sold enough already to satisfy that not-quite-such-a-fool M. Cerisier."

"Then he ought to put my prices up," said Martha.

"The point has not escaped him," retorted le maitre. Martha's stolid demeanor, in fact, slightly annoyed him; certainly he didn't wish her to lose her head, but that she apparently saw no need to keep it was disconcerting.

She wasn't even interested in hearing him translate the notice for her, explaining that she never read notices, anyway. "But you might see Mr. Joyce gets them," added Martha, as to a secretary. "Naturally, Mr. Joyce will get them!" snapped le maitre. "He will get two sets!" "Then you keep this one," said Martha kindly. "I don't want it."

To page 80

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ROBERT BROWNING TO ELIZABETH BARRETT (April 13, 1846): Dearest, unspeakably dear Ba — would I were with you! But my heart stays with you: I write this, tired somewhat and out of spirits—for I have been writing notes this morning; . . . And the moment I have done, I look to the chair and the picture and desire to be at rest with you; the perfect rest and happiness here on earth. But **do** think, my own Ba, in the direction I indicated yesterday—any obstacle now, would be more than I could bear—I feel I **must** live with you—if but for a year, a month—to express the love which words cannot express . . .
See one thing! . . . I want the love at our lives' end, the love after trial, the love of my love, when mine shall have had time and occasion to prove itself.

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When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/3.

9821A

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Continued from page 79

It was an arrogance raised to the point of suolimity; the same arrogant self-confidence that had enabled her to walk out of her own private view. Le maitre ground his teeth at the recollection, but as he hadn't in conscience been able to curse Martha the night before (considering the connection she'd picked up) so he couldn't curse her now . . .

"That reminds me," said Martha, as though following his thought. "That man who brought me back last night says he never goes to private views."

"He can afford his own caviare," retorted le maitre grimly.

"Next time I shall give 'em dry bread," said ungrateful Martha. "What I mean is it wasn't just the caviare and the champagne that made my show a success. Was it?"

Le maitre, for all his impulse to slam her down, was forced to acknowledge Martha correct. The famous cynicism, "But liquor's quicker," might, had he known of it, have supplied him with an argument, but essentially Martha was correct. No amount of free food and drink could have produced such a success: only an enormous, a formidable talent.

"No," said le maitre slowly, "it was not the caviare, and you may tell Mr. Joyce I say so. That is, if you write to him, or am I expected to do that for you also?"

MARTHA reflected a moment.

"No, because he's ill. But you can post it."

"Dear Mr. Joyce" (wrote Martha):

"You will be glad to hear the show is a success. Even le maitre says it is, also the gallery will put my prices up. Nos. 5 and 8 le maitre says you have bought at rock-bottom, congrats. I may show in New York next year, as I have met some millionaires.

"Hoping this finds you on your pins again,

"Yours affec.,

Martha.

P.S. I wore your hat."

Possessed as she was of an enormous, formidable talent, Martha's artistic triumph was more or less a foregone conclusion; her personal success was less easily explicable.

"Tout Paris" had encountered formidable talents before, and in a personality demanded, above all, wit. Martha never uttered so much as a home-truth turned paradox, for the reason that she rarely uttered at all. Her appearance on television should have been a disaster.

In the studio at 9 p.m. sharp (under le maitre's anxious convoy), for an interview at nine-thirty, by a quarter to eleven (all programmes somehow running late) Martha was snoring where she sat. "Wake up, mademoiselle!" implored the interviewer desperately — and Martha's televised yawn made history.

She was probably the only person who had ever yawned while being televised. Unexpectedly, the viewers seemed to appreciate it; Martha received a considerable fanmail, and during the next days became almost a popular figure as she tramped about Paris in her sandals and her overcoat and her hat that had belonged to Mr. Joyce.

At the Louvre, she was positively followed by a train of admiring art students — Martha's scowl at the Mona Lisa rejoicing every young iconoclastic heart. Hardily introduced by le maitre into several salons, this new reputation excused the taciturnity with which she accepted each fresh introduction to each last link with Proust.

Martha had actually never heard of Proust, but soon came to recognise a last link at sight: in general characterised by such fragility, elegance, and extreme old age, as to remind her of nothing so much as skeleton leaves. Her next big series of paintings was to strike more than one critic as curiously anthropomorphic.

Martha never wasted time. What with being interviewed, and lunched, and doing the round of the salons, and at M. Cerisier's insistence putting in an appearance at the gallery at least once a day, Martha's time was pretty well filled. Whenever she could, however, in any spare moment, she sat down outside the nearest cafe and ordered a "chocolat Liegeois."

These luscious confections of chocolate ice and whipped cream, in a long glass, consumed first with spoon, then by straw, were something Martha could never have enough of — never had had enough of; in her student days they were too expensive. Now she was in the position of that rare, happy child who, having declared that when grown-up it will have plum-pudding every day, finds adult appetite unimpaired and adult income adequate.

Martha habitually expended so much energy she needed sugar more than most people; a physician might have actually prescribed "chocolats Liegeois;" the taste saved the trouble of taking medical advice, and if her next appointment with le maitre found her wearing a creamy moustache, the latter had always a handkerchief with which to wipe it off.

So far as le maitre, who held the purse-strings, could make out, the only other things Martha needed money for were a couple of brands of crayon she couldn't get in England and of which she purchased several years' supply.

All the same — successful as she was, and flattered as she was, and sugar-sated as she was—after some three or four days Martha would willingly have gone home. She didn't enjoy being lionised and liked to work regular hours. But le maitre had still up his sleeve a few more useful personalities (critics and last links with Proust) for her to meet, and his reminder of how much good money Mr. Joyce had put into her carried weight.

Martha, always financially conscientious, saw it as only fair that she should become as celebrated as possible, especially in Paris, to pay her patron back.

Le maitre didn't appeal to her affection for Mr. Joyce. He knew Martha too well. Actually, she was fonder of the old man than of anyone else in the world, but it still wasn't saying much. The obligation she recognised was financial.

"Oh, all right," said Martha grumpily. "How long's going to see me through?"

"You are here for a fortnight, for a fortnight you will remain," said le maitre. "May I also remind you that you have not yet visited the studio?"

"I haven't had time," pointed out Martha. "Shall I come tomorrow?"

"If mademoiselle would so condescend!"

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AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray. Week starting May 6

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, red, lilac.
Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ You could get your feelings hurt through the dubious behaviour of a friend, but the door to reconciliation stands ajar. You'll have to curb some aggressive impulses at the weekend.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, black.
Lucky days, Thur., Monday.

★ You are receiving a lot of publicity from the author and might have to exercise your sense of patience. Beware of disaster, especially on the 7th. Improves until the 11th.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, green, cerise.
Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ If you don't watch those highly strung nerves you could behave like a rocket on the romance page. You'll have to cancel all you say and write. Romance good for 11th-12th.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, green, spots.
Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ Muddling and unsettled influences could produce a rift in the domestic lute. Watch out for double-dealing, especially in romance, which improves on the 11th and 12th.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, orange, red.
Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ If you have any new and original plan, you could launch it early this week, if you are prepared to expect setbacks—because partnership and marriage are prone to deception.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, grey, yellow.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ You'll have to control the tendency to worry about your job. Most Virgoans are wheelhorses and willing workers. You'll find conditions edgy, and misleading, but the week improves.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, pink, blue.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ Most of the time could find you exerting your love of balance and compromise to the utmost. There is a lot of muddle, deception, and irritation. But the 11th and 12th turn out fine.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, green, rose.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ Scorpios are usually strong folk with downright views and their desire not to compromise. Plan is to dodge deception, control that biting opinion.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, red, orange.
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ You come out of a muddling and upsetting week better than most, particularly at the end. Just watch that yen to be frank and forthright. On occasions it can hurt.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, grey, rose.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ A mixed time for home affairs and romance. A big powerful influence for good is followed by one which spells delay, indecision, cloudy thinking. Things improve on 11th and 12th.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, rose, blue.
Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ You are some of the more than usually favored this week, but you, too, could experience chaos and upset, affecting marriage and partnership. Conditions improve at the end.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, red.
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Mixed but mainly fortunate, emphasis on job and career. There are muddling and tricky influences — don't fall for gold bricks! Be careful driving. Eleventh and 12th fortunate.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Beauty secrets of the '90s

● Beauties of the 1890s pencilled blue veins on their temples, throats, and wrists to give their skin the appearance of delicate, fragile transparency.

AT the turn of the century, any hope-chest worthy of the name was incomplete without a volume of "Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book."

Between those stout leather covers was an unwritten guarantee to keep a husband well fed.

But before the wedding bells could chime, Great-Grandmama had first to win herself a proposal, and it was to "Beauty," a tome calling Mrs. Beeton for hints and tipes, that she turned.

"Beauty: Its Attainment and Perfection," published in America in 1890, is a witch's cauldron of beauty hints, prudery, superstition, and sound common sense.

A peek at what went on behind the boudoir doors is enough to melt your plastic hair rollers.

Although "Beauty" admitted that the era of vapors and smelling-salts was drawing to a close, it still maintained that "nothing pleases the beholder more than a complexion both fair and delicate."

By ESTELLE RUNCIE

To create this illusion of fragile transparency, a blue cosmetic pencil was as important as an eyebrow pencil is today. Veins on the wrist, temple, and throat were outlined with deft artistry. A home-made paste — a pottage of French chalk moistened with gum-arabic and tinted with prussian blue—was also favored.

Between the apothecary and the woman who aspired to beauty there was a close affiliation, and the path between the dispensary and the kitchen was well worn. Mysterious parcels tied with waxed string passed over the counter and the contents were pulverised, brewed, stirred, and strained behind closed kitchen doors.

Whitening lotions for the complexion were losing popularity. "Beauty" archly comments: "Stinging criticisms are provoked by a face encrusted with white substances largely composed of washes, lotions, and liquids which are vulgarly (though rightly) termed as 'whitewashes'."

But a more refined substitute was to hand—face powder. After reading how to prepare this forerunner of today's perfumed, finely sieved cosmetic, it is not surprising that a dab of starch on a shiny nose was all that most women used:

"Pulverise a quarter of a pound of wheat starch and sift through a fine sieve; then add eight drops of the oil of rose, 30 of the oil of lemon, and 15 of the oil of bergamot. Rub thoroughly together."

To add roses to the pallid cheek, it was permissible to use a crepon, a pad of silk or gauze impregnated with carthamine (a vegetable dye) and mounted on handles of wood or ivory.

The juice of strawberries also proved satisfactory, or crushed geranium petals, or artificial flowers dyed with carmine.

Health, home, and happiness were in grave danger if a woman should stoop to using red lead on her lips. By the brevity of suggested alternatives for lip rouge, there is little doubt left in the reader's mind just how "Beauty" felt about this Jezebel-inspired trickery!

A golden tan was enough to ruin the marital prospects of any maiden. Suntan, freckles, warts, and birthmarks were lumped together as "afflictions" that must be removed at all costs.

The recipe for curing freckles and suntan consisted of best English mustard, lemon juice, horseradish, and the oil of the almond!

It isn't surprising that the victim was cautioned against appearing in public while the top layers of skin peeled off layer by painful layer.

Vital statistics were as important then as now, but Sophia Loren's envied curves wouldn't have raised an eyebrow in those ample days. Any innocent of the '90s knew that if moustaches were going to twirl her way, hips had to measure at least six inches—if not ten inches—more than the bustline.

"Beauty" reaches its highest peak of rhetorical charm praising the benefits derived from sea bathing:

"It is indeed a pretty sight to see rosy-cheeked girls and women plunging, diving, and swimming about like so many ruddy mermaids."

Her lipstick is Pink Parfait by Angel Face

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M7A

Continued from page 80

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

The irony was unnecessary and due only to a certain raggedness of le maitre's nerves. Martha was only too eager to stand before an easel again. She, nonetheless, next morning took her time over bath and breakfast, in the awareness that she had now no need to arrive early to get a good place.

Martha, who was without false modesty, knew she could take whatever place she chose and any student who had to shift would be flattered. As things turned out, however, she almost failed to arrive at the studio at all.

Stumping downstairs shortly after ten Martha crossed the manageress coming up. "Monsieur awaits in the foyer!" smiled the manageress. Martha assumed that le maitre had come to fetch her; again without false modesty recognised that her presence in class would do the studio a bit of good. But it wasn't le maitre who waited; there at the foot of the stairs, bang in her path, stood Eric Taylor.

There was no avoiding him; nor any possibility (Martha so taken by surprise) of feigning non-recognition. Ten years had in fact altered him very little; his narrow frame hadn't filled out much, his features were no heavier, nor any more decided. It is a decade, from twenty to thirty-four, that commonly brings a man to maturity, but perhaps not if he lives with his mother; in all, Eric still looked as boyish as when Martha last set eyes on him.

She had hoped never to set eyes on him again. Now he stood before her, inescapable: her first, her only lover, and the father of her child.

"Hello," said Martha gloomily.

Eric Taylor whitened. He also, very slightly, swayed on his feet. (Had Mme Leclerc been there to witness, what happy memories would have roused! Just so had Eric paled and swayed under the literally staggering burden of a carry-cot.) Martha merely recalled with irritation that he'd always felt more emotion than a situation warranted. However, he made an attempt to match her stolidity with a man-of-the-world air.

"So we meet again," said Eric Taylor.

"It looks like it," agreed Martha. "I'm just off to the studio." It didn't occur to her to ask how he knew she was in Paris, and where she was staying. By this time Martha calmly accepted the fact that all her activities and whereabouts were pretty well public knowledge. For a moment, indeed, the relieving notion crossed her mind that Eric might be there simply by accident — just dropping in to take a look at the Modiglianis, but his next words showed this the wishful thinking she knew it in her heart to be.

"Not until we've had a talk," said Eric.

He stood full in her path. Martha glanced past him at a clock, and saw the hands at 10.20.

"Oughtn't you to be at the Bank?" she suggested hopefully.

"After thirteen years," returned Eric, with a slightly bitter smile, "I believe I'm sufficiently valuable to be allowed the odd morning off."

"Congrats," said Martha.

Purposefully she descended the last few stairs, prepared to make a bolt. But Eric's hand now on her wrist was purposeful also, and with the manageress redescending, also several people in the foyer, she hesitated to start a possible scene by employing her superior weight to shake him off.

It would have been publicity in a way, but Martha was always very careful about publicity, in case it turned out the wrong sort: as any bowling-over of an ex-lover in a Paris hotel probably would. Thus she almost passively allowed herself to be led to a petit-point sofa under a Modigliani.

She didn't mean to waste any more of that valuable commodity, time, than was strictly necessary; and, remembering Eric's capacity for beating about a bush, opened the inevitable topic of their conversation herself.

"Did you keep it?" asked Martha.

Eric swallowed. He had, in fact, come prepared with a rather poignant little exordium: the forthright approach put him off. In the petit-point chair opposite the petit-point sofa he sat momentarily wordless, and nodded.

"I thought you would," said Martha complacently. "Wasn't your mother surprised?"

Eric moistened his lips.

"Mother was wonderful. At first she could hardly believe it of me; but then she behaved wonderfully."

"I thought she would," said Martha. "How is she?"

It was probably the first time Eric ever let an inquiry about his mother's health go unanswered; but he was naturally not himself.

"I notice you don't ask how he is," retorted Eric grimly.

"Well, I always knew I'd left him in good hands," Martha congratulated herself. "All right: tell me."

Again Eric had to swallow.

"Mother thinks his chest may be weak, but for his age he's remarkably intelligent."

"Whatever else he's got from me, it isn't a weak chest," remarked Martha.

"There are several other things he didn't get from you," observed Eric pointedly. "George, I'm happy to say, has a very sweet, obedient nature."

From Martha's expression, he felt he had at last pierced her defences. She looked genuinely, if not abashed, at least struck. So indeed she was.

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MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

"George? You didn't call him after you?"

To her surprise, at this reasonable inquiry Eric appeared to lose all self-control.

"No, we didn't!" almost shouted Eric Taylor. "Good heavens, Martha, if you think I wanted to lay it on—! Wasn't it bad enough everyone knowing? I tell you I've stood it for ten years and I'm jolly well not going to stand it any more! You've evaded your responsibilities once, but you're not going to evade them again. You've got to take him back."

The passage of ten years had really quietened his conscience. He no longer wanted to marry Martha, he wanted to get rid of George.

IMMEDIATELY, indignation and astonishment combined to tie her tongue.

"It's not that I can't support George, or that mother won't be sorry to lose him. Mother's devoted to him. I'm very fond of George myself," added Eric. "But we've got to think of his future, and for the thing it seems to be only you who can get him British nationality. Neither mother nor I can, so the poor little chap's still officially French; but all you have to do is acknowledge him before a notary, then he can be endorsed on your passport and you can take him Home."

Martha found utterance at last. "All? You call that all?"

To his extreme annoyance, Eric found himself swallowing again.

"As I say, it's perfectly simple."

"All!" repeated Martha. She'd never been so shocked in her life — or not since Eric's equally outrageous proposal that she should marry him and stop painting. "Anyway, why shouldn't he be French? I wish I was; I'd have a built-in lodge. Hell's bells, unless you get a maintenance order against me—"

"Martha! Don't you know I'd never think of such a thing?"

"Probably you couldn't anyway," agreed Martha. "But if you see any difference I'm damned if I do. Who'd have to maintain him, at Home? I should."

"Of course, I'd contribute—"

"What, and get me mixed up with you again? Not on your life," snarled Martha. "Actually I'm probably making more money than you are," she added cruelly. "Have you got your step yet?"

It was the last straw. At the memory of that deepest injury of all, the blighting of his happy, innocent, hopeful career in the City of London (Paris branch) Bank, all Eric's self-control vanished.

Plunging into wider waters of self-pity, he remembered all the spinach he'd had to eat, and all the evenings he'd spent baby-sitting; leapt the years to visualise young George lagging in the Tuileries behind himself and Edith Allen; and let moral indignation rip.

"Let alone the sheer heartlessness of it," cried Eric passionately. "Can't you see what it must have done to me? A man—a boy—of my age, to be saddled with a child?"

"I don't see why it should be any worse than for a young woman," said Martha reasonably.

Eric flinched. He'd always flinched, recalled Martha irritably, before the plain term.

"Anyway, you had your mother to look after it, and you say you could afford him, and you were at least as responsible as I was, so what you're complaining of I'm damned if I know."

"What you seem to forget," articulated Eric, through stiff lips, "is that it's your fault he's a . . . little illegit. I was ready to marry you. I wanted to marry you—"

"And shoulder all my burdens for me," reminded Martha.

"Now if you can't see the difference," began Eric passionately, "between a wife and a—a—"

"Mistress," supplied Martha.

"I do. There's all the difference in the world—"

"Wait a minute," said Martha. "Do you want to marry me now?"

It was Eric's turn to be struck dumb. Even if he hadn't loved another (Edith Allen) the proposition would still have terrified him. Huge, rough, bullying—ruthless and irredeemably selfish—as the adjectives crowded into Eric's mind he saw Martha less as an old flame than as an ogress.

"I should jolly well say not!"

"Then, that's that," retorted Martha, "and if you think I'm going to have a child on my hands when after here I'm showing in London this autumn, and probably in New York next year, you can damn well think again, because he's all yours."

Would Eric have actually struck her? The impulse in Eric was strong and probably healthy.

Martha herself recognised it and prepared to counter; it was as well for both parties that just then the outer door of the Relais swung open under a large, big-knuckled fist that descended on Martha's scruff.

"With the full class waiting," stormed le maitre, "also types one has never seen before, at least have the grace to appear before noon!"

He hustled her out.

"Who was that," demanded le maitre, "delaying you? Another imbecile of a journalist?" "No, he's in the City of London (Paris branch) Bank," replied Martha.

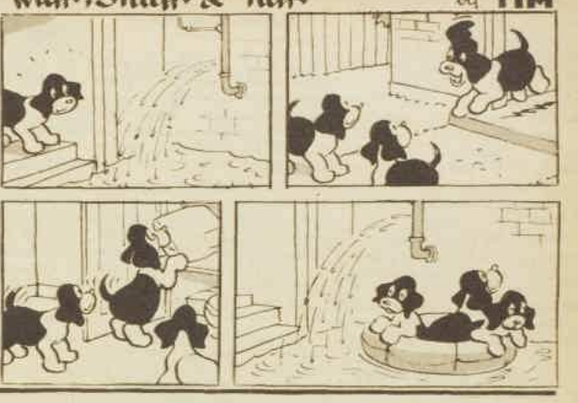
Le maitre, as has been said, possessed an eye accurate and retentive as the lens of a camera. But it was ten years since he saw Eric Taylor at the studio, and he hadn't now really looked at him; so Martha was saved further explanation.

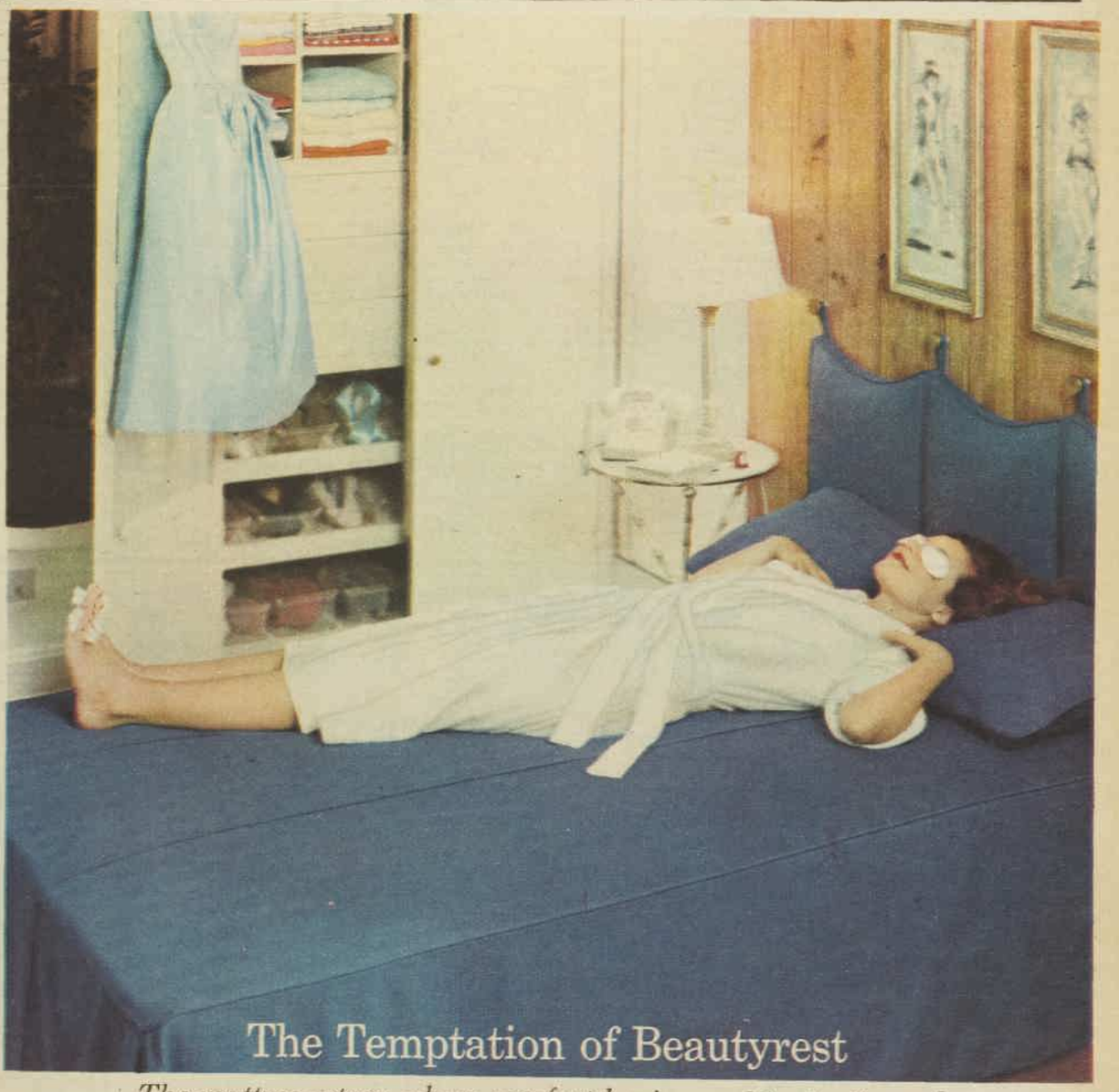
To be concluded

(The novel "Martha, Eric and George" is published by Collins.)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff & TIM





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Continued from page 29

AUTUMN JOURNEY

Now she was ashamed of this new weakness inside herself which welcomed Hugh's insistence on driving. The eighteen-mile journey into the city hospital had assumed the proportion of an ordeal. For the first time she was nervous at the prospect of weekend traffic banking up on the bridge, at the impatiently gesticulating policeman, and the bleating of horns on the thin autumn air.

I want to sit back and be driven, she admitted to herself. I want to be comforted and made much of, as a woman should be when her mother is dying. Then, turning to Hugh, she said: "It is all hypocrisy."

"It is, if the forgiveness isn't inside. Are you sure it isn't?"

He is a good man, she thought. Probably better than I deserve. No. That isn't so. He is as good as I deserve. I am strong and I try to be wise.

She was not, and never had been, really concerned about the acquisition of wisdom. Strength was the thing. To be strong transcended all other desirable characteristics. Her father had been strong. Her father, deserted and forsaken for someone with less physical appeal, money, and position than he, had still managed to be strong; strong enough to turn from the memory and marry again.

"We'll have to arrange for someone to see to the boys," she said. "Perhaps your mother—"

"There isn't time. They can come with us."

"They are too young." How quietly determined her manner, how strong her will; a combination which had never failed, either with herself, her sons, or her husband.

"Ten and thirteen," Hugh said. "Old enough to know about birth. Old enough to learn about death." How reasonable his manner, how determined his will, she thought. The good have a strength all their own, and it never fails.

"Very well, if you insist."

Weakness. All along the impregnable line, old defences were falling, old strengths being forsaken. " 'Courage is the thing'," her father had quoted Barrie to her long ago. " 'All goes if courage goes.' Never forget it, Sheila."

She had never forgotten. It was only now, on this early autumn evening, full of treachery and forgotten love, it occurred to her that courage and strength might not be synonymous.

PERHAPS the irresponsible mother with the vivid face had possessed a courage all her own. Yes, it must have taken courage to forsake a loving husband and a beautiful home and, probably hardest of all, a seven-year-old daughter.

"She needn't have gone," the daughter now grown to womanhood said fiercely, not realising she had spoken the words aloud.

"Perhaps she had to go," Hugh said. "A love as great as that demands its own respect."

"Love. That is really a disgusting way of describing what she did."

"Your father got over it," Hugh reminded her, "and he was her husband."

It is easy for husbands to get over it. They hide behind pride and strength, which are the shields of men. A man finds himself another wife. Children are without shields. A child cannot find itself another mother.

Death is honorable and when a mother dies the child is petted and comforted. Teachers are forgiving, adults understanding, and friends give up three-quarters of a chocolate bar instead of half, hoping to atone for the terrible injustice of another of their kind being motherless.

Desertion is dishonorable and the child is not allowed to grieve, because grief over dishonor is weakness. Teachers expect the same standard, adults whisper when you leave the room, and friends keep their chocolate bars intact, because your mother is a bad woman and you are part of her and maybe you will be a bad woman, too.

"But I was her daughter," she said. "I never got over it."

"No," Hugh said. "You never did. But I have always felt," Hugh said, "that your father was very hasty. I think, if he had waited, she would have come back."

She stared at him incredulously. "You can't be serious. Do you honestly think he could have taken her back after she had left him—us? Anyway, what do you know about it?"

"Only what I've been told," Hugh said.

He had taken her heavy coat from the hall cupboard and was holding it out to her, the sleeves partly extended, so that she could put it on with ease. It suddenly struck her that the small gesture was typical of Hugh.

Once, shortly after they had moved into the house, they had returned from an outing and seen a trio of boys looting the fruit trees in the back garden. Hugh had insisted they enter by the front door and not by the back, thus facilitating the boys' escape. And, as the culprits had fled down the drive to freedom, Hugh had watched, smiling, from the sitting-room window.

"Now, what good did that do?" she had demanded, really very angry, because the trees were loaded with fine fruit.

"It made it easier for them," Hugh had said. "Half the fun is in eluding capture. See, they are only carrying what they can eat."

She had turned to look at her sons, younger then, their eyes fixed on Hugh in adoration, because here was a man unafraid to think as a child.

"Never let me catch you robbing anyone's tree," she had said to them, and the voice of her father spoke from her mouth: "Taking what does not belong to you is very wicked and weak."

SHE put her arms into the coat Hugh was holding and said: "You always like to make things easy for people."

"Yes," he agreed. "It is easy to make things hard, but hard to make them easy."

She was silent, knowing that he was trying to tell her something, seeing on his face the seeking look she sometimes surprised there when he looked at her in unguarded moments.

Even on their honeymoon she had occasionally seen that look on his face. It occurred to her now, as it had not occurred to her then, that a man on his honeymoon should not be still seeking but finding what he had sought.

"I'll call the boys," he said. "We three can eat at a cafe if you're delayed at the hospital."

"I won't be delayed," she assured him, touched with unexpected melancholy by the closeness of the "we three."

In the car her sons sat on the back seat, excited by the prospects of this unexpected trip into the city and subdued by the imminent death of the grandmother whom they had never known.

"Is she very old?" inquired the younger.

"Not so very," Sheila answered.

"Will she meet Grandfather in heaven?" he persisted. "Won't it be funny when his other wife goes there, too? Can you have two wives in heaven?"

"Oh, shut up," said the elder, with the impatience and complacency of thirteen confronted by the ignorance of ten. "Heaven isn't a country, silly. It's a state of mind."

"Who told you that?" she asked.

"Pa."

Pa. Not father or dad or pop, as was the popular and vulgar vernacular of the day, but Pa.

She remembered another Pa, strong and wise or, treacherous thought, perhaps not as wise, but only strong, who had assured her heaven did indeed exist. It was a beautiful country, full of silver trees and golden pavements and angels' music. In heaven it was always summer and only good people went there. The Other Place was dark and grey and there was fire.

She had believed in the Other Place all right. The fire was the molten gold of autumn leaves and the dark and the grey were the shadows on an autumn sky. The Other Place was more real than heaven, for a landscape of silver and gold lulled by angelic music and shrouded in perpetual summer was beyond the realms of possibility.

It was never said, but it never had to be said: when the time came, her mother would go to the Other Place. She had lain awake for many nights, weeping inside herself for her bad, beloved mother who was doomed to go to hell.

Hugh took one hand from the wheel and laid it over hers on the seat of the car.

"What will you say to her?" he asked gently.

"I shall say: 'Goodbye, Glenda'."

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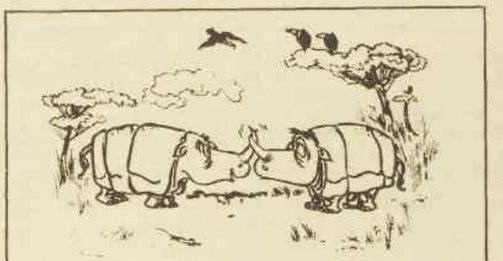

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AUTUMN JOURNEY

Continued from page 84

Hugh removed his hands suddenly, as if it had been burned. "There was something I didn't explain to Keith," he said, "because I considered it self-explanatory. Hell is a state of mind, too."

She looked at him, seeing the length of nose and breadth of forehead and gentleness of mouth, all of which spelled strength of a kind that she had not been taught to honor; the strength which not only tolerates but also forgives the weakness of others.

"You're so strong," Hugh said.

Did she imagine it or was there a sigh in his voice? People sighed for regret or sadness. Not for happiness did they sigh, never for happiness.

Be strong, Pa had advised. Do always what is right, no matter the cost. He had not advised eternal punishment for the weak who lacked the strength to do always what was right, but that, like her mother's eventual destination, was a fact which needed no voicing.

"Grandmother ran away with another man," said the younger boy unexpectedly. "Was she good or bad?"

"Who told you?" Sheila asked. It seemed unbearable that, after all these years, another child should be forced to wonder and wander in the barren no-man's land between good and bad.

THE younger boy said: "Aunt Hattie." He was not perturbed. There was no question of his mother being bad, so his grandmother's escapade was not shocking only very interesting. "At least, she didn't tell me, but I heard her talking about it last Christmas. Why do people only talk about really interesting things at Christmas and weddings and funerals?"

"Those are the times when families come together," Hugh said, "and, naturally, they talk over their past history."

"Like a gathering of the clans," said the elder boy. Because he was verging on manhood and had already learned there were things better left unsaid he kicked his brother on the ankle. He wanted the journey to the hospital to be easy for his mother. She was quiet and self-contained, sometimes rather stern, but always just. He loved her.

"Your grandmother did a bad thing," Hugh explained softly, "but she wasn't bad, only selfish and misguided. Perhaps she was sad, afterwards."

The younger boy rubbed his ankle, but bore the pain without complaint. His questions had somehow distressed his mother, and Keith, who knew about such things, had given him a timely warning.

His mother was beautiful. Her hair was fair. She was quiet and she hardly ever laughed, but sometimes she smiled and it was better than a laugh. There was stillness about her as if she knew a lot of things other mothers didn't know. He loved her, not as he loved his father, who was more approachable, but as he loved all permanent, unchanging things, like trees and sun and food and fires.

He wanted to prove his love in some tangible way, so he leaned forward and spoke into his mother's hair. "Well, I'll love you always. Even if you were bad and ran away from us I'd still love you — and I'd never stop."

This time the kick on his ankle was sharp and vicious. He yelped at the unexpected punishment.

"Please don't fight, boys," said his mother.

Her voice was muffled. It occurred to her younger son that she sounded exactly as he had felt when, last season, a hard-kicked football had connected with his middle, leaving him temporarily windless and astonished.

The hospital was quiet, drowsing in the serenity of pre-visiting hour. The sister who answered their inquiries was approachable. She had shed her shield of detachment in the face of approaching death. "I'm so glad you could get here in time," she said to Sheila.

It was obvious the sister thought she had journeyed a long distance, as perhaps she had. But Sheila knew the sister would be shocked to discover she lived but 18 miles from the hospital. Then, defensively, she thought: We arranged for her to be brought into hospital and we will pay the bills. What more could anyone expect of us?

The sister led Hugh and the boys to a small waiting annex and took Sheila to her mother's room.

"How long can I stay?"

"My dear, as long as you wish." (How stupid are the questions of loving relatives facing bereavement.) "It is only a matter of time."

"Is she in pain?"

"Not now. We have seen to that; she is just very tired and weak."

The quick smile, the comforting squeeze of the shoulder, the unspoken: "Be brave, for you are no longer a child and death is like birth. It must be borne," and Sheila was alone with her mother.

The room, so light and yet so dark. Her mother, so old and yet so young, lying back on pillows of hospital white. Her mother's face so dull and yet so vivid. The black, black hair and the eyes, seeking, seeking and at last finding what they sought.

"Sheila," said her mother.

What inane things people said when confronted by the inevitability of death, or the miracle of birth. She remembered herself, thirteen years before, insisting that the whole hospital staff be informed she had given birth to a son. They had indulged her wishes, thinking her joy rather sweet, not knowing that she had passionately desired a son, for daughters grow into women, and women into wives and mothers, and some mothers are faithless creatures.

"So long," said her mother.

"Yes. It has been a long time," Sheila agreed, in the voice of someone forced to converse with a slightly unsavory stranger.

"Wanted you to know why," said her mother. "Listen."

"I'm listening."

"It was because he—your father—never needed me, not like the other one. Your father was so strong. Never needed anyone, just himself. The other one was different." There was a long pause, then: "It is between you and Hugh . . . I've seen him look at you, but he can't find it."

She is wandering, Sheila thought. She has never seen Hugh and me together. Only just once, only at our wedding.

Her mother had come to the wedding and her family, particularly on her father's side, had been shocked and annoyed. Nobody, however, had voiced their disapproval. They presumed her mother's presence was a face-saving gambit for the benefit of Hugh's family. It had been a quiet ceremony, because her father was not long dead and her stepmother, in deep mourning, felt unable to face the festivity of a wedding.

What was it her mother had seen between Hugh and herself? Had she, discovering the funny, questing look on Hugh's face, recognised and understood it for what it was, a seeking for some human weakness in a character so strong as to be frightening? Had she recognised it because she had felt the same look on her own face on her own wedding day and in the years that followed?

"Wanted to take you with me," her mother muttered. "John was willing, but he—your father—wouldn't let me. I don't think you ever knew that—did you?"

"No," Sheila said.

"I begged, but of course he—your father—was right. Not suitable. Too young to choose."

"I was not too young." Oh, the bitterness of the denial she had never been allowed to make.

"Didn't think it mattered. Thought you were so much like your father, so strong." A long sigh. People sighed for regret and sadness, never for happiness. "But I was wrong. You weren't strong, were you?"

"No."

"No. A child isn't. Should have known."

A long silence stretching out into time which was precious, infinite, and irredeemable. She's gone, Sheila thought, and I haven't said anything. But how does one make up for a whole lost lifetime in a single sentence?

Her mother's eyes opened, and her lips moved. "Forgive me," she whispered.

WHAT was it Hugh had said? "It is easy to make things hard, but hard to make them easy." She knew now how to make up for a whole lost lifetime in a single sentence. Her husband and her younger son had shown her.

"I'll love you always," said the daughter now grown to wisdom as well as strength. "Even when you went away from us I still loved you—and I never stopped."

The eyes closed. The long sleep slid down like a curtain over the still face. Her father had fought death, but her mother accepted it quietly, with the special strength of those who know how to endure the inevitable.

It was only then that Sheila said: "Goodbye, Glenda." And because the forgiveness she felt inside herself was real, it was not a bitter reminder of past follies, as she had first intended—it was only a sad farewell.

Hugh and her sons were waiting outside. Her sons were not disconcerted by her weeping. Even the elder boy was still close enough to childhood to be unembarrassed by tears, which were only an admission of weakness and a call to comfort.

They patted her wordlessly, their hands clumsy and gentle. On their faces was the sweet reasonableness of their father and the self-restraint of their mother, a blessed combination which was to make them loved and loving for the rest of their lives.

Hugh was looking at her, his expression that of a man who, after seeking, at last finds that which he has sought.

He took her arm and they walked down the long corridor together, toward the doors which were opened to the golden early autumn evening.

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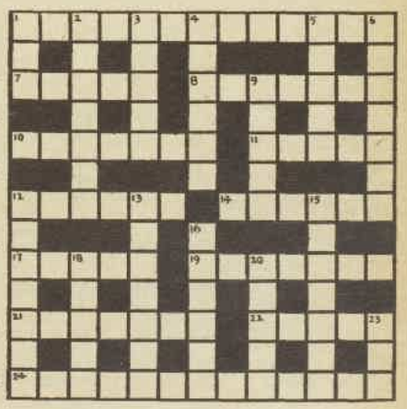
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

Mandrake hypnotises Max and his gang of conspirators, overpowers them, and calls the soldiers loyal to the President to arrest the traitors. READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Last thing you get from a fellow drinker (3, 3, 3, 4).
7. Slip away, anno domini, surrounded by an ancient woman (5).
8. A worthless person, not necessarily from the poultry yard (1, 3, 3).
10. Opposite of not many (7).
11. A track in which a liar turns tail (5).
12. Opera of taxi drivers? (6).
14. One of the musketeers (6).
17. A small civet which is a donkey at heart (5).
19. A plane figure having nine sides and nine angles (7).
21. Outdoors existing in a rope (4, 3).
22. No sun in substantives (5).
24. He clears the way for others (6-7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Metallic substance of adorers (3).
2. Once a stage player now an extortioner (7).
3. Poem on a concert hall (5).
4. Emotional shock or effect of injury (6).
5. Musical drama (5).
6. Bemires with broken legs at the end (7).
9. Change later (5).
12. Cardboard boxes made of heavy weight in vehicles (7).
13. Late Eve (anagr., 7).
15. An American consequential person carrying a drinking cup (7).
16. The signer can be a French painter of the last century (6).
18. Guide a bullock (5).
20. Time being (5).
23. Term of a courteous address (3).

R	E	G	A	R	D	S		C	A	T	E	R
E		I		A		A		A		A		A
G	E	N	E	R	A	L	S	T	O	R	E	S
A				E		T		S		G		P
T	O	M	E	N	T	U	M		N	E	S	S
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A	S	S	E	S	S		P	O	S	S	E	T
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S	T	I	N	T		T	E	N	D	E	R	S

Solution of last week's crossword.

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Continued from page 27

THE INVALUABLE MISS FELTON

Again her telephone rang. She was about to lift the receiver when she noticed that it was resting on its cradle in the opposite direction to which she always left it. Being left-handed, she was in the habit of dialling with her left and holding the receiver in her right hand, so that when it was resting on its cradle the cord was hanging down over the side of her desk. A trivial thing, perhaps, but her mind was trained to notice small details, and it puzzled her. As she answered the phone the explanation came to her. Of course, Sir John had used it when he rang her at home.

There was no reply to her "hello," though it sounded as though the line were open. She proceeded with her work, but something was still vaguely worrying her, and suddenly she knew what it was. She had been the last one to use the phone, she had spoken to her mother. Now why would she have put it down contrary to her invariable practice? Ah, well, one did strange things when one felt woolly in the head!

Again the phone rang. This time it was her boss. "How's it going, Miss Felton? I'm about to leave for the christening and I've just discovered I have the key to the safe in my pocket. Would it be any trouble to bring the report here when it's done? Get a taxi, of course, and then you can take it on home from here. I wouldn't like it to remain in the office overnight. I suppose you're nearly finished?"

"Far from it, Sir John," she answered with some asperity. "I've got a full afternoon's work here. By the way, did you try to ring me a few minutes ago?"

His reply came quickly. "No. What makes you ask that? Don't hang up yet, Miss Felton, I haven't finished."

"I'm still here, Sir John. I heard a click and thought you had hung up."

He hesitated for a moment. "Well, get on with the work, and when you're ready to leave ring for a taxi and tell them to blow the horn twice when they arrive. Don't go out till you hear it, and come straight here. Got that?"

By the time she had finished darkness had long since fallen, and she looked at her watch in consternation. The work still had to be checked through for errors, and she began arranging the newly typed pages on one side, the mass of corrected ones on the other. She closed her eyes for a moment. Her head was throbbing and she decided to take some more aspirin before beginning the tedious task of checking one against the other. She was amazed at its context. It was a completely new report, in direct contradiction to the other. No doubt this was the reason for Sir John's impressing upon her the need for utmost precaution.

Her years with the department had trained her to realise how serious the consequences would be if this should fall into the wrong hands.

She tied the new report with the colored tape used exclusively to denify "top secret," and put a rubber band round the old one.

Placing the one in her briefcase she locked it through force of habit and slipped the key into her handbag. The other she dropped carelessly into her bottom drawer.

Then, obeying Sir John's instructions, she phoned for a taxi.

The line appeared to be dead, and she resolved to leave, feeling sure she would have no difficulty in finding a cruising taxi.

Closing the door behind her, she walked out into the darkness. The combination of fog and light rain made visibility almost nil, and she hugged the briefcase to her chest as a protection against the raw cold.

Turning into Macquarie Street, it was hard to believe that it was a busy thoroughfare during the day, a moving ribbon of cars, taxis, and buses. Now it was deserted; the street lights were almost obscured by the rain, and the Conservatorium, newly painted, loomed up through the swirling mist like a ghostly palace in a fairytale.

There was nothing to shelter her on the opposite side except for one row of palm trees, but she crossed over, thinking she would be more likely to pick up a taxi. The whole street was deserted. Or did she hear a faint footstep behind her? She turned her head, but saw no one. There was no sound but the soft drip of the rain and the distant muffle of the city traffic. Instinctively she hastened her steps.

A taxi came toward her, and she hailed it; but it was already occupied. The sound of its motor had prevented her from hearing the soft pad of feet behind her. There was just the sudden wrench of her arm, the dull, sickening thud in her head, before she sank down into a black void.

So it was that she did not see the car that swung round to pick up her assailant with the precious briefcase. Nor did she see the other car that turned in swift pursuit.

It was much later that night when she drifted back to consciousness to see the dear, familiar fireplace in her own flat and her mother and Sir John Blandford watching her anxiously. She was lying on the couch and for a moment when she opened her eyes the room seemed to be spinning.

It took her a few minutes to recall what had happened.

"The briefcase! Oh, Sir John, what can I say?"

"Young lady, you're not to say anything. Just rest quietly and I'll tell you what happened. After I'd spoken to you on the phone I had a feeling that something was amiss. I tried to ring you to tell you to wait for me, but the line was dead. I got really worried then.

"So I got things moving and called in the top security fellows. Though you didn't know it, you were under their surveillance from the time you left the building. That chap was just too quick for them when he moved in on you so suddenly. However, they got him. The only regret I have is that you had to suffer that blow on the head."

"But the briefcase, Sir John? Did you get that back? After all, that's the important thing."

For the first time there was a twinkle in Sir John's eye.

"Yes, we got it back all right, but far from being 'the important thing' it contained nothing but a bundle of worthless papers. For once my efficient little secretary slipped up.

"What you did, my dear, was to leave the new report in the bottom drawer of your desk. The security fellows found it when they made a thorough search of the office. I tremble to think of the consequences had they got away with it. However, that's one mistake I'll gladly forgive you. All you have to do now is take a well-deserved rest and get rid of that cold. There'll be plenty of work waiting for you when you come back." And, giving her a fatherly pat on the arm, Sir John went out the door.

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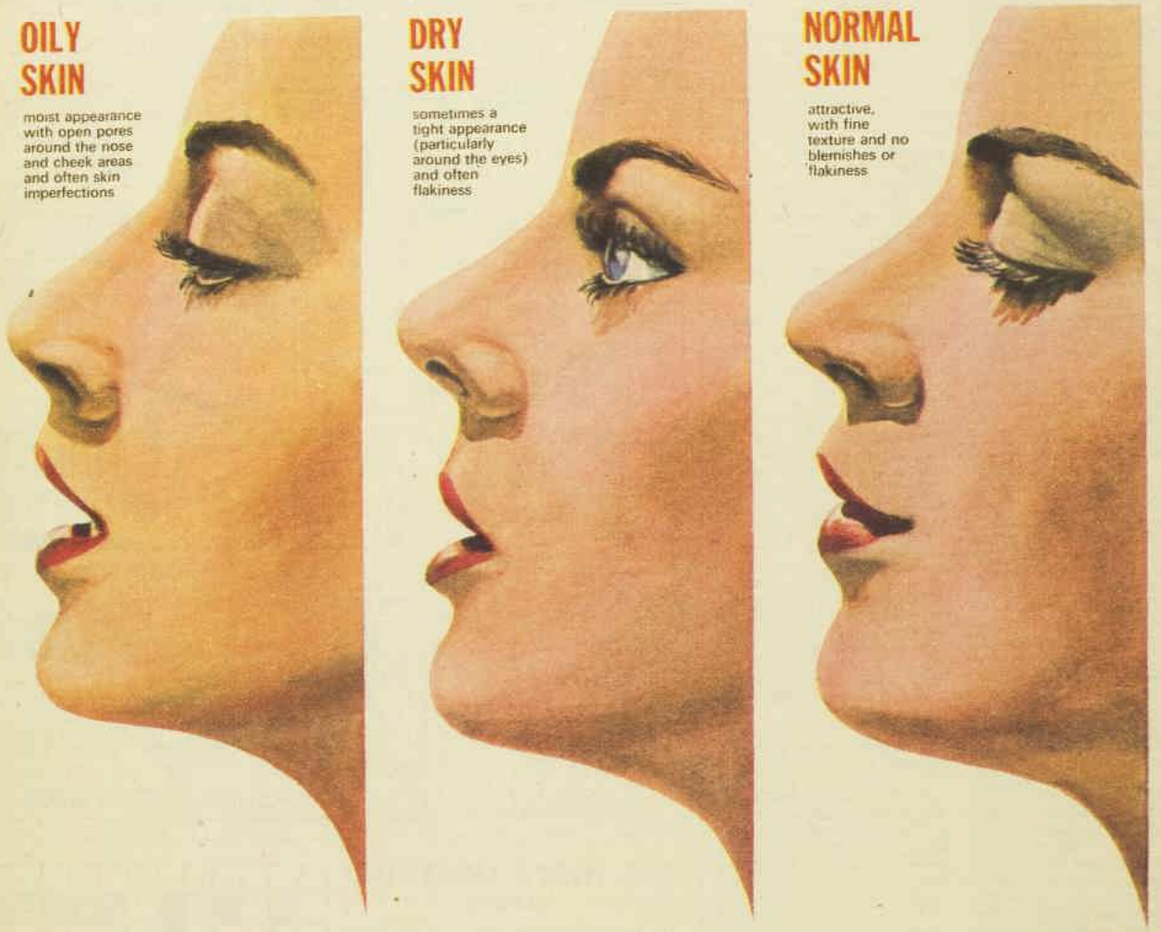

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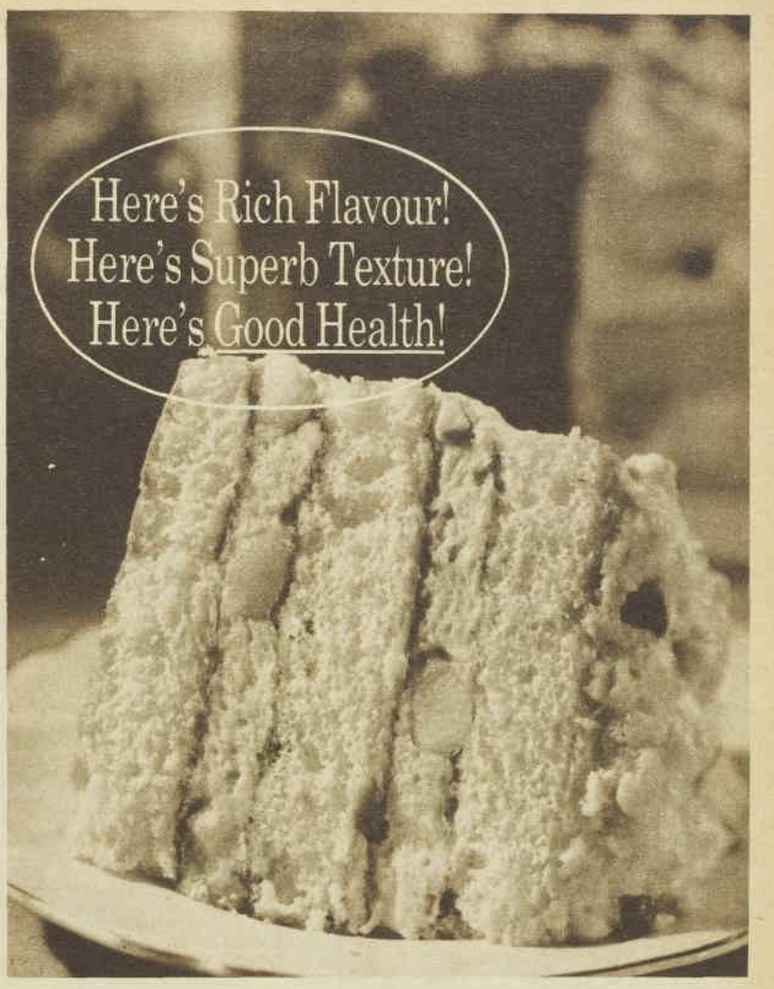

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3 eggs, 4 ozs. castor sugar, 1 tabs. Bonlac, 2 tabs. boiling water, 4 ozs. S.R. flour less 1 tab.

Separate egg yolks from whites. Sift flour and Bonlac 3 times. Add pinch of salt to egg white, beating until stiff. Beat sugar into egg whites, add yolks. Fold in sifted flour and Bonlac then water. Pour into greased 8" tin. Bake 30 mins. in moderate 350° Gas, 400° Electric oven. Turn out immediately and cool. Split into three. Fill and top with the following.

FRUIT SALAD FOAM

1 pkt. jelly crystals and 1 dess. gelatine, ½ pint boiling water, ½ pint liquid Bonlac, 2 cups well drained fruit salad.

Place crystals and gelatine in basin, add boiling water and stir. Cool. Place jelly in a basin, beat gradually adding the liquid Bonlac. Stand until semi-set. Beat until double its size. Fold in fruit salad. Fill and top cake with jelly foam, decorating top with cherries and angelica.

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SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Breathe Freely in 2 Minutes
Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds—anytime, anywhere with NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. A fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for 4 hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue . . . **6/6.**

Nyal
'DECONGESTANT'
NASAL SPRAY

Pain Relief without Stomach Upset
You can get wonderful relief from pain with DOLAMIN without stomach upset. Gets to centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, feverishness of colds and 'flu.
24 tablets, **3/9**; 36 tablets, **4/9**; 50 tablets, **6/-**; 100 tabs., **11/6.**

Clear Head Colds with a Tablet!
COLDREX acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection; helps speed recovery. 12 tablets, **4/6**; 24 tablets. **8/-.**

Build Resistance to Winter Ills
with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. One capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals your body needs daily. 30 days, **22/6**; 90 days, **52/6.**

4-Way Throat Medication
Infected, inflamed throats need Coldrex **antiseptic** throat pastilles. **4-way** medication to relieve soreness . . . stop coughing. Coldrex Pastilles are antiseptic, cough suppressant, decongestive and expectorant. Coldrex pastilles are packed in a handy twist-'n-seal flat metal can—

NYAL COMPANY *Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA*

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